BOOK III

EPITAPHS DEALING WITH

a. Occupations

b. Centenarians

c. Aged

d. Movie stars

e. Prodigious

f. First people

ALMANACK MAKER

1. St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. 8, 77, 96, 104, 10.
(epitaph by Dean Swift)
On Partridge, the Almanack Maker - died 1708.

Here, five feet deep, lies on his back
A cobbler, star monger and quack;
Who to the stars in pure good will,
Does to his best look upward still.

Weep, all ye customers that use
His pills, his almanack, ~~his~~ or shoes;
And you that did your fortunes seek,
Step to his grave but once a week;
This earth, which bears his body's print,
You'll find has so much virtue in't,
That I durst pawn my ears "twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In physic, stolen goods or love,
As he himself could, when above.

ANTIQUARIAN

1. St. Giles, Cripplegate, England. 104, 38. John Fox

The faithful Martyrologian of our English Curch;
A most discreet searcher
Into the antiquities of Histories.
A most stiff bulwark and fighter
For the Evangelical Truth:
Which hath revived the martyrs as so many Phoenixes
From the dust of Oblivion;
Died the 18th of April, 1587, in the 70th year of his age.
To whose pious memory
This monument is erected by his lamenting son,
Samuel Fox.

2. Westminster Abbey - William Camden. 104, 38.

Here Lies
In certain hope of a Resurrection in Christ,
William Camden
By Queen Elizabeth created
Clarencieux, King of Arms.
An indefatigable, judicious and impartial researcher
Into the British Antiquities
In whom, variety of learning,
Vivacity of Parts,
And the most candid simplicity were united
He died on the 9th of November 1623, in his 47th year.

3. On Grose, the Antiquary. 58.

Here lies Francis Grose
On Thursday, May 12, 1791
Death put an end to
His views and prospects.

4. On Dr. William Clarke, the Celebrated Antiquary and Mrs. Ann Clarke, his wife. 38.

Mild William Clarke and Ann his wife,
Whom happy love had joined in life;
United in an humble tomb
Await the everlasting doom.
And bless the dead prepar'd as these,
To meet our Savious's just decrees;
On earth thine hearts were known to feal,
Such charity and Christian zeal;
That should the world for ages past,
In adverse fortune's bitter blast;
Few friends so warm will man find here,
And God no servants more sincere.

By W. Hayley

5. St. Peter's East, Oxford, England. 8, 77, Antiquarian (self-written)
(also, Chamber's Journal, 1872, July, p.112.)

Here lieth the body of Thomas Hearne, M.A., who studied and preserved antiquities. He died June 10th, 1735, aged 57 years. Deut. XXXII, 7. Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations: ask thy father, and he will shew thee, thy elders and they will tell thee. Inquire, I pray thee, of the former ages, and prepare thyself to the search of their fathers; for weare but of yesterday, and know nothing because our days upon earth are a shadow. Shall not they teach thee and tell thee, and utter words out of their hearts?

6 Location? Thomas Hearne. 104
Pox on't says Time to Thomas Hearne,
whatever I forget, you learn

APOTHECARIANS, CHEMISTS, DRUGGISTS, ETC.

1. Battersea, England. 8, 77, 96, 94, 38, 97 Hugh Morgan. 1611?
Apothecary. Aged 103 yrs. died Sept 13, 1613

Sleepeth, here in peace: whom men did admire for wonderful parts
To Queen Elizabeth, he was chief 'pothecary, till her death.
And in his science, as he did excell,
In her high favor, he always did dwell,
To God religious, to all men kind
Frank to the poor, rich in content of mind.
These were his virtues, in these died he
When he had lived an 100 years and 3.

2. Dublin, Ireland. 67, 104, 94, 79.

EPITAPH CHEMICUM
1791.

Here lieth to digest, macerate and almalgamate with clay
In balneo arenae
Stratum super-stratum
The residuum, terra damnata, and caput mortuum
of Godfrey Boyle, chemist and M.D.
A Man in his earthly laboratory
Pursued various processes to obtain
The arcanum vitae
Or the secret to live;
Also the aurum vitae, or
The art of getting, not making gold.
Alchemist like, he saw all his labor and projection
As mercury in the fire, evaporated in fume,
When he dissolved to his first principles,
He departed as poor
As the last drops of an alembic.
Though fond of novelty he carefully avoided the Fermentation, Effervescence
and Decrepitation of this life.
Full seventy years
His exalted essence
Was hermetically sealed in its terrene matrass;
But the radical moisture being exhausted,
The Elixir vitae spent,
And exsiccated to a cuticle,
He could not suspend longer in his vehicle:
But precipitated gradation,
Per campanam.
To his original dust,
May the light above
More resplendent than Bolognian phosphorus
Preserve him
From the athanor, empyreuma, and
Reverberatory furnance of the other world;
Depurate him from the feces and scoria of this;
Highly rectify and volatilize
His ethereal spirit;
Bring it safely out of the crucible of earthly trial,
Webb's version. → (Bring it over the Helm of the retort of this globe)
Place it in a proper recipient or crystalline orb
Among the elect of the flowers of Benjamin
Never to be saturated until the general resusciation
Deflagration, calcination
And sublimation of all things.

3. Houff, Dundee, Scotland. 67, 77, 96.

Robert Straitoun, a apothecary, caused this monument to be erected and cut for himself and his dearest wives, Janet Duncan and Isobel Robertson.

(example of "Scotch" & of "wives")

On right hand Duncan lies, in youth my spouse,
And the first pillar of my rise house;
Left hand lies Robson, a most faithful wife:
Which was the best it may procure a strife.

First brought to me of wealth sufficient store,
Which th' other guided well, augmented more;
First blest me with many children fair,
The second nursed them with maternal care;
Virtue and goodness in them equal shone,
And both lie bury's underneath this stone.

4. St. Pancras Churchyard, Middlesex. 17.

Here lies the body of
Mr. Ralph Kemp, druggist
Who died 27th Jany 1731, in the
Parish of St. George, Queen square.
He was pious in his religion,
Just in his dealings, firm in his
Friendship, and liberal in his charity.

same as #2 | 5. Boyle Godfrey - Chemist and Physician. Died in Dublin, 1755.
Epitaph written by himself. 104, 10.

Epitaphium enymicum

Here lieth to digest, macerate and amalgamate with clay
In Balneo Arenae
Stratum super stratum.
The residuum, Terra Damnata and caput Mortuum
of Boyle Godfrey, Chemist, and M.D.
A man whom this earthly laboratory
Pursued various Processes to obtain
Arcanum vitae
Or the secret to live;
Also Aurum vitae
Or the art of getting, rather than maing Gold.
Alchymist-like, all his labour and Projection,
As Mercury in the Fire, Evaporated in Fume,
When he dissolved to his first principles.
He departed as poor
As the last drops of an Alembic; for riches are not
poured on the Adepts of this world
Though fond of news, he carefully avoided the
Fermentation, Effervescence, and Decrepitation of this life.
Full seventy years his Exalted Essence.
Was hermetically sealed in its Terrene Matrass; but the
Radical Moisture being exhausted, the Elixir vitae spent,
And Exsiccated to a cuticle, he could not suspend
longer in his vehicle, but precipitated Gradation, per campanam
to his original dust.
May that light, brighter than Bolognian Phosphorus
Preserve him from the Athaner, Empyreuma, and Reverberatory furnance
Of the other world, Depurate him from the Foecas and Scoria of this
Highly rectify and volatilze his aethereal spirit
Bring it over the helm of the retort of this Globe,
Place it in a proper recipient of crystalline orb
Among the elect of the flowers of Benjamin;
Never to be saturated till the general resuscitation deflagration,
Calcination and Sublimation of all things.

ARCHITECTS

1. The Village Churchyard, near Thornton, Yorkshire. 79. - Builder of church

Here lies John Trollop
Who made these stones to roll up
Who God Almighty took his soul up
His body went to fill this hole up.

2. Gateshead Churchyard, Durham. 67, 8, 77, 96, 58. Robert Trollop - architect of the Exchane and Town Hall of Newcastle, Eng.

Here lies Robert Trollop,
Who made yon stones roll up,
When death took his soul up,
His body filled this hole up.

3. Sarnsfield - John Abel - architect, died 1694. 8.

This craggy stone a covering is for an architector's bed,
That lofty buildings raised high, yet now lies low his head.
His line and rule, so death concludes, are locked up in stone.
Build they that list or they that wist for he can build no more,
His house of clay could hold no longer,
May heaven's joy build him stronger.
John Abel
Vive ut vivas in vitam aeternam.

4. St. Stephen's Churchyard, London, Eng. 67, 96, 83, 10.
Sir John Vanbrough - Architect and author. Born 1666 Died 1726

(Designed Blenheim, the home of the Churchills. Wrote the following plays: The Provoked Wife, The Relapse, The Confederacy. Served as Clarenceux King of arms and Governor of Greenwich Hospital in 1716.)

Under this stone, reader, survey
Dead Sir John Vanbrough's house of clay.
Lie heavy on him, Earth; for he
Laid many heavy loads on thee. (Dr. Abel Evans)

5. Walton Church, parish of Liverpool. 50. A.H.H. Died 1858 An architect.

Thy mortal tenement, immortal germ,
Hath sunk to dust, while all thy works stand firm
Or may'st thou at the rising of the just
Thyself stand firm, when all thy work are dust.

6. York, Maine (near Sewall's bridge) an architect 78.

In memory of
Major Samuel Sewall;
An architect of the first class
From whose fabrications great benefits
Have resulted for society;
He was benevolent, hospitable, and
Generous without ostentation
And pious without enthusiasm.
He died July 23rd, 1815. Aet. 91.

7. Samuel Beazley, architect and dramatist. 38

Here lies Samuel Beazley
Who lived hard and died easily.

8. On Cornelius Barker, an architect. 58.

Here lies one who deserved fame
Will not yet fade or die;
His knowing head, when we are dead,
Shall live in memory.

9. Bullingham Old Churchyard 58.

This humble stone is o'er a builder's bed.
Tho' raised on high by fame, low lies his head.
His rule and compass are now locked up in store.
Others may build, but he will build no more.
His house of clay so frail, could hold no longer -
May he in heaven be tenant of a stronger!

ASTROLOGER

1. Astrologer - epitaph by Dean Swift 104.

Here lies a round woman, who thought might odd
Ev'ry word that she heard in this church about God.
To convince her of God, The good Dean did endeavour
But still in her heart she held Nature more clever.
Tho' she talk'd much of virtue, her head always run
Upon something or other she found better fun.
For the Dame, by her skill in affairs astronomical,
Imagin'd to live in the clouds was but comical,
In this world, she despis'd ev'ry soul she met here
And now she's in t'other she thinks it but queer.

2. On Two Chinese Astrologers 79.

Story: These two astrologers were appointed to watch an eclipse. But they got drunk and neglected their duty, and were condemned to be executed by Ho Kang, the Emperor. Later it was discovered that the eclipse was invisible.

Here rests the bones of Ho and Hi,
Whose fate though sad, was visible;
Being hung, because they could not spy
The eclipse, that was invisible.
Heigho! 'tis said a love of drink
Occasioned all their trouble;
But this is hardly true, I think,
As drunken men see double.

story: on previous Epitaph.

These two astronomers were appointed to watch on eclipse, But having got drunk and neglected their dity, they were Condemned to be executed by Ho Kang the Emperor. Soon after it was discovered that the eclipse was invisible.

ASTRONOMERS

1. Elmwood Cemetery, East Otisfield, Maine 103

Prof.
Joseph W. Holden
Born Otisfield, Me.
Aug. 24, 1816
Died March 30, 1900
Prof. Holden the old Astronomer discovered that the Earth is flat and stationary; and that the sun and moon do move.

2. Presbyterian churchyard, Hanover, New Jersey.
David Young, self styled astronomer and founder of a farmer's almanac. died 1852, aged 71 .100

He lived like Newton midst stars of light
He died to see with unobstructed sight
The works of God in nature and in grace
And view his God and Saviour face to face.

on his first tombstone.
Farewell, my wife, whose tender care
Has long engaged my love
Your fond embrace I now exchange
For better friends above

ATHLETES & SPORTSMEN

PUGILISTS

1. John Jackson - the famous pugilist. 1845. Brompton, West London Cemetery. 8, 96.

Here lie the remains of John Jackson.
Born Sept. 28, 1769. Died Oct. 7, 1845.
Hic victor caestus
Artemque Repono

"Stay, traveller," the Roman second said,
To mark the classic dust beneath it laid:
"Stay, traveller," this brief memorial cries,
And read the moral with attentive eyes.
Hast thou a lion's heart, a giant's strength,
Exult not, for these gifts must yield of length;
Do health and symmetry adorn thy frame,
The moldering bones below possessed the same;
Does love, does friendship, every step attend,
This man ne'er made a foe, nor lost a friend:
But death full soon dissolves all human ties,
And, his last combat o'er, here Jackson lies.

2. Alexander (Sandy) McKay. Died June 3, 1834. "Scottish Giant." Pugilist - Hanslope Churchyard, Wolverton 50, 96, 8, 77, 2, 10 (died of injuries received in his bout with Byrnne)

Strong and athletic was my frame
Far away from home I came,
And manly fought with Simon Brynne
Alas! but lived not to return.
Reader, take warning by my fate,
Unless you rue your came too late;
And if you've ever fought before,
Determine now to fight no more.

3. In a cemetery near Brisbane, Australia. Peter Jackson (considered the greatest heavyweight boxer of all time)

To the memory of Peter Jackson
Died at Roma, Queensland
13th July 1901 - Aged 40

Sleep, Peter, brave champion
All hushed we gather round the ring:
While snow-white flowers are sprayed we pray
Within a grave the fight is done.
Sleep, Peter, sleep the hero's rest;
Be thine in Mother Earth's broad breast.

4. On a famous Boxer 33.

Death took him in the upper View,
And gave him such a Brace;
The grapple turn'd him black and blue
And made him shift his place.
Parts of access he next assailed,
With such a knock-down blow
As never yet to mortals fail'd
A total overthrow.

5. Earle, a Boxer 25.

Here lies James Earle,
The pugilist
Who, on the 11th of April, 1788
"Gave in."

6. Thomas Pyle, died 1823, aet 15. A Pugilist. 8, 77.

Here lies a son whose tender life
To a mother's heart most dear,
Bereft of life through wicked strife
Who once was all her care.

By pugilism, a shameful sight
To every mother's eyes
That dimmed the heavenly orbs of light
Which forced convulsive cries.

But still my hope shall ever be,
Though folly closed his life.
That he's in heaven, from troubles free
From vanity and strife.

Then let all youths a warning take
At his untimely fate,
And call on God's for mercy's sake,
Before it is too late.

7. On the death of Shaw, the Pugilist and Lifeguardsman who was killed at Waterloo. 7.

Death never laid his iron paw
Upon a braver man than Shaw!
Gainsay the fact who can?
And as he made the corse his own,
"You see" cried Death, in vaunting tone,
"He is no Life-Guard-Man!"

8. WRESTLERS

Sir Thomas Parkyns, Bart. 1741 - Bunny, Notts -2.96. (Noted wrestler, eccentric character. Had his coffin made years before his death and also his monument with his effigy carved in act of wrestling. Offered reward for best epitaph and selected one in Latin with following translation)

At length he falls - the long, long contest's o'er,
And time has thrown whom none e'er threw before;
Yet boast not; Time, thy victory, for he
At last shall rise again and conquer Thee.

9. Bluntsham, England. 8, 77, 66, 2. James Barker. 1622, age 44 Wrestler

Here lies the Conqueror conquered,
Valiant as ever England bred;
Whom neither Art, nor Steel, nor Strength
Could e'er subdue, till death at length
Threw him on his back, and here he lyes
In hopes hereafter to arise.

Her' rest gives me a restless life
Because she was a virtuous wife;
But yet I rest in hopes to see
That daye of Christ and then see thee.

10. On a Great Wrestler (1820) 58.

Whom thou, O Time, at length has made thy prize,
Britain's first wrestler, lo! here prostate lies,
By thee now flung: save thee he conquer'd all;
When he shall rise again, thou too shall fall. R. Smyth.

11. Mary Tavy, Devon, England. 8. 1721. Thomas Hawkins, aged 28

Here buried were some years before,
His two Wives and Five children more,
One Thomas nam'd whose fate was such
To lose his life by wrestling much,
Which may a warning be to all
How they into such pastimes fall.
Elizabeth and William and
All these were taken off by Death.
For which prepare you Readers all
We must away when God doth call.

(over)

11 a. Vale Cemetery, Schenectady, N.Y. Carroll ("Pink") Gardner. (103).

former holder of 2 wrestling titles, later a monument dealer, on his tombstone is a reproduction of "The Wrestlers" with the following inscription:

This statue is recognized as one of the world's finest specimens of ancient sculpture. Its origin is lost in antiquity but art authorities agree that it must have been created some three centuries before Christ, at least two centuries before the days of Julius Caesar. The original is in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, Italy. In the statue are expressed the strength and courage of youth. Two able combatants are locked in friendly battle. Each wrestles for the keen pleasure of testing his muscles and skill with a worthy opponent. The inborne urge for competition governed by accepted rules of fair play — that is their motivation — victory is their goal. As in any match of brain or muscle only one contestant can win, but the loser will learn through losing and the knowledge will prepare him for a return engagement. The world may never know the name of the sculptor who created this masterpiece, but his genius will live forever for into the statue of "The Wrestlers" he has molded the basic rule for success — the heart to fight, the will to win, the ability to lose and most of all the spirit to fight again

CRICKETEER

12. James Lillywhite (the cricketeer) and compiler of "Lilywhite Annual" Highgate Old Cemetery (50, 2) On his memorial is shown a wicket upset by a ball with the following brief epitaph "Bowled".

Lillywhite

Born June 1792; died August 21st, 1854
A name to be remembered long as
The national game of England,
By the practiwe and tuition,
Of which for years he earned
An honest livelihood.
Rarely has man received
More applause in his vocation.
Few have ministered to more happy hours
From an humble station he achieved
A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION
Teaching, both by precept and example,
A SPORT
In which the blessings of youthful strength
And spirits may be most innocently enjoyed
To the exercise of the mind,
The discipline of the temper,
And the general imporvement of the man.
This monument
Testifies to the respect of the noblemen,
And gentlemen of the Marylebone Cricket Club,
And of many private friends
TO ONE WHO DID HIS DUTY
In that station of life
To which it hath pleased God to call him.

13. On a Cricketeer Near Salisbury, Eng. (96, 50, 104, 2, 58) Bowler and cricket player

I bowl'd, I struck, I caught, I stopp'd -
Sure life's a game of cricket;
I block'd with care, with caution popp'd,
Yet death has struck my wicket.

14. (Safford) - On a Cricketeer

In the pride of his manhood, he heard the last call,
Though first in his field where his feet pressed the sod,
He hath gained his last wicket and thrown his last ball,
To join in the choir, 'round the throne of his God.

HUNTERS

15. On Amos Street - famous hunter. Eng. (25, 66, 2) Died Oct. 3, 1777. Birstall, Yorkshire.

This is to the memory of old Amos
Who was when alive, for hunting famous

But now his chases are all o'er
And here's he earthed - of hear's fourscore
Upon this stone he's often sat,
And tried to read this epitaph:
And thou who dost so at this moment
Shalt ere long, somewhere lie dormant.

16. RUNNERS

On a Runner St. John's Church, Chester 66, 58. 2.

Here lies the swift racer, so famed for his running,
In spite of his boasting, his swiftness and cunning;
In leaping o'er ditches and skipping o'er fields
Death soon o'ertook him, and tript up his heels.

17. John Charlton, 1843. Morville Churchyard, Bridgnorth, Salop. 96, 2
(Master of Foxhounds) Age 63 years

Of this world's pleasure I have had my share,
And few the sorrows I was doomed to bear.
How oft have I enjoyed the noble chase
Of hounds and foxes, striving for the race;
But hark! the knell of death calls me away,
lo! Sportsmen all farewell; I must away.

18. Another Huntsman - Mr. John Mills 96, 104, 10, 2. 36

Here lies John Mills, who over hills
Pursu'd the hounds with Hellows
The leap tho' high, from earth to skie
The hunstman we must follow.

JOCKEYS

19. On a Jockey Newmarket. 96.

Beneath the green sod, in this sport loving place,
A jockney lies snug who has run a good race
Till his wind being gone and by death being crost,
At last he's come in the wrong side of the post.

20. GAMESKEEPERS

Gamekeeper to Duke of Devonshire. East Hucknall, Derby. 96, 58.

My gun's discharged,
My ball is gone
My powder spent
My work is done,
Those panting deer
I've left behind
May now have time
To gain their wind.

Andrews - Eaking churchyard, Nottinghamshire. Henry Cartwright, senior keeper to Duke of Kingston for 55 yrs. Died Feb. 13, 1773, aged 80 yrs.

same

Since I who oft have
Chased them o'er
The verdant plains
Am now no more.

new lines

(Who I have oft times chas'd them o'er
(The burial plains but now no more.

21. Ceun, Shropshire, Eng. Charles Dike 66.

Joyous his birth, wealth o'er his cradle shown.
generous he prov'd, far was his bounty known;
Men, horses, hounds were feasted at his hall,
There strangers found a welcome bed and stall;
Quick distant idlers answered to his horn,
And all was gladness in the sportmen'w morn.

But evening came, and colder blew the gale,
Means, overdone, had now begun to fail;
His wine was finished, and he ceased to brow,
And fickle friends now hid them from his view.
Unknown, neglected, pin'd the man of worth,
Death, his best friend, his resting place the earth.

22. Mottram, Eng. 2.

In the memory of George Newton of Staybridge
Who died August 7, 1871
In the 94th year of his age.

Though he liv'd long, the old man has gone at last,
No more he'll hear the huntsman's stirring blast;
Though fleet as Reynard in his youthful prime,
At last he's yielded to the hand of time
Blithe as a lark, dress'd in his coat of green,
With hounds and horn the old man was seen.
But ah! death came, worn out and full of years,
He died in peace, mourn'd by his offsprings' tears.
"Let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

23. Ecclesfield, Eng. 2. In memory of Thomas Ridge,
The Ecclesfield huntsman,
Who died the 13th day of January, 1871
Aged 77 years.

Though fond of sport, devoted of the chase,
And with his fellow-hunters first in place,
He always kept the Lord's appointed day.
Never from Church or Sunday-school away,
And now his body rests beneath the sod,
His soul relying in the love of God.

24. Nottinghamshire, Eng. 2. St. Nicholas Burying Ground

Here lies a marksman, who with art and skill,
When young and strong, fat bucks and does did kill.
Now conquered by grim Death (go, reader, tellit!)
He's now took leave of powder, gun and pellet.
A fatal dart, which in the dark did fly,
Has laid him down, among the dead to lie,
If any want to know the poor slave's name,
'Tis old Tom Booth - ne'er ask from whence he came.

25. Marville Churchill. 58.
John Charlton, Esq. - Master of Wheatland Foxhounds.
Died Jan. 20, 1843.

Of this owrld's pleasures I have had my share,
And few the sorrows I was doom'd to bear.
How oft have I enjoyed the noble chase
Of hounds and foxes striving for the race!
But hark! The knell of death calls me away,
So sportsmen, all, farewell! I must obey.

26. Maidstone, Eng. 1773. 8, 77. Thomas Bradshaw, aged 82 - a hunter

Here lies a keeper bred and born.
To turn his back he though it scorn,
He was a man that had good skill
Many a brave buck and doe to kill
But that bold archer Death, who conquers all,
Shot him to the heart amd caused him here to fall.
In youth or age all flesh must die,
And turn to dust as well as I.

27. Cantley, Norfolk. 8. 1714. Robert Gilbert - a hunter

In wise frugality luxuriant,
In Justice and good Acts extravagant,
To all the world an universal friend,
No foe to any but the savage kind.
How many fair estates have been graced
By the same generous means: yet has increased
His duty thus performed to Heaven and Earth.
Each leisure hour fresh toilsome sports gave birth,
Had Nimrod seen, he would the game decline,
To Gilbert mighty hunter's name resign
Tho' hundreds to the grounds he oft has chased,
That subtle Fox, Death, earthed him here at last,
And left a fragrant scent so sweet behind
That ought to be pursued by all mankind.

28. Pilton, Devonshire. 1797. 8, 81. John Hayne - a hunter

'Tis done, the last great debt of nature paid,
Hayhe among the numerous dead is laid;
O'er hills and dales, thro' woods, o'er mountains, rocks
With keenest ardour he pursued the Fox!
Heedless of dangers, stranger to dismay,
Dauntless thro' obstacles he held his way!
But now, alas! no more his bosom beats
High in the chase, forgotten are his heats;
His ardor boots him not, for here are bounds
Ne'er overleap'd by huntsman or by hounds;
Here was his course arrested: then draw near
Sons of the chase, and drop the pitying tear;
Now o'er his tomb as you impassioned bend,
And pensive think of your departed friend
Repeat the tale conveyed in simple strain
And sighing say - "here lies poor honest Hayne!"

29. Luton Churchyard 8, 2. George Dixon - fox hunter

Stop, Passenger! and thy attention fix on,
That true-born, honest fox-hunter George Dixon,
Who after eighty years unwearied chase
Now rests his bones within this hallowed place.
A gentle tribute of applause bestow,
And give him, as you pass, one tally-ho!
Early to cover, brisk he rode each morn,
In hopes the brush his temple might adorn.
The view is now no more, the chase is past,
And to earth poor George is run at last.

30. Joseph Mitchell - famous sportsman 104, 79. On gravestone is a hare being run down with the following motto at her mouth: "I have finish'd my course."

Reader
If ever sport for thee was dear,
Drop on Jos Mitchell's grave a tear;
Who when alive with nimble eye,
Did myriads of Hares descry.
He was Professor of the Art,
These animals to Kenan'd start.
All Arts and Sciences beside
This Hare-brain'd Hero did deride;
An utter foe to wedlock's noose,
In which close state appear's no meuse,
Jo, scorn'd this earth, he was above it.
But only for form's sake did love it.
But Jo at length was spy'd by Death,
And cours'd and run quite out of breath.
No shifting, winding turn could save
Jo from the all-devouring Grave
"As Greyhound with superior force
Seizes poor puss and ends her course;
So stopt the Fates this sportsman true
Who now forever bids adieu
To shrill Soho, and loud Hallo.

31. Disley Churchyard, Eng. 2.

Here hyeth interred the Body of Joseph Watson, buried June 3rd, 1753 Aged 104 years. He was Park Keeper at Lyme more than 64 years, and was ye First that perfected the art of Driving ye Stags. Here also lyeth the body of Elizabeth his wife, aged 94 years, to whom he had been married 73 years.
Reader take notice, the longest life is short.

32. Mr. Hammond - a backgammon player. Ashford, Kent. 96.

By a chance of the dye
On his back he doth lie,
Our most audible clerk Mr. Hammond.
Tho' he bore many men
Till three score and ten
Yet, at length, he by Death is backgammon'd

But hark, neighbours hark!
Here again comes the clerk
By a hit very lucky and nice
With death we're now even,
He just stept up to heaven
And is with us again in a THRICE.*

* Trice was his successor which explains the last line.

33. Richard Joy. The Kentish Strongman St. Peter's, Broadstairs, Kent. 96, 2, 67.

In memory of Mr. Richard Joy
(Call'd the Kentish Strongman)
Who died May 18th 1742, aged 67

Herculean Hero! Fam'd for strength
At last lies here his breadth and length.
See how the mighty man is fall'n!
To Death ye strong and weak are all one.
And the same Judgement doth befall,
Goliath Great, as David Small.

(N.B. He had appeared before William of Orange and English court in 1699. He was able to break a rope capable of resisting strain 35 cwt. and lifted a load weighing upwards of a ton. After ceasing his Samsonian powers, he engaged in maritime pursuits including smuggling. In attempting to baffle the revenue officers, he was drowned.)

FENCERS

34. John Parkes - 1733. St. Michael's, Coventry. 50, 96, 2. Famous fencing master.

To the memory of Mr. John Parkes
A native of this city,
He was a man of mild disposition,
A gladiator of profession.
Who after having fought 350 battles
In the principal parts of Europe
With honour and applause
At length quitted the stage, sheathed his sword
And with Christian resignation
Submitted to the Grand Victor
In the 52nd year of his age.
Anno Domini - 1733.

35.
St. Dunston's in the West. 96, 8, 77, 104. Alexander Layton 1679 Swordsman
A Master of Defence
His thrusts like lightning flew, more skillful Death
Parr'ed 'em all, and beat him out of breath.

36. Silkstede's Chapel, Ichen, near Winchester, Eng. 81.

Author of "The Complete Angler" (epitaph. written by Bishop Ken?

Here resteth the body of
Mr. Izaak Walton. (Piscator)
Who died on the 15th of December, 1683.

Alas! he's gone before;
Gone to return no more.
Our panting breasts aspire
After their aged sire,
Whose well spent life did last
But ninety years, and past;
And now he hath begun
That which will ne'er be done:
Crown'd with eternal bliss,
We wish our souls with his.

Votis Medestis sic flerunt liberi.

37. Somersetshire Inn - on a pane of glass - To a fisherman. 33

Here lies Tommy Montague
Whose love for angling daily grew;
He died regretted, while late out,
To make a capture of a trout.

38. Hythe, Eng. 8, 2.36 On a fisherman

His net tings, old fisher George long drew,
    Shoals upon shoals he caught;
Till Death came hauling for his due,
    And made George his draught.
Death fishes on through various shapes
    In vain it is to fret;
No fish or fisherman escapes
    Death's all enclosing net.

39. Great Yarmouth, Eng. 2. 1769.

Here lies doomed,
In this vault so dark,
A soldier, weaver, angler, and clerk;
Death catch him hence, and from him took
His gun, his shuttle, fish-rod, and hook,
He could not weave, nor fish, nor fight; so then
He left the world, and faintly cried - Amen.

40. Ripon, York. 8, 81. a fisherman ob. 1790

Here lies poor but honest
    Bryan Tunstall
He was a most expert angler
Until Death, envious of his mart
Threw out his line, hooked him and
Landed him here the 21st day of
    April 1790.

41. Near Folkstone, Eng. Thomas Boxer. 33, 67, 58. a fisherman

This ston his sacread to the memory of poer

old Muster Thomas Boxer, who was loste in good
boate Rouver just coming home with much fishes,
Got near Torbay, in the yeare of our Lord 1722.
Prey, goud fishermen, stop and drop a tear,
For we hav lost his company here
And where he's gone we cannot tell,
But we hope far from the wicked 'Bell*
The Lord be with him.

* a public tavern

DANCERS

42. Llanbeblig, Carnarvonshire. 77, 96, 8. Thomas Chambers 1765 Dancing master

"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."
Here lies the remains of Thomas Chambers,
Dancing master;
Whose genteel address and assiduity
in teaching
Recommend him to all that had the
Pleasure of his acquaintance.
He died June 13th, 1765.
Aged 31.

43. California - M.Mitchell - a celebrated dancer. 25. died Jan. 13, 1862, aged 32 yrs.

Here lies one who has taken steps
That won the applause of man,
But grim Death came, and took a step
Which he could not withstand.

for 43a; see next page

FOWLER

44. Cupar - Fife Churchyard. 50. on a fowler

Here David Forrest's corpse asleep, doth lye
His soul with Christ enjoys tranquillity.
A famous fowler on earth was he
And for the same shall last his memory,
His years wear sixty-five, now he doth sing
Glorie in these heavens, where
Rowth of game doth spring.

JOCKEY

45. George Fordham. 1887. Upton Old Churchyard, Slough. 96. Famous Jockey. Winner of derby 1879 (Sir Bevys) Took his life because he was unable to keep his weight down. Died Oct. 12, 1887 in his 51st year.

'Tis the pace that kills."

43a. On Mr. Maddox, a dancing Master, and his wife. 104, 79.[36]

They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.

Hail, happy pair, predestin'd long to prove
The chastest raptures of connubial love:
Who took no step thro' Life's perplexed Dance,
But what would well your mutual Bliss advance;
Who figur'd not a Plan, but what was meant.
Again to join our hands with fresh content
Tho' ceremonious - yet with ease still fraught;
The very Image of the Art you taught!
Polite in all life's mazy measures try&d
As the gay Partner to his destin'd Bride.
Twice thirty years in gentle wedlock past,
The first was not so happy as the last!
Still each to each so complaisantly gay,
As raptur'd lovers on their nuptial day!
All wing'd with Down their years advancing roll,
And still improve this unsion of soul!
Unvarying - courtly to his latest breath,
He gave his Spouse precedence even in Death
The truest honours to each other given,
He just survived, then led her up to Heaven.

BOWLERS

46. Newton, Gravesend, Eng. On a bowler. 8.

To the memory of Mr. Alderman Wynn,
An honest man and an excellent bowler.
Full forty years was the Alderman seen
The delight of each bowler and King of this green;
As long as he remembered his art and his name
Whose hand was unerring, unrivalled his game.
His bias was good and he always was found
To the right way and to enough ground.
The Jack to the uttermost verge he would send
For the Alderman lov'd a full length at each end.
Now mourn every eye that has seen him display
The arts of the game and the wiles of his play
For the Great Bowler Death at one critical cast
Has ended his length and close rubb'd him at last.

JOCKEYS

47. Glendale, California. (Forest Lawn Cemetery)-Newspaper Item
(on Ted Sloan, famous jockey)
Born - near Kokomo, Indiana, in 1874
Died - Hollywood, California in 1933

"James Forman "TOD" Sloan"

48. Location ? 100. On a jockey

Here lies John Michel Snider,
He was the fastest rider,
He won at every race
At last he turned his face.

BASEBALL PLAYERS

49. Gate of Heaven Cemetery, Hawthorne, N.Y. 103. ~~100~~
George Herman ("Babe") Ruth. died 1948, aged 53.

"May
The divine spirit
That animated
Babe Ruth
To win the crucial
Game of life
Inspire the youth
Of America! "
by. Cardinal Spellman

50. San Antonio, Texas. Dan Parker. Balto. Sunday American Mag. June 20, 1948. On "Rube" Waddell - eccentric star left handed pitcher of Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics 1902 - 1906. Died of Tuberculosis.

George Edward Waddell
1876 - 1914.

51. Lone Fir, Cemetery, Portland, oregon. (103) Julius caesar, an enthusiastic baseball spectator, died 1906, aged 75
PLAY BALL

(over)

52. Truxton, N.Y. (103) John J (Muggsy) McGraw, died 1934, aged 60
on a pedestal type monument surmounted by a national League basebal.
with this inscription;

A Great American
One of Baseball's Immortals
Dynamic Leader of the
New York Giants for
Thirty Years.

N.B. McGraw is buried in the New Cathedral Cemetery, Baltimore, Md.

Foot ball Player

1- Lakeview Cemetery, Sarnia, Ontario; John Thomas Bell, Jr., died 1950, aged 25 (103)
has An unusual monument over his grave. The front of the stone bears a carving of a foot ball field. Near the goal post is a player identified with the number 19; at the bottom are the words: "It was his life"
on the opposite side, within the replica of a foot ball, the inscription:

Died
Oct. 17, 1950
From injuries received
in game with Balmy Beach
Oct 14, 1950.

~~51~~. To a Champion - type of sport not mentioned
Dunfermline, N.B. 96.

Reader see how Death all down pulls,
And naught remains but shanks and skulls
For the greatest champion e'er drew breath
Was always conquered by Death.

AUCTIONEER

1. Joseph Wright. Corby Churchyard, Lincolns. 96, 8, 77, 2.

Beneath this stone, facetious wight
Lies all that's left of Poor Joe Wright;
Few heads with knowledge more informed,
Few hearts with friendship better warmed;
With ready wit and humour broad,
He pleased the peasant, squire and Lord;
Until grim death with visage queer,
Assumed Joe's trade as Auctioneer,
Made him the lot to practise on,
With "going, going" and anon
He knocked him down to Poor Joe's "gone"!

2. Alton, Hants. 8, 77, 96. Joseph Jardan An Auctioneer
Joseph Jardan
Late auctioneer of this town
Died Decr. 15th, 1814.

Fair virtue's up old time's the auctioneer
A lot so lovely can't be brought too dear,
Be quick in your biddings ere you are too late,
Time will not dwell, the hammer will not wait.

3. Worcester, Eng. On grave of a departed auctioneer
67. (Chapter on Brevity.)

"GONE"

4. Greenwood, Miss. - Ripley Vol 2. On an Auctioneer named Knight

Good Knight
Going
Going
Gone
1868.

5. On Mr. Langford, auctioneer 79.

So, so, Master Langford, the hammer of Death
Hath knock'd out your brains, and deprived you of breath;
'Tis but tit for tat, - he who puts up the town,
By Devil or Death must at last be knock'd down.

6. On an Auctioneer, Puff. 10.

Here lies the remnant of old Puff,
A wight of more than modern stuff;
Who, Samson-like, true heart of oak,
Could known down houses of a stroke:
But Death at last, in jeering scoff,
With his fell hammer struck him off.

BACHELORS

1. 89, 100.

I, Dionysius, underneath this tomb,
Some sixty years of age have reached my doom.
Never having married, think it sad,
And I wished my father never had.

2. Saddleworth, Yorks. 96, 8, 27, 100, 10, 58. On An Old Bachelor
Jac. Bk.V11 Ep. 309.

At three score winter's end I died,
A cheerless being, sole and sad,
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wished my father never had.

3. "Epitaph on a Passionist" by Thomas Hardy - in London Mercury. 8

I'm Smith of Stoke, aged sixty odd
I've lived without a dame
From youth - time on: and would to God
My Dad had done the same.

4. Elmset, Suffolk. 8. Edward Sherland. 1609 - a batchelor

Here lieth the body of Edward Sherland, of Grays Inn, Esgre, descended from the ancient family of Sherland in the Isle of Sheppey in Kent; who lived the whole of his life a single man and died in this parish the 13th of May 1609.

Tombs have no use unless it be to show
The due respect which friend to friend doth owe.
'Tis not a mausolean monument
Of hireling epitaph that doth prevent
The flux of flame; a painted sepulchre
Is but a rotten trustless treasure,
A fare gate to oblivion,
But the whole live, whose every action
Like well wrought stones and pyramids, erect
A monument to honor and respect,
As this man did, he needs none other hearse,
Yet hath but due, having both tomb and verse.

5. William Borrows. 81. 89, 50, 77. 1703. Braunston, Northants.

'Tis true I led a single life
And nare was married in my life.
For of the Seck I nare had none,
It is the Lord: his will be done.

6. Arlington, Va. 57.

Here lies the body of John Custis, who died --, --, aged 77 years, and yet lived but 7, being the time of his keeping a bachelor's house at Arlington, on the eastern shore of Virginia.

(AGAWAM CEMETERY)

7. East Wareham, Mass. - 89. 103 erected by the creditors of a bachelor Irishman John Christie, d 1830

Hibernia's son himself exiled
Without an inmate, wife or child,
He lived alone
And when he died, his purse though small
Contained enough to pay us all,
And buy this stone.

8. Foote St. Cemetery. Middlebury, Vt. 103.

F. Wytte
Civil War Veteran of 93 years
Died at the Old Soldier's Home,
Lafayette, Indiana
A bachelor lies beneath this sod,
Who disobeyed the laws of God;
Advice to others here I give,
Don't live a bachelor, as I lived.

For #9, back of page.

BAKERS

1. Old Church, near Christ Church, Bristol, Eng. 67, 8, 96, 77, 2.
Thomas Torar - baker

Here lieth Tho. Turar and Mary, his wife. He was twice Master of the Company of Bakers, and twice Churchwarden of this Parish. He died March 6th, 1654. She died May 8th, 1643.

Like to the baker's oven is the grave,
Wherein the bodyes of the faithful have

(over)

Bachelors

#9. Rural Cemetery, Phoenix, N.Y. H. Amenzo Dygert, died 1924, aged 78. (103)

An American by birth
A German Dutchman by descent
A Republican in Politics
A Congregationalist in Religion
A Druggist by Profession
A Batchelor by Fate.

#10 Near Holmes Junior College, Goodman, Miss. (103) a bachelor killed by an unknown assailant

Here lies buried
John W Shilcutt
An old Bachelor.

A setting-in, and where they do remain
In hopes to rise, and to be drawn again;
Blessed are they, who in the Lord are dead,
Though set like dough, they shall be drawn like bread.

2. St. Andrews, Worcester. 77, 96. 81. Richard Weston. ob 1780, aet 63
Baker

Short of weight
H.L.T.B.O.
R.W.
I.H.O.A.J.R.
A.D. 1780. A. 63

(N.B. The answer to this riddle is found in Green's History of Worcester:
Here Lieth the body of
Richard Weston.
In hopes of a joyful Resurrection
Anno Domini 1780. Age 63.

3. Chichester Cathedral. 33, 58. On a Lady who sold Periwinkles, a form of cake.

"Periwinks, Periwinkles!" was ever her cry;
She labored to live, poor and honest to die.
At the last day again, how her old eyes will twinkle!
For no more will she cry: "Periwinks, Periwinkles!"
Ye rich, to virtuous want, regard, pray give,
Ye poor, by her example, learn to live.
Died Jan. 1, 1786; aged 77 years.

4. Gloucester, Eng. 8, 77, 96. On Nell Batchelor, Oxford pie-maker.

Beneath this dust lies the smouldering crust
Of Eleanor Batchelor Shoven,
Well versed in the arts of pies, puddings and tarts
And the lucrative trade of the oven
When she'd lived long enough
She made her last puff,
A puff by her husband much praised,
And now she doth lie and makes a dirt pie
And hopes that her crust will be raised.

5. On a Baker. 89, 100.

Throughout his life he kneaded bread
And deemed it quite a bore,
But now six feet beneath Earth's crust
He needeth bread no more.

6. On a Baker. 79.

With balm I have scattered the spot where he lies,
But I hope to the Lord it won't make his crust rise;
I'll flower his grave, but I'll not do it as he did,
For I beg to assure him his dough is not kneaded.

7. On a Baker. 79.

Here Pistor rests, who liv'd full forty years,
And, to all men's surprise, preserved his ears,
Not that he was more honest than the rest,
But fools have fortune, and he had the best.

8. On a Baker. 58.

Here lies Dick, a baker by trade,
Who was always in business praised;
And here snug he lies, in his oven, 'Tis said,
In hopes that his bread may be raised.

9. location? 97.

Richard Fuller lies buried here,
Do not withhold the crystal tear,
For when he liv'd - he daily fed
Woman, and child, and man with bread
But now, alas! he's turn'd to dust,
As thou, and I, and all soon must:
And lies beneath this turf so green,
Where worms do daily feed on him.

BALLAD MAKER

1. On W. Elderton, red nose ballad maker. 38.

N.B. He was originally an attorney in sheriff's office London and afterwards a comedian. His tippling and his rhymes made him famous among his contemporaries. He was the author of many popular songs and ballads. He died a victim of drinking 1592. His epitaph is recorded in Camden's Remains and is translated by Oldys.

Dead drunk, here Elderton doth lie;
Dead as he is, he still is dry:
So of him it may well be said,
Here he, but not his thrist, is laid.

BARBERS

1. Curshalton, Surrey. 58. Thomas Humphreys, a barber noted for his corpulence and his dancing ability.

Tom Humphreys lies here, by death beguiled,
Who never did harm to man, woman or child;
And since without foe no man E'er was known,
Poor Tom was nobody's foe but his own.
Lay light on him, earth, for none would than he
(Though heavy his bulk) trip it lighter on Thee.

2. On a Magistrate formerly a Barber - 58. (See epitaph on Chap on Tailors)

Here lies Justice, be this his truest praise,
He were the wig which once he maid,
And learnt to shave both ways.

3. On a Barber - 10.

An honest man, who lived by shaving you,
His hairs were many, and his graces few.

BEGGARS

1. On a Beggar - in Cornwall - 58. Carew - Survey of Cornwall

Here Browne, the quondam beggar lies,
Who counted by his tale
Some six score winters and above,
Such virtue is in ale.
Ale was his meat, his drink, his clothes,
He did his death reprieve.
And could he still have drunk his ale,
He had been still alive.

BELL RINGERS, BELL MAKERS

1. Abbey Church, Sherborne - 58.4. Thomas Purdue, died Sept. 1, 1711 aged 90.

Here lies the Bell Founder
Honest and true,
Till ye resurrection
Named Purdue.

N. B. Cardinal Wolsey presented a great bell to the above church. In 1670 it was recast by Purdue. The original legend on the bell has been lost, but the following inscription is on the bell.

"This bell was new cast by me, Thomas Purdue,
October 20th, 1670
Gustavus Horne, Walter Pride, churchwardens
By Walsey's gift, I measure time for all;
By mirth, to grief, to church I serve to call."

2. Leeds, Kent 1818. On A Bell Ringer. 77, 96, 58. 4.97

In memory of James Barham of this parish, who departed this life Jan. 14, 1818, aged 93; and who from the year 1774 to the year 1804, rung in Kent and elsewhere, 112 peals, not less than 5040 changes in each peal, and called bobs, etc.; for most of the peals: and April 7th and 8th, 1761, assisted in ringing 40,320 bob majors on Leeds bells, in twenty-seven hours.

3. Christ Church Burying Ground. Philadelphia, Pa. 57. On a Bell Ringer

In memory of
Richard Thornhill
Died Jan. 12th 1827
Aged 81 years
Fifty of which, he was a ringer at Christ Church
Life's checquer'd peal, he sung whilst here below
Resigned he met the change, and wished to go.

4. Icklesham, Eng. 77, 8. On a Bell Maker

George Theobald
Aedibus his moriens campanum Sponte dedisti
Laudes Pulsandae sunt Theobaldae Tuae.

Here lies George Theobald, a lover of bells,
And of this house, as that epitaph tells;
He gave a bell freely to grace the new steeple,
Bring out his praise therefore ye good people.
Obit. 10, Martii, Anno domi. 1641.

5. Oxford, Eng. On a Maker of Bellows - 96, 50, 104, 2, 79.

Here lyeth John Cruker, a maker of bellows;
He's crafts-master and King of good fellowes.
Yet when he came to the hour of his death
He that made bellows could not make breath. J. Hoskines

6. All Saints, Newcastle, Eng. 67, 9, 58. Northend

Here lies poor Wallace
The prince of good fellows
Clerk of all hallows,
And maker of bellows.

Here lies Robert Wallace
Clerk of All hallows
King of good fellows
And maker of bellows.

He bellows did make till the day of his death;
But he that makes bellows could never make breath.

Epitaph found in Suffolk(?)

7. On a Church Bellringer. 10. 4. 97 See Briscoe's version on back of page.
Worlington Churchyard. John Jessop, died June 19, 1825, aged 80 years

To ringing from his youth he always took delight,
Now his bell has rung and his soul has ta'en its flight,
We hope to join the choir of heavenly singing,
That far excels the harmony of ringing.

8. Wainfleet St Mary Church, Lincolnshire 4. (in chancel of church)

Under this stone there is a vault, and
therein lyes the Remains of Adlard Thorpe,
Gent., a Sinner and a Ringer, who
departed this life on the 24th of January 1770,
aged 58 years

7. Briscoe's Version.

In ringing ever from my youth
I always took delight.
My bell is rung and I am gone,
my soul has took its flight,
To join a choir of heavenly singing
which far excels the harmony of ringing.

10 Framlingham churchyard, Suffolk 97

EDMUND WEBSTER, died June 8, 1834, aged 79

In the year seventeen hundred and eighty four,
To chime here he did begin,
And constant with rising companies
He many years was seen.
His last peal for a wedding was,
Which he performed with glee,
So the years he was a chimer,
Above you may plainly see.

1. Here cool the ashes of Mulciber Grim
   Late of this parish, Blacksmith;
He was borne in Seacole Lane, and died at Hammersmith.
From his youth upwards he was much addicted
   To vices, and was often guilty of forgery.
   Having some talents for irony
He therefore produced many heats in his neighbourhood,
Which he usually increased by blowing up the coals.
This rendered him so unpopular, that when he found
   It necessary to adopt cooling measures,
His conduct was generally accompanied with a hiss.
Though he sometimes proved a warm friend, yet, where
   His interest was concerned, he made it a constant rule
   To strike while the iron was hot,
   Regardless of the injury he might do thereby;
And when he had any matter of moment upon the anvil,
   He seldom failed to turn it to his own advantage.
Among the numberless instances that might be given
   Of the cruelty of his disposition, it need only be mentioned
That he was the means of hanging many of the innocent family of Bells,
   Under the idle pretense of keeping them from jangling,
And put great numbers of the hearts of steel into the hottest flames,
   Merely (as he declared) to soften the obduracy of their tempers.
At length after passing along life in the commission of these black actions,
   His fire being exhausted, and his bellows worn out
He filed off to that place where only the fervid ordeal of his own forge
   Can be exceeded,
Declaring his last puff, that man is born to trouble as sparks fly upwards.

2. Blacksmiths. 2, 58.

Andrews believes that the familiar epitaph quoted later was written by the poet - Hayley. "It formed the subject of a sermon, delivered on Sunday, Aug. 27, 1837 by the then Vicar of Crich, Derbyshire, to a large assembly. We are told that the vicar appeared much excited and read the prayers in a hurried manner. Without leaving the desk, he proceeded to address his flock for the last time. The following is the substance thereof

"Tomorrow, my friends, this living will be vacant, and if anyone of you is desirous of becoming my successor he has now an opportunity. Let him use his influence, and who can tell but he may be honoured with the title of Vicar of Crich. As this is my last address, I shall only say, had I been a blacksmith, or a son of Vulcan, the following lines might not been inappropriate:

"My sledge and hammer he reclined,
My bellows, too, have lost their wind;
My fire's extinct, my forge decayed,
And in the dust my vice is laid.
My coal is spent, my iron's gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done;
My fire-dried corpse lies here at rest,
My soul, smoke-like, soars up to be bless'd."

If you expect anything more, you are deceived; for I shall only say, "Friends, farewell, farewell!" The effect on the congregation was varied.

3. Lincoln Church, Lincoln, Shrops. 77, 104. (oldest epitaph)

a. In memory of David Fletcher, Smith to this church
Died Feb. 14, 1744, aet. 48

Similar epitaph to
b. Samuel Harris, Michael Church, Esele, 1757.
c. Wm. Braithwaite, St. Albans, 1757.
d. Christopher Barlow, Low Moor Churchyard 1824

96, 8.

e. William Smith, Bilton Warwicks, died 1748, age 27
f. Thomas Cornish, Cornwall, Eng. - died Jan. 1, 1844, aged 66.
g. Richard Austin, Aylesbury, Buckshire (81)
h. Robert Strabe, Goukthrapple, N.B. 1834.

27, 89, 79.

i. Shropshire - same as Pettigrew's (a)-above.
j. James Blackburn - Newington Churchyard (Pulleyn)

My sledge and devil has declined,
My bellows too have lost their wind;
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
And in the dust my body's laid:
My coal is out, my iron's gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.

Following two lines were added to Braithwaite's epitaph
My fire dry'd corpse lies here at rest
My soul smoke like's, ascending to be blest.

k. David Davies, St. Michael's churchyard, Abetystwith.

4. Chipping Sodbury, Gloucestershire. Richard Turner. Almost similar to above. 50.

His sledge and hammer lie reclined,
His bellows, too, has lost its wind,
His coal is spent, his Iron gone,
His nails are drove, his work is done,
His body's here, clutched in the dust
'Tis hoped his soul is with the just.

5. Cornwall, Eng. Thomas Cornish died Jan. 1, 1844, age 66. On tombstone is a sculptured representation of a blacksmith shop with shoes, nails, anvils, tongs, etc. 67.

My sledge and hammer he declined,
My bellows pipes' have lost their wind;
My fire's extinguished - coal decayed
And in the dust my vice is laid;
My iron's wrought, my life is gone
My nails are drove, my work is done.

6. Norton, Mass. On a Blacksmith (written by himself) 78.
Similar to one in Norfolk's book. Lavant, Sussex on Mr. Samford

In memory of
Mr. Joseph Hill
Who died Dec. 6, 1826
Aged 66 years
My sledge and hammer ly reclined
My bellows too have lost their wind.
My fire's extinct, my forge decayed
And in the dust, my vice is laid;
My iron's spent, my coal are gone.
My nails are drove, my work is done.

7. Lincoln Church 104. In memory of
David Fletcher, Smith to this church, who died Feb. 14, 1744, aged 48

My sledge and hammer lie reclin'd
My bellows too have lost their wind;
My fire's extinguish'd; Forge decay'd;
And in the dust my vice is laid;
My coal is spent; my iron gone;
The last nail's driven - My Work is done.
"Finis Coronat Opus"

8. On a Blacksmith 104, 38. 36.

Here lieth T ----- S O-----
Who, whilst he liv'd, was hotly employ'd
In the service of his country;
He had abilities, for matters of weight,
And, whatever came upon the anvil,
He turned to advantage.
He was dextrous in penetrating into things;
Few were so hard or so close,
But he would screw into them, and spy thro' them:
He shewed great strokes of his strong parts,
As well in cutting asunder the firmest connections.
Which lay in his way,
As in uniting what he found asunder
To answer his purpose.
Whatever black contrivances were forged,
He soon blew them up.
And was successful in quenching
The red hot fury of those he had in hand:
His station was an unquiet one;
But by a judicious use of instruments,
Of which he was Master,
And by making even vice itself
Subservient to his work,
He secured his points;
And by hitting the right nail on the head,
Arrived to the height of his desires,
And lived with spirits,
In the common way;
In which situation,
He bent himself to be serviceable
To his neighborhood,
Among whom he wrought a good understanding,

And when thing s went wrong, or lame
Would stoop.
To set them a better footing.
He was not linked to any party
Old or new
Were equally his interest:
He made a great noise in the world
And shone in his station,
Till Age spread a Rust over him,
And Death put out his Fire
And here are laid his Dust and Ashes.

9. Evergreen Cemetery, New Haven, Vt. Clinton Tyler, died 1897, aged 46 (103)
Inscribed on a white marble anvil on a 5 foot shaft. (also has an image of horseshoe)

MASTER of the Art.
10. Pine Forest Cemetery, Wilmington, N.C. Alfred Hargrave, died 1898, aged 78
Has an anvil and a hammer on a pedestal

BONE COLLECTORS

1. Alston, Cumberland. 8, 33, 100. A bone collector

Here lies poor Jones,
Who all his life collected bones;
But death, that great and grisly spectre,
That most amazing bone collector,
Hath boned poor Jones so neat and tidy
That here he lies in bona fida.

2. On an American Salesman (fertilizer) 8.

Six feet beneath
This funeral wreath
Is laid upon the shelf
One Jerry Jones
Who dealt in bones
And now he's bones himself.

BOOKKEEPERS

1. A Bookeeper named Neal Keven. Nashville, Tennessee. 89, 57.

"His accounts were found square to a cent."

BREWERS

1. St. John's, Stamford, Eng. 8, 77, 96. 1776 William Pepper

Tho' hot my name, yet mild my nature,
I bore good will to every creature;
I brewed good ale and sold it too,
And unto each I gave his due.

2. Jersey, Eng.

Here lies poor Burton,
He was born hale and stout;
Death laid him on his bitter bier,
Now in another world he hops about.

3. G. Winch, a brewer, was chairman at a dinner given by Maidstone Brewing Company and in a merr y mood suggested this, his own epitaph which is similar to above:

G. Winch, the brewer, lies buried here,
In life he was both h-ale and stout;
Death brought him to his bitter bier;
Now in heaven he hops about.

4. Liverpool, Scotland. 27, 66, 83, 2, 58. John Scott, a Brewer Norfolk Also. Ripley Vol. II. Liverpool, Eng. (Lancashire)
hale = 'ale

Poor John Scott lies buried here;
Tho' once he was hale and stout
Death stretched him on his bitter bier
In another world he hops about.

5. New Haven Churchyard, Sussex, Eng. May 14, 1785 - Thomas Tipper — brewer of Tipper's fine ale - aged 54. 67, 96, 2.

Reader, with kind regard this Grave survey,
Nor heedless pass where Tipper's ashes lay;
Honest he was, ingenuous, blunt and kind,
And dared do what few dared do, speak his mind.
Philosophy and History well he knew,
Was versed in Physick and in Surgery too;
The best old Stingo he both brewed and sold,
Nor did one knavish act to get his gold.
He played through life a varied comic part,
And knew immortal Hudibras by heart
Reader, in real truth, such was the man;
Be better, wiser, laugh more, if you can.

6. Mr. Twig, the vinter 104

Under this stone here lies a Sot,
That martyr'd was by Pipe and Pot;
If anyone should name should ask,
He'll find it on a Claret flask.

7. St. John's Westminster, Eng. 104.

Here lyeth Humphrey Gosling, of London, Vintner,
Of the Whyt Hart, of this parish, a neighbour;
Of the vertuous behavior; a very good archer;
And of honest mirth; a good company keeper.
So well inclined to Poor and Rich,
God send more Goslings to be sich.

8. St. Giles Cripplegate, London. 38

Within this aisle lyeth buried the body of
CHARLES LANGLEY,
Sometime of this parish, Ale brewer,
Who was buried the 8th day of June, 1662.
And did give bountifully to the poor of this parish.
If Langley's life you list to know,
Read on and take a view;
Of faith and hope I will not speak,
His works shall tell them true.
Who whilst he liv'd with counsel grave,
The better sort did guide;
A stay to weak, a staff to poor,
Without backbite or pride.
And when he died he gave his M
And all that did him befall;
Forever once a year to clothe,
St. Giles poor with all.
All Saints he pointed for the day,
Gowns, twenty ready made;
With twenty shirts, and twenty smocks,
As they may best be had.
A sermon eke he hath ordained
That God may have his praise;
And others might be won thereby,
To follow Langley's ways.
On Vicar and Churwarden's then,
His trust he hath reposed;
As they will answer him one day,
When all shall be disclosed.
Thus being dead yet still he lives,
Lives, never for to die,
In heavens bliss, in world's fame,
And so I trust shall I.

Launcelot Andrews - Vicar
John Taylor)
Wil. Hewet)
Edw. Stirling) Church-wardens
Richard May)

9. Dumfries, Scotland. Gabriel Richardson, a brewer. Epitaph by Robert Burns

Here brewer Gabirel's fire's extinct
And empty all his barrels,
He's blest - if, as he brew'd, he drink -
In upright honest morals.

lo. Cupar Fife, Scotland. 104. William Rymour, Maltman

Through Christ, I'm not inferior
To William the Conqueror - Rom. VLLL. 37

BRICKMAKERS and LAYERS, MASONS

1. Awliscombe, Devonshire. 8, 96, 2, 58. on a brickmaker

Here lies the remains of Jas. Pady, brickmaker, late of this parish. In the hopes that his clay will be remoulded in a workman-like manner far superior to his former perishable materials.

Keep death and judgment always in your eye,
Or else the devil off with you will fly.
And in his kiln with brimstone ever fry
If you neglect the narrow road to seek
You will be rejected like a half burnt brick.

2. St. Clair, Canada. 89, 57. epitaph to a bricklayer similar to above except for last line which is as follows:

"Christ will respect you like a half burnt brick."

3. Iver, Buckshire. 77. Venterus Mandey - bricklayer and author.

Beneath this place lyes interred the body of Venterus Mandey, of the parish of St. Giles in the Fields, in the county of Middlesex, Bricklayer: Son of Michael Mandey, Bricklayer and Grandson to Venterus Manday of this parish, Bricklayer, who had ye honor of being bricklayer to the Hon^le^ Society of Lincoln's Inn, from the year of our Lord 1667, to the day of his death. He was studious in Mathematicks, and wrote and published three books of Publick good; One entitled - Mellificium Mensionis or the Marrow of Measuring; another of Mechanics Powers, or the Mystery of Nature and Art Unvayled; the third, An Universal Mathematical Synopsis. He also translated into English, Directorium Generale Uranometricum, and Trigonometria Plana et Spherica, Linaris et Logarithmica: Auctore Fr. Bonaventura Cavalerio, Mediolanesi; and some other tracts, which he designed to have printed if Death had not prevented him. He dyed the 26th day of July A.D. 1701 aged 56 years and upwards. He also gave five pounds to the Poor of this Parish.

4. Lauder, Berwickshire, Eng. 85. dated 1671.

Here lyes interred ane honest man,
Who did this churchyard first lie in;
This monument shall make it known
That he was the first laid in this ground.
Of mason and of masonrie,
He cutted stones right curiously.
To heaven we hope that he is gone,
Where Christ is the chief cornerstone.

4a. From Somersetshire.
On christopher Smith, alias Thumb, an industrious, not a free, mason, died January 21st, 1742-3, Aged 66 (# 36)

Stretcht underneath this stone is laid
our neighbour Goodman Thumb:
We trust, altho', full low his Head,
He'll rise ,' th' World to come.
This humble monument will shew
where lies an honest man;
Ye Kings, whose heads are laid low,
Rise higher if you can.

5. On John Humphreys - 10. "a noisy-polemic" and mason by occupation. He and Burns frequently disputed on old and new topics; and Humphrey though illiterate, often got the best of it. He died in great poverty, having solicited charity for sometime before his death from strangers arriving or departing by the Mauchline coasch. He often stated to his donors "Please, sirs, I'm Burns blethering bitch".

Below thir stones lie James' banes:
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a beth'rin bitch
Into thy dark oblivion. (R. Burns)

BUTCHERS

1. Newgate Market, Eng. 38. Robert Pocklington

Our Bob was a butcher; you'll say what of that?
And sold veal, beef, and mutton, white dainty and fat.
All this, sirs, is true; but our Robert did more,
What he could not sell, he sent home to the poor;
And, what is uncommon he sent it while sweet,
And such as a prince might accept as a treat.
Let nobles and princes, who've plenty in store,
Go copy our Bob, and they need do no more:
He had a good heart, not a kinder was given,
To lift us from earth to a mansion in heaven.

2. Brampton old churchyard. 38. Thomas Topping. died Dec. 1, 1785 aged 35.

But I, in prosperous days presum'd,
No sudden change I fear'd;
Whilst in my sunshine of success
My lowering cloud appear'd.

3. Johnathan Southward O 1847. Colerne, Witts. 38, 96, 8.
In memory of Jonathan Southward, Butcher, who died Feb. 19th, 1727 Aged 37. Also Thomas Southward, butcher who died April 16th, 1777 Aged 60.

By these inscriptions be it understood,
My occupation was in shedding blood,
And many a beast by me was weekly slain,
Hunger to ease and mortals to maintain.
Now here I rests from sin and sorrow free
By means of Him who shed his blood for me.

4. William Thompson - 1838 - Sunderland Parish Church - 96.
a butcher who slaughtered himself. On tombstone is a sheath knife and steel.

In memory of
WILLIAM THOMPSON
Who died Mar. 5, 1838. Aged 26 years.
This monument here marks the spot
Where William Thompson lies,
Who fell to accidental death
A blooming sacrifice.
He in duty as a butcher on

The cratch a victim laid;
When duly slain, in heedless haste
He sheathed the sharpened blade,
The sheath contained a hole, through which
It's erring point did bound,
Pierced deep the Pope's - eye of his thigh,
And gave the fatal wound.
Down ride a purple tide of gore
In one continued course:
Physicians tried their skill in vain
To stop the rapid force.
He felt his strength, his sight, his speech,
Fast ebbing with his breath,
And in the cap of rosy health
Sank in the sleep of death.

5. St. Mary's Churchyard, Cheltenham. 8.83. on a pig killer - John Higgs

Here lies John Higgs,
A famous man for killing pigs.
For killing pigs was his delight,
Both morning, afternoon and night.
Both heats and colds he did endure
Which no physician could e'er cure,
His knife is laid, his work is done;
I hope to heaven his soul is gone.

6. On a Butcher - named Boorer - epitaph by Sutton. 8.

A steady friend to youth, a heart sincere,
In dealing strictly just, in conscious clear,
Here Boorer lies - Oh, stone! record his name,
Virtue like these may others boast the same,
When pitying sorrow drops a tender tear
The last sad tribute to a friend sincere.

CANNIBAL

1. On a Cannibal. 100.

One who loved his fellow men,
not wisely, but too well.

CARDMAKER

1. 79, 58. On a cardmaker.

His card is cut; long days he shuffled through
The game of Life; he dealt as others do.
Though he by honours tells not its amount,
When the last trump is play'd, his tricks will count.

CARD PLAYERS

1. On a card player - 38. Madam Wagg (fond of playing cards)

Here lies Madam Wagg,
And we hope she's at rest;
But without loo, and brag,
She'll be sadly distrest.
So lest cards might be few,
In so distant a land
She discreetly withdrew,
With a pack in her hand.

CARPENTERS

1. John Spong - a Jobbing Carpenter - 1739. Ockham, Surrey. 96, 8, 50, 104, 2. 81. 36.

Fell'd by death's surer hatchet, here lies Spong
Who many a sturdy oak has laid along,
Posts oft he made, yet ne'er a place could get,
And liv'd by railing, tho' he was not wit;
Old saws he had, altho' no antiquarian,
Styles he corrected, yet was no grammarian
Long liv'd he Ockham's premier architect
And lasting as his fame a tomb't 'erecrt,
In vain we seek an artist such as he,
Whose pale and gates were for eternity.
So here he rests from all life toil and follies.
O! Spare kind heaw'n his fellow lab'rer Hollies.

2. Samuel Bagshaw - 1787. Longor, Shrops. 96, 50, 2/

In
Memory of SAMUEL
BAGSHAW, late of Har-
ding-Booth who depar-
ted this life June the
5th 1787 aged 71 years.

Beneath he mouldering into dust
A Carpenter's Remains.
A man laborious, honest, just,
His character sustains.
In seventy-one revolving years
He sow'd no seeds of strife;
With Ax and Saw, Line, Rule and Square
Employ'd his careful life.
But death who view'd his peaceful lot
His tree of Life assail'd.
His grave was made upon this spot,
And his last Branch he nail'd.

3. Montrose, Eng. 50, 96. William Fettes, a wight (carpenter) ob.1809

The handicraft that lieth here -

For on the dead truth shall appear -
Part of his bier his own hands made,
And in the same his body is laid.

4. On a Hedge Carpenter 25.

Post oft he made, yet ne'er a place could get;
And lived by railing, though he was no wit;
Old saws he had, although no antiquarian
And stiks corrected, yet was no grammarian.

5. Long Island, N.Y. 57.

No wonder he saw&d short life's span,
For long he was a(n)ailing man.

6. Portsmouth, Eng. 33. James Little, a carpenter

Here lives Jemmy Little, a carpenter industrious,
A very good man, but womewhat blusterous,
When that his little wife his authority withstood,
He took a stick and banged her as he would.
His wife now left alone, her loss does so deplore,
She wishes Jemmy back to bang her a little more;
For now he's dead and gone this fault appears so small,
A little thing would make her think it was no fault at all.

7. Dorchester, Mass. 78, 57. Ephraim Davenport d.1842

Long fifty years full well he wrought
On buildings, fruit trees and the song;
With age, infirmity was brought
He pin'd, neglected, was it wrong?

8. On John Sims, a carpenter. 79.

Hear from the tomb the warning voice of truth!
A lingering malady consumed my youth -
John Sims my name, a carpenter's my trade;
With half confessions, like a blushing maid.
To a fam'd leech I humbly did apply,
Though no one knew the cause or reason why -
His sovereign cordials flow'd for me in vain,
His pills procur'd me only change of pain.
So next I dragg'd my steps to Doctor Greedy,
Who made me ten times worse and still more needy.
Worn to a stump, I sought the Reverend Jay,
Not in the pill, but in the spiritual way -
He cleans'd my inward man, he heard my sigh,
Preach'd down my quacks, and taught me how to die.

9. Walnut Grove Cemetery, Delphos, Ohio. Isaac Thurston died 1914, aged 74 (103) (on log shop monument)

He sawed logs for forty years
But he won't saw this one.

10 Island Cemetery, Newport, R.I. George Whitehead, died 1870, aged 71 (103)

My trowel and hammer lies decline
So does my rule and my line
My building is up, my course is run
My scaffold struck, my work is done

11 Woodlawn Cemetery, Wellsville N.Y Chester L Graves, died 1923, aged 74 (103) (tombstone also has a picture of house)

When I've been dead ten
Thousand years
As dead as I can be
I'll have no joys
I'll have no fears
Through all eternity

CHAIRMAN

1. 58. On an Irish Chairman

Weep, Irish lads, all true and fair men;
Here rests the leader of the chairmen.
Reader rejoice that here lies Pat
For was he up, he'd lay you flat.
In fame, you'll never see his brother,
If reach'd from one pole to the other.
And would you know him when an angel fair,
You've nothing more to do than call: "Chair! Chair!"

CHANDLERS

1. Edward Stockdale. Old Graveyard, Cork. 104, 96. chandler

Here lies Ned Stockdale, honest fellow,
Who dy'd by fat, and lived by tallow;
His light before men always shone,
His mould is underneath this stone.
Then taking things by the right handle,
Is not this life a farthing candle?
The longest age but a wax-taper
A torch blown out by ev'ry vapor;
Today, 'Twill burn, tomorrow blink
And end as mortals in a stink.
If this be true then worthy Ned
Is a wax light among the dead.
His fluted form still sheds perfume,
And scatters lustre around this tomb.
Then what is mortal life? Why tush,
This mortal life's not worth a rush. By Dr. De la Cour

2. On a Chandler. 104. 36.

How might his days end that made Weeks? or he
That could make light, here laid in Darkness be?
Yet since his weeks were spent, now could he chose
But be depriv'd of Light, and his Trade lose?
Yet dead the Chandler is, and sleeps in peace,
No wonder! long since melted with his Grease!
It seems that he did Evil, for Day-Light
He hated, and did rather with the night:
Yet came his works to Light, and were like Gold
Prov'd in the Fire, but could not Trial hold.
His Candle had an End and Death's black Night
Is an Extinguisher of all his Light.

(3. over)

3. On an unsuccessful oculist who became a tallow-chandler 97

So many of the human Kind
Under his hands became stone blind,
That for such failings to atone
At length he let the trade alone:
And ever after in despite
Of Darkness, liv'd by giving light!
But Death! who had excrse man's power
To enter houses every hour,
Thinking his light grew rather sallow,
Snuff'd out his wick, and seized his tallow

4 on a corpulent Chandler 97.

Here lies in earth an honest fellow
Who died by fat, and lived by tallow

Coffin maker 36. a joiner (carpenter.)

A coffin maker I was long,
And many a Coffin made,
But now confin'd in Coffin strong,
I've lost my Coffin Trade.

COOPERS OR COOPERSMITH

1. Winslow, Me. 78, 89.

Here lies the body of Richard Thomas, an Englishman by birth, a Whig of '76, - a cooper by trade, now food for worms. Like an old rum puncheon, whose staves are all marked, numbered and shooked. He will be raised again and finished by his creator. He died Sept. 28, 1824, aged 75.

"America my adopted country
My best advice to you is this
Take care of your liberties!"

2. Cooper. Ledbury Churchyard, Eng. 45.

In memory of John Heath, Cooper of this town, known to be paralyzed in natural genius and many other things; but leaving this simple world, in the hope of a better, he died.

CLERKS

1. All Hallows, Staining, London. 104. Christopher Holt.

Our Holt (alas!) hath stint his Hold,
By Death call'd Hence in haste,
Whose Christen name being Christopher
With Christ is better plac'd.
In Sawton born of gentle race,
In London spent his Dayes;
A clerk that was in Custom House,
In credit amny wayes.
So that altho' we feel the losse
Of this so dear a friend.
His life well spent while he was here
Hath gain'd a better End.

CLOCK-MAKER

1. John Harrison - Hampstead, Eng. 2.

In memory of Mr. John Harrison, late of Red Lion Square, London, inventor of the time Keeper for ascertaining the longitude at sea. He was born at Foulby in the county of York, and was the son of a builder of that place, who brought him up to the same profession. Before he attained the age of 21, he, without any instruction, employed himself in cleaning and repairing clocks and watches, and made a few of the former, chiefly of wood. At the age of 25 he employed his whole time in chronometrical improvements. He was the inventor of the gridiron pendulum, and the method of preventing the effects of heat and cold upon ~~xxx~~ time-keeps by two bars fixed to-

gether; he introduced the secodary spring to keep them going while winding up, and was the inventor of most (or all) the improvements in clocks and watches during his time. In the year 1735 his first time-keeper was sent to Lisbon, and in 1764 his then much improved fourth time keeper having been sent to Barbados, the Commissioners of Longitude certified that he determined the longitude within one third of half a degree of a great circle, having not erred more than forty seconds in time. After sixty years' close application to the above pursuits, he departed this life on the 24th day of March, 1776, aged 83.

2. Thomas Pierce. 1665. Berkeley, Glos. 96, 8, 77, 2. 97

Here lyeth Thomas PEIRCE, whom no man taught,
Yet he in Iron, Brasse and Silver wrought;
He Jacks, and Clocks, and Watches (with Art) made,
And mended, too, when others' work did fade.
Of Berkeley five tymes Mayor this Artist was,
And yet this Mayor, this Artist was but Grasse.
When his own Watch was Downe on the last Day,
He that made Watches had not made a Key,
To wind it up, but Usselesse it must lie,
Until he Rise againe no more to die!
Deceased Febry 25th 1665
Aetatis 72 years.

(N.B.) Jacks = Jack-strike-the-bell - figures in church or homes which are wound up and strike the bell.

3. George Rongleigh - 1802. Lydford, Devon. 96, 2, 58. 97, 36

Here lies in a horizontal position
The outside case of GEORGE RONGLEIGH - watchmaker.
Whose abilities in that line were an honour
to his profession:

Integrity was the mainspring
and Prudence the Regulator.
of all the actions of his life;
Humane, generous and liberal,
His hand never stopped
Till he had relieved distress:
So nicely were all his motions regulated
That he never went wrong,
Except when set agoing
By People.
Who did not know his Key:
Even then he was easily set right again.
He had the art of disposing his time so well
That his hours glided away
In one continual round
of pleasure and delight,
Till an unlucky minute put a period to
His existence.
He departed this life Nov. 14th, 1802, Aged 51;
Wound up
In hopes of being taken in hand
by his Maker
And of being thoroughly cleaned and repaired
And set agoing
In the world to come.

4. John Bilbie. 1767. Axbridge, Somerset. 96.

Bilbie, thy
Movements kept in play
For thirty years or more
we say.

Thy Balance or thy
Mainspring's broken,
And all thy movements
(Cease to work)
John Bilbie, of this parish, Clockmaker, who died
Spet. 13th 1767, aged 33 years.

5. Samuel Barrington. 1693. St. Mary's Cathedral, Dublin, Ireland. 96. 97.

SAMUEL BARRINGTON
MEMENTO MORI
Here lieth little Samuel Barrington
That great undertaker
Of famous cities, clock and chime make,
He made his own time to go early and later,
But now he's return'd to God his Creator.
The 19th November then he ceas'd
And for his memory this is here plac'd.
BY . HIS . SON . BEN . 1693.

6. John Bolton - 1821. St. Margaret's, Dunham. 96.

Ingenious artist! few thy skill surpast
In works of art, yet death has beat at last.
Though conquer'd, yet thy deeds will ever shine:
Time can't destroy a genius large as thine.

7. Gorsuch. Abbey Church, Shrewsbury. 96.

Thy movements, Gorsuch, kept in play
The wheels of life felt no decay
For fifty years at least;
Till by some sudden fatal stroke,
The mainspring or the balance broke
And all thy movements ceas'd.

8. Thomas Hinde. - Bolsover churchyard, Derbyshire. 2.

Here
lies, in a horizontal position, the outside
case of
Thomas Hinde
Clock and Watch-maker
Who departed this life, wound up in hope of
Being taken in hand by his Maker, and being
Thoroughly clean, repaired, and set a-going
in the world to come
On the 15th of August, 1836,
In the 19th year of his age.

9. James Slater. Uttoxeter. 2, 25. Obit Nov. 21, 1822, aged 49.

Here lies one who strove to equal time,
A task too hard, each power too sublime;
Time stopt his motion, o'erthrew his balance-wheel,
Wore off his pivots, tho' made of hardened steel;
Broke all his springs the verge of life decayed,
And now he is as though he'd ne'er been made.
Such frail machine till time's no more shall rust;
Then in assembled worlds in glory join,
And sing - "The hand that made us is divine."

10. Hodden, Dumfriesshire - on a henpecked clock-maker. 50, 67.

Here lyes a man, who all his mortal life
Passed mending clocks, but could not mend his wife;
The 'larum of his bell was ne'er sae shrill.
As was her tongue, aye clacking like a mill.
But now he's gane - oh whither? nane can tell -
I hope beyond the sound o' Molly's bell.

11. Shrewsbury, Shropshire, Eng. 66. on a watchmaker

Thy movements, Isaac, kept in play,
Thy wheels of life felt no decay
For fifty years at least;
Till by some sudden, secret stroke,
The balance or the mainspring broke,
And all the movements ceas'd.

12 Hampstead, Eng. 97, 47, John Johnson, watchmaker. died June 27, 1800, aged 43

For honest worth let friendship drop a tear,
Who Knew him best, lament him most sincere;
In all his actions, generous, just, and Kind,
His regulator was a virtuous mind;
Strict in his morals, in his manners mild,
A better man, look far, you will not find

CLOTHIERS, HABERDASHERS, TAILORS, HATTERS

1. Hodgkinson Paine - Cirencester Church - clothier.

Here lyeth buried ye body of Hodgkinson Paine,
Clothier, who died ye 3rd of Feb. 1642.
The Poore's supplie his life and grac'd,
till Warre's made rent, and Paine from poore displact.
But what made poore unfortunate Paine blest,
By Warre they lost their Paine, yet found noe rest.
He looseing quiet by warre, yet gained ease;
by it Paine's life began, and paine didmcease.
And from ye troubles here him God did sever
By death to life, by Warre to peace for ever."

2. On a Tailor. 27.

Fate cuts the thread of life, as all men know,
And Fate cut his, though he so well could sew.
It matters not how fine the web is spun,
'Tis all unravelled when our course is run.

3. Lawrence, Pountey, Eng. 8, 77. Henry Hudson, Hatter

Henry Hudson
Late hat maker, Fore Street
Who died June 1787, while eating his breakfast.
Ah! stamp not rudely on Hal Hudson's bed,
Tho' oft he's stampt upon your nation's head;
For he was authorized, nay forced to do it,
Or else he'd been full sorely made to rue it,
Making a meal, this good hat-maker died
And merrily, 'tis said, to his own Maker hied.

4. St. Michael's, Aberystwyth. 8. on a hosier

(N.B. To the memory of a young man, who was a hosier, near Nottingham and had a sweetheart named Hannah)

He left his hose, his Hannah and his love
To sing Hosannahs in the world above.

(Northend's version - raised a stone to her departed husband who a hosier).

5. Geddington, Nortants. 8. on a haberdasher. who was also a bachelor

If, who lies here ? thou dost enquire
Read, and so have thy desire
Richard Best, his name and free
Of the Haberdasher's Company.
The privilege of merchants he
Did claim with the like liberty
The years that here he passed o'er
Wanted by one of four score.
Forty years he abroad did toil
The rest he spent on his own soil.
Free from wedlock, care or strife,
He wedded was to single life.
To have more spoke he did reserve
But 'twas his will that this should serve.
He died the 29th April, 1629.

6. Yeovil, Somerset, Eng. 77, 8, 67,100.

John Webb,
Son of John and Mary Webb, clothiers, who died of the measles
May 3d, 1646, aged 3 years.

How still he lies!
And closed his eyes,
That shone as bright as day!
The cruel measles
Like clothier's teasles
Have scratched his life away.
Cochineal red
His lips have fled,
Which now are blue and black
Dear pretty wretch
How thy limbs stretch,
Like cloth upon the rack.

Repress thy sighs,
The husband cries
My dear, and not repine
For ten to one,
When God's work's done
He'll come off superfine.

7. Lavenham Church, Norfolk, Eng. 1534. on a clothier. 77, 96, 67.

Continuall prayse these lynes in brass
Of Allaine Dister here,
A clothier vertuous whyle he was
In Lavenham many a yeare;
For as in lyfe he loved best
The poore to clothe and feede,
Soe with the riche and alle the rests
He neighbourlie agreed;
And did appoint before he died
A spial* yearly rent,
Which should be every Whitsontide
Among the poorest spent. *spial - special

8. On a Tailor. 100.

In life thy worth we never knew,
We judged thee merely by thy clothes,
But at thy grave man stops to think
How much to thee he really owes.

COACHMAN AND STAGECOACH DRIVERS

1. Dunton, Bucks. 58. Coachman. (driver of coach between Aylesbury & London. Epitaph by Rev. H. Bullen, vicar of church where he was buried.

Parker, farewell! Thy journey is ended.
Death has the whiphand, and with dust is blended;
Thy waybill is examined, and I trust
Thy last account may prove exact and just.
When he who drives the chariot of the day,
Where life is light, whose word's the living way,
Where travellers, like yourself, of every age,
And every clime, have taken their last stage,
The God of mercy, and the God of love,
Show you the road to Paradise above.

2. Dunton, Bucks. Parker - coachman betw. Aylesbury and London. 2.

Parker, farewell! Thy journey now is ended,
Death has the whiphand, and with dust is blended;
Thy waybill is examined, and I trust
Thy last account may prove exact and just.
When he who drives the chariot of the day

Where life is light, whose word's the living way,
Where travellers like yourself, of every age,
And every clime, have taken their last stage,
The God of mercy, and the God of love
Show you the road to Paradise above.

3. Stage coach driver. Ludlow churchyard, Eng. 2. John Abingdon - "drove stage from Ludlow to London for 40 years. Died 1817.

His labor done, no more to town,
    His onward course he bends;
His team's unshut, his whip's laid up,
    And here his journey ends.
Death locked his wheels and gave him rest,
    And never more to move,
Till Christ shall call with the blest
    To heavenly realms above.

4. On a Stage Driver. 8.

Nevada -
    Sacred to the memory of Hank Monk,
The whitest, biggest-hearted, and best stage-driver of the west, Who was kind to all, thought ill of none. He lived in a strange era, and was a Hero; and the wheels of his coach are now ringing on Golden Streets.

COALHEAVER

1. Bermondsley, Eng. 79, 10. On a Coal Heaver

Cease to lament, his change, ye dust;
He's only gone "from dust to dust".

Coffin Maker

1. St Margaret's Churchyard, Hollinwood. 4

A coffin maker was I long,
And many a coffin made,
But now coffin'd in coffin strong,
I've left my coffin trade

COLLIER

1. Collier. 104.

Here lies the Collier, Jenkin Dashes
    By whom Death nothing gain'd, he swore;
For living he was dust and ashes,
    And dead he was no more.

2. On a Collier. 50, 33.

Altho' his face, was dirty
    His heart, they say, was clean.
His age was only forty

When he ceased to have a being, -
That is, he ceased to live,
So far as the world goes;
But in the world above he wears
Perhaps a crown - who knows? W.F.

COOKS

1. St Margaret's at Lynn - 1684. 8, 77, 2. William Scrivener - cook

William Scrivener.
Cook to the Corporation.
Alas! Alas! Will Scrivener's dead, who by his art
Could make death's skeleton edible in each part.
Mourn squeamish stomachs, and ye curious palates,
You've lost your dainty dishes and your salades:
Mourn for yourselves, but not for him i' the least,
He's gone to taste of a more Heavenly feast.

2. Edward Heardson: for 30 years cook to the Beefsteak Society - epitaph by Capt. Morris. 8, 77, 2, 38.

His last steak done: his fire rak'd out and dead
Dish'd for the worms himself, lies honest Ned
We, then, whose breasts bore all his fleshly toils,
Took all his bastings and shared all his broils.
Now in our turn, a mouthful carve and trim
And dress at Phoebus fire, one scrap for him.
His heart which well might grace the noblest grave,
Was grateful, patient, modest, just and brave;
And ne'er did earth's wide man a morsel gain
Of kindlier juices or more tender grain;
His tongue where duteous friendship humbly dwelt,
Charmed all who heard the faithful zeal he felt;
Still to whatever end his chops he moved,
'Twas all well-seasoned, relish'd and approved;
This room his heav'n - when threatening Fate drew nigh
The closing shade that dimm'd his lingering eye,
His last fond hopes, betrayed by many a tear,
Were - that his life's last spark might glimmer here;
And the last words that choak'd his parting sigh -
"Oh! at your feet, dear Masters, let me die!"

3. Kensal Green, Eng. 96. on Soyer - great French cook

"Soyer tranquille"

4. On a Woman who cooked and brewed for families. 104.

No longer for my loss deplore
My meat's all drest, my cooking o'er;
My ale's all out, my vessels broke,

COOKS

Christ Churchyard, Cooperstown, N.Y. 103.

On tombstone of Jenny York, colored woman, died 1837. Epitaph written by Judge Samuel Nelson, in whose home, Jenny was the cook and very generous in distributing the judge's possessions among her friends.

"She had her faults
but
She was kind to the poor"

My malt's consum'd, both straw and coke;
My fire's extinct, my glass is run,
My light's gone out, my work is done.
Alive I roam'd, but now am bound
Fast in Death's kitchen underground.

5. St. Pancras Churchyard, Middlesex. 17.

A memoriall both of DANIEL L. CLARKE, Esq. who left this life most comfortablie the last of June 1626. Ao Aetat suae 79, having been Master Cooke to Quene Elizabeth & to King James 29 yeares called to that place betimes for his wothines beloved there and elsewhere for his honest heart and open hand, and also of Catherine, his good and loving wife who left this life the 24th of June 1613. Ao Aetat suae 50.

Reader before this monumentall stone,
Two bodyes lye inter'd that once were one
Whom death did for a tyme divorce
And now hath married coarse to coarse
Their ashes meete in death and have
For their new marriage bed the grave.
A third they yet expect, that fate
Nor time nor force shall inviolate
Where both shall married and unmarried be
Not to themselves, but to enternitie
Then sleep ye happy ashes here
Nor let a greane, a sign or teare
Disturb your rest till the glad noyse
Of the worlde-wakinge trumpitt's voyce
Raise you from this dead sleep and call
Your dust, from this sad funerall
To wed their soules and soule and body bring
Unto the marriage of the Lambe their Kynge.

6. Ripon Cathedral. 79, 58.4

Here lyeth John James, the old cook of Newby who was a faithful servant to his master, and an upright, downright honest man.

The following lines were added:
Banes among stanes
Do lie sou still,
Whilk the soul wanders
E'en where God will.
1707.

CORONER

1. On a coroner who hanged himself 27.

He lived and died
By suicide.

CREMATIONIST

1. Washington, Pa. 57. On Oct. 5, 1876, the first public cremation of a human body in U.S. took place in that city. To the reliques of an Irish laborer who met his death while building the cremation furnace, were accorded the honour of first demonstrating its efficacy. An eye witness' description is:

At precisely 4 o'clock the body arrived at the furnace, in the hands of six pallbearers. It was laid on a sort of a litter, constructed of black walnut, and trimmed with satin. The body was placed in the furnace and the flames turned upon it at tem minutes after 4, and in forty minutes afterward, what was once a body was then about six quarts of white ashes. These were immediately gathered up and deposited in a beautiful urn constructed especially for the occasion, and bearing the following inscription:

This urn contains the ashes from the remains of Thomas Collins, who was cremated at Washington, Pa. Oct. 5, 1876. He was a native of Ireland, of the County Cork, and near the town of Belley Castle.

Died Oct. 3, 1876
Peace to his ashes

2. A cremationist's epitaph 57, 100.

The soul has flown, and the body's flue.

3. On a believer in cremation 25.

Don't put me in the river bank,
Among the fragrant flower;
Nor where the grass is watered by
The early summer flowers.

But put me in the kitchen range,
And open wide the damper,
And then my vaporous remians
Can up the chimney vamper.

4. On a fat lady after cremation. 89.

And this is all that's left of Thee,
Thou fairest of earth's daughters;
Only four pounds of ashes white
Out of two hundred and three quarters.

5. Location ? 89. (see Unger's version)
A man had cremated four wives, and the ashes kept in four urns, being overturned and fallen together, were buried at last and had this droll inscription:

Stranger, pause and shed a tear
For Mary Jane lies buried here;
Mingled in a most surprising manner
With Susan, Marie and portions of Hannah.

6 Glendale Cemetery, Cardington, Ohio Emily Spear, d. 1901, aged 64 (103)
My husband promised me
that my body should be
cremated but other
influences prevailed

DRAPERS

1. Richard Nordell - Circa 1450. 96.

Richard Nordell lyeth bury'd here,
Somtym of London, citizen & drapier;
And Marjerie his wyf, of her Progenie
Return'd to earth & so sall ye:
Of the Erth we were made & formed,
And to the Erth we been returned;
Have yis in mind & memorie,
Se yat liven lerneth to dy;
And beholdyth here your Destine,
Such as ye erane somtym weren we,
Ye sall be dyght in yis aray,
Be ye nere so stout & gay;
Therfor frendys, we you prey,
Make you redy for today;
Yatt ye be not for sinn atteynt,
At ye Dey of Judgment.
Man behavyth oft to have yis in mind,
Yat thow geveth with yin hand yat sall thow fynd;
For Widowes be slofull & Children beth unkind,
Executors be covetos, and kep al yat they fynd.
I eny body ask were ye Deddy's Goodys becam,
Ye ansqueare,
So God me help and Halidam, he died a pore Man
Yink on this.

2. Draper & Antiquarian. London. 38. Anthony Munday

To the memory of that ancient servant to the city, with his pen, in divers employments, especially the survey of London, Master Anthony Munday, citizen and draper of London.

He that hath many an ancient tombstone read,
Th' labour seeming more among the dead
To live, than with the living, - that surfey'd
Abstruse antiquities, and o'er them laid
Such vive and beauteous colours with his pen:
That spite of time, those old are new again,
Under this marble lies interr'd; his tomb
Claiming (as worthily as it may) this room.
Among those many monuments his quill
Has so revived, helping now to fill
A place (with those) in his survey, in which
He has a monument more fair, more rich
Than polish'd stones could make him, where he lies,
Though dead, still living, and in that ne'er dies.

3. On an itinerant linen draper. 9, 58. 97 HAMPSTEAD churchyard

1 Cottons and cambrics, all adieu,
And muslins too, farewell;
Plain, striped, and figured, old and new,
Three quarters, yard or ell;
2 By nail and yard I've measured ye,
As customers inclined,
The churchyard has now measured me,
And nails my coffin bind.
3 So now my Kind and worthy friends
Who dealt with me below,
I'm gone to measure Time's long ends -
You'll follow me - I Know

4. St. Clare's, Southwark, Eng. 104. Mr. Benson, a linen draper.

Here th' earthly Part of William Benson lies,
Whom Robert Benson had by Mary Lile;
He heavenly mounted is above the skies,
With wings of faith, dissolv'd but for a while,
The linen which he fold was ne'er so white
As is the Robe wherein his Soul is dight.

5. Necropolis, Toronto, Canada. 57.

Sacred to the memory of
Wm. Mulligan
Who departed this life
24 Aug. 1854
Aged 28 years.
A long distinguished linen draper, near Brainbridge Co., Down, Ireland

6. Stratford-upon-Avon Church. 79. Upon a rudely sculptured monument near tomb of Shakespeare.

Hic nutritus erat, natus, nunc hic jacet Hillus,
Hicque magistratus fama ter manere functus,
Cumque bonos annos vixisset sept vaginta
Ad terram corpus, sed mens migravit ad astra.

Heare borne, here lived, heare died and buried heare
Lieth Richard Hill, thrise bailif of this Borrow;
Too matrones of good fame, he married in Godes feare,
And now releast in joi, he reasts from worldlie sorrow.

Here lieth entombed the corps of Richard Hill,
A woolen draper being in his time,
Whose virtues live, whose fame dooth florish still,
Though he deesolved be to dust and slime.
A mirror he and parterne mai be made,
For such as shall sockcead him in that trade;
He did not use to sweare, to glose, eather faigne,
His brother to defraude in barganinge;
Hee woold not strive to get excessive gaine
In ani cloth or other kind of thinge:
His servant, S.I. this truth can testifie,
A witness that beheld it with mi eie.

DRESSMAKER

1. Lancaster, Pa (Middle Cemetery) Rebecca Corey, seamstress, died 1810.

Her neighbors and friends stood weeping
and showing the coats and garments
which she made while she was with them.

DUSTMAN (chimney sweeper)

1. Dustman. 79, 58. 97

Beneath yon humble clod, at rest
Lies Andrew, who, if not the best,
Was not the very worst man;
A little rakish, apt to roam;
But not so now, he's quite at home,
For Andrew was a dustman.

DYERS

1. Truro, Cornwall, Eng. 66.97 Jos. Dyer

A Dyer born, a dyer bred,
Lies numbered here among the dead;
Dyers, like mortals doomed to die,
Alike fit food for worms supply.
Josephus Dyer was his name,
By dyeing he acquired fame.
'Twas in his forty-second year,
His neighbours kind did him inter.
Josephus Dyer, his first son,
Doth ~~lies~~ also lie beneath this stone;
So like wise doth his second boy,
Who was his parents' hope and joy,
His handiwork did all admire,
For never was a better dyer.
Both youths were in their fairest prime,
Ripe fruitage of a healthful clime;
But nought can check Death's lawless aim,
Who's over life he choose to claim;
It was God's edict from the throne,
"My will upon earth shall be done."
Then did the active mother's skill
The vacancy with credit fill,
Till she grew old, and weak, and blind,
And this last wish dwelt on her mind, -
That she, when dead, should buried be
With her loved Spouse and family,
At last Death's arm her strength defied;
Thus all the dyeing Dyers died.

2. On Spellman, a dyer. 10, 58.

John Spellman's like will ne'er be found,
He dyed for all the country round:
Yet hear with patience, if you can,
The base ingratitude of man:
When death approach'd, with aspect grim,
Not one of them would die for him;
So leaving all his worldly pelf,
B'or John, at last, died for himself.

3. Lincoln, Eng. 25. John Hyde - a dyer

Here lies John Hyde
He first lived, and then he died;
He dyed to live, and liv'd to die,
And hopes to live eternally.

4. On a Dyer. 25.

He that dyed so oft in sport,
Dyed at last, no colour for't.

5. Forfarshire, Eng. 71. a dyer named Smith

Full seventy years he lived upon his earth
He lived to dye - the end of life is death -
Here he was Smith six lustres, and three more
The third thus wanted, it had but two more.

6. St. Nicholas, Yarmouth. 33, 96, 2. On a dyer.
Here lies a man who first did dye
When he was 24
And yet he lived to reach the age
Of hoary hairs, fourscore.
But now he's gone and certain 'tis
He'll not dye any more.

EARTHQUAKE SURVIVORS

1. Bromley, Kent. 8.

Sacred to the memory of Thomas Chase, Esq., formerly of this parish, born in the city of Lisbon, the 1st of November, 1729; and buried under the ruins of the same house where he first saw light in the ever memorable earthquake which befel that city the 1st of November 1755; when after a most wonderful escape, he by degrees recovered from a deplorable condition and lived until the 20th of November, 1788, aged 59 years.

2. Green Bay, Jamaica, West Indies. 8, 96. (see story in Coronet magazine.)

Here lies the body of L. Galdy, Esquire, who departed this life at Port Royal on 22nd December, 1739, aged 80. He was born in Montpelier, France but he left that country for his religion, and came to settle in this Island, when he was swallowed up in the Great Earthquake in the year 1692, and by the providence of God was by another shock thrown into the sea and miraculously saved by swimming until a boat took him up. He lived many years after in great reputation, beloved by all that knew him, and much lamented at his death.

EXECUTIONER

1. George Alexander Stevens. 38.

A Second Alexander here lies dead,
And not less fam'd - at taking off a head.

FARMERS AND MILLERS

1. John Whittle. 1721. Stourton, Coundle, Dorset. 96.

The Fates John Whittle to the clay
The prison close have sent;
His lease was out, he could not stay,
For death would have his rent.
Cover'd with dust the farmer lies
By Deborah confin'd;
When trumpet found these doves will rise
And leave their chains behind.

2. Rotherham. 2. On a miller

in memory of
EDWARD SWAIR
who departed this life, June 16, 1781
Here lies a man which farmers lov'd
Who always to them constant proved;
Dealt with freedom, Just and Fair -
An honest miller all declare.

3. On John Pye, a farmer - Coventry, Eng. 104.

Here lyes John Pye,
Oh! O!
Does he so?
There let him lye.

4. Calne, Westmoreland, Eng. 66.

God worketh wonders now and then,
Here lies a miller, and an honest man.

5. William Mather, 1818. 2.

When he that day with th' waggon went,
He little thought his Glass was spent;
But had he kept his plough in hand,
He might have longer till'd the land.

6. St. Albans, VI 50. On a female poultry farmer.

Sacred to the memory of Miss Martha Gwynn
Who was so very pure within,
She burst the outer shell of sin,
And hatched herself a cherubim.

This is similar to one in Cambridge, Eng.
Here lies the body of Mary Gwynne
Who was so very pure within
She cracked the shell of her earthly skill
And hatched herself a cherubim.

7. On a farmer. 62.

He labour'd in the fields he bread to gain
He plough'd, he sow'd, he reap'd the yellow grain;
And now, by death from future service driven,
Is gone to keep his harvest - home in heaven.

8. On a miller. 104.

Death, without question, was as bold as brief,
When he kill'd two in one, miller and thief.

9. East Cemetery, near Marlboro, New Hampshire. 103.
Daniel Emerson, an early settler, died 1829, aged 82.

The land I cleared is now my grave,
Think well, my friends, how you behave.

10. On a Miller - Campsie, Stirlingshire. 96.

Eternity is -
A wheel that turns,
A wheel that turns ever,
A wheel that turns,
And will leave turning never.
Dust to dust -
Dust from dust at first was taken,
Dust from dust is here forsaken;
Dust with dust will here remain,
Till dust from dust will rise again.

11. On a miller - 1812, Kent. 96, 67. (also left legacies to executor on condition that they bury him under the mill with the following lines:)

Underneath this ancient mill
Lies the body of poor Will.
Odd he lived and odd he died,
And at his funeral nobody cried.
Where he's gone and how he fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares.

12. Georgetown, Ohio. 96.

(on the upper millstone of his own flour mill, mounted on a hugh monolith, is found this epitaph incribed 50 years after the miller's death. - from Strand magazine Sept. 1901, contributed by Chas. W. Kimball, Parsons, Kan.)

A Miller's Monument
("A millstone taken from his Mill")

Beneath this stone a miller lies
Who left this world before the rise.
Of modern ways of making flour,
And hence passed many a happy hour.
He was not forced to speculate,
Nor on Chicago's movement wait,
He did not care for foreign trade,
But sold his neighbors all he made.
Cables and telegrams were rare -
The markets did not make him swear.
Small was his mill; his profits round.
Clear was his head, his slumbers sound;
He envied none, was envied not,
And died contented with his lot.

FISHMONGERS (Fish dealers)

1. St. Michael, Crooked Lane, ob 1368. 77.

Worthy John Lovekin, stock-fish monger of London here is lay'd
Four times of this city Lord maior hee was, if truth be say'd,
Twise he was by election of citizens then being.
And twise by the commandment of his good lord the King.
Chief founder of this church in his life time was he,
Such lovers of the common-welth too few there be.
Of August the fourth, thirteene hundryth sixty eyght,
His flesh to erth, his soul to God went Streyght.

2. William Gudgeon; a fisherman and fishdealer. 104.

As by the house, grim Death did drudge on,
He cast his net, and took a Gudgeon;
The mesh was small, a true thief's net,
So out poor Gudgeon could not get.
Will the same trick had often play'd,
But now he's in a safe trunk laid.
Thus rooks to rooks are oft a prey,
And sly men caught in their own way.

3. On John Fordace, 79.

Near to this place, lies Jack Fordace,
He carped and smelt, bought, sold and felt,
And shell'd, till he was shell'd again
A chub in person, varied hues a trout,
Foul as a Teach, and sullen as a Pout;
In mind a Gudgeon, but in shop a shark,
Jack made a trade answer to life's latest spark.
Now, sound he sleeps in hope; and may no surgeon,
With Pike in search of Knowledge
Dare to stir - John (Sturgeon).

FOOLS

1. On Thomas Nicks. 38.

Here lyeth Thom. Nicks' body,
Who lived a fool, and dyed a noddy;
As for his soul, ask them that can tell,
Whether fool's souls go to heav'n or Hell.

2. Woolwich Churchyard. 10, 38.

Here lieth one that once was born and cried
Lived several years, and then - and then died. (Camden)

3. On a Fool. 10

Stop, thief, dame Nature cried Death,
As Willie drew his latest breath;
"You have my choicest model ta'en;
How shall I make a fool again.
Robert Burns

FORTUNE TELLERS

1. St. Mary's Nottingham - Mrs. Buff. 104. 77, 38.

Here lies Mrs. Buff, who had more than enough -(money enough;
Of money laid up in store, -(she laid it up in store)
And when she died, she shut her eyes,
And never spoke no more.

GARDENERS

1. Tradescants, famous gardeners and botanists, Lambeth Eng. 2, 77.
(father & son)

Know, stranger, ere thou pass, beneath this stone
Lye John Tradescant, grandsire, father, son;
The last died in his spring; the other two
Liv'd till they had travell'd art and nature through;
As by their choice collections may appear,
Of what is rare, in land, in sea, in air;
Whilst they (as Homer's Iliad in a nut)
A world of wonders in one closet shut;
These famous antiquarians, that had been
Both gard'ners to the Rose and Lily Queen*
Transplanted now themselves, sleep here; and when
Angels shall with trumpets waken men,
And fire shall purge the world, the hence shall rise
And change this garden for a paradise.

*Henrietta Maria - Queen of Chas. I

2. John Martin (a natural son of Don John Emanuel, King of Portugal) Wimbledon.. 2.

To the memory of John Martin, gardener, a native of Portugal, who cultivated here, with industry and success, the same ground under three masters, forty years.

Though skilful and experienced,
He was modest and unassuming,
And tho' faithful to his masters,
And with reason esteemed,
He was kind to his fellow-servants,
And was therefore beloved.
His family and neighbours lamented his death,
As he was a careful husband, a tender father,
and an honest man.

This character of him is given to posterity by his last master, willingly because deservedly, as a lasting testimony of his great regard for so good a servant.

He died March 30th, 1760, Aged 66 years.

For public servants grateful nations raise
Proud structures which excite to deeds of praise;
While private services, in corners thrown,
Howe'er deserving, never gain a stone.

But are not lilies, which the valley's hide,
Perfect as cedars, tho't the valley's pride?
Let them, the violets, their fragrance breathe
And pines their ever-verdant branches wreathe

Around his grave, who from their tender birth
Uproared both dwarf and giant sons of earth,
And tho' himself exotic, lived to see
Trees of his raising droop as well as he.

Those were his care, while his own bending age,
His master propp'd and screened from winter's rage,
Till down he gently fell, then with a tear
He bade his sorrowing sons transport him here.

But tho' in weakness planted, as his fruit
Always bespoke the goodness of his root,
The spirit quickening, he in power shall rise
With leaf unfading under happier skies.

3. On a Gardner - quoted in the yearbook 1832. 8.

Beneath this sod an honest gardener's laid,
Who long was thought the tulip of his trade;
A life so many years to him was known,
But now he's withered like a rose o'erblown.
Like a transplanted flower be this his doom,
Fading in this world, in the next to bloom.

4. On a gardener. 104.

Could he forget his death, that ev'ry hour
Was emblem'd to it by the fading flower?
Should he not mind his end? Yes, sure he must
That still was conversant 'mongst Beds of dust.

5. Chatsworth, Derbyshire. James Brousard, died 1762, aged 76 years . 2.

Ful forty years as gardener to ye D. of Devonshire,
To propigate ye earth with plants it was his ful desire;
But then thy bones, alas, brave man, earth did no rest afoard,
But now thee hope, ye are at rest with Jesus Christ our Lord.

6. Disley Church, Eng. 2. Joseph Watson, park keeper.

Here lyeth interred,
The body of Joseph Watson,
Buried June the third, 1753
Aged 104 years.
He was park keeper at Lyme
more than 64 years, and was ye
first that perfected the art of Driving ye Stags.
He also lyeth the body of Elizabeth, his wife,
Aged 94 years, to whom he had been married 73 years.
Reader take notice - The Longest Life is Short.

(7 over)

GLAZIER.

1. Hessle Churchyard, near Hull, Eng. 25, 2.97 George Prissick (Pussick? - Suffling) Glazier & Plumber.

Adieu, my friend, my thread of life is spun;
The diamond will not cut, the soldier will not run;
My body's turned to ashes, my grief and trouble's past,
I've left no one to worldly care, - and I shall rise at last.

7. All Saint's Church, Leicester.

To the memory of John Wright, a Gardener.

My mother Earth, though mystically curst,
Hath me, her son, most bountifully nurst;
For all my pains, and seed on her bestow'd,
Out of which store that I of her received;
My painful, wantful brethren I relieved;
And though this Mother I full well did love,
I better lov'd my Father that's above:
My Mother feeds my body for a space,
My soul foraye beholds my Father's face

2. St. Michael's Churchyard, Dumfries. 38. On Robert Anderson, Painter & Glazier in Dumfries. Died May 24, 1792, aged 80 years.

They may write epitaphs who can,
I say: here lies an honest man.

3. Boston, Mass. 57.

Precarious dealer; Death alas
Has snapt in two life's brittle glass.
Keen was thy di'mond on the pane
And well the putty stopped the rain,
But all thy arts, were weak through life,
Death cut more certain with his scythe.
And thou safe from a rainy day
Are puty'd up in mother clay.

Goldbeater and Goldsmiths

1. St. Katherine's church, Regent Park. 17.

This was done at ye charge of Wm. Berblok, Goldsmith,one of his executors. He deceased ye 4th Daye of March 1559, Aetatis suae

Here dead in part whoes best part never dieth
A benefactor William Cuttinge lyeth
Not deade of good deedes doe men revive
Gonvile and Jaies his good deedes maie record
And will no doubte him praise therefore afford
Saincte Katrin's eke neer London can it tell
Goldsmythes and marchant Taylers knowe it well
Two country townes his civill bounty blest
East Derham and Norton fitz warren West
More did he then this table can unfold
The worlde his fame this earth his earth doeth hold.

2. St. Leonard's Foster-Lane, London, Eng. 104, 58, 81. Robert Trappis, Goldsmith, 1526.

When the bells be merely roung, = merrily
And the masse devoutly soung,
And the meate merely eaten,
Then shall Robert Trappis, his wyffs and chyldren be forgetten.
Werfor, Jesu, that of Mary sproung,
Let their soulys thy saints among,
Though it be undeservy's on their syde
Yet, good Lorde, Let them evermore thy mercy abyde,
And of your Cheritie
For ther Soulys say a Paternoster and an Ave
Sancta Trinitas, unus Deus, miserere nobis,
Et Ancillis tuis sperantibus in te.
O mater Dei, memento mei
Jeus, Mercy! Lady, help!

(over)

3. Thorp, Surrey - Sl. William Denham d 1583

Man's life on earth is as Job sayeth
A warfare and a Toil;
Where nought is won when all is done
But an uncertain toil.
Of things most vain for his long pain
Nothing to him is left.
Yet virtue sure doth still endure
And cannot be bereft.
Behold & see a Proof by me
That did enjoy my breath
Sixty four year as may appear
And then gave place to Death.
Of Company of Goldsmiths free
William Denham called by name,
I was like you, & Earth am now,
As you shall be the same
William Denham whose picture in ye wall
Engraved in brass you spy
Under this stone sleeping in Christ
In rest & peace doth lie.

4. Location? 100.

Here lies John Dove who varied his life
As a beater of gold by beating his wife.

GOURMETS, EPICURES, GLUTTONS

1. On a Doctor famous as a great epicure. 8, 77.

At this rude stone, ye sons of Bacchus pause;
Here lies a martyr to the good old cause;
A doctor fam'd for most voracious parts,
Profoundly versed in culinary arts;
Skilled in the merits of renowned sirloin,
Nor less de vino rpoved a sound divine.
Long shall the generous juice embalm his clay,
Nor vulgar worms upon this carcass pray.
Full many a sparkling stream his lips have quaffed
But relished not this last and bitter draughte;
So strong the potion proved, or weak his head
here lies our doctor - down among the dead. T. Maurice.

2. On a Glutton. 8, 77, 25, 58.

At length, my friends, the feast of life is o'er,
I've eat sufficient, and I'll drink no more;
My night is come, I've spent a jovial day,
'Tis time to part, but oh! - what is to pay?

3. On a Great Epicure 8, 77, 58.

Randolph Peter
of Oriel, the eater
whoe'er you are, tread softly, I entreat you,
For if he chance to wake, be sure he'll eat you.

4. On another Glutton. 8, 77.

Here lies Johny Cole,
Who died, on my soul,
After eating a plentiful dinner;
Who chewing his crust
He was turned into dust,
With his crimes undigested - poor sinner.

5. On a great eater. 77.

Gentle reader, gentle reader,
Look on the spot where I do lie,
I was always a very good feeder
But now the worms do feed on I.

6. New England. 50.

A glutton renowned
Lies under this ground,
Who forever to eating was prone.
Before his last breath
He'd e'en have eat death
But there he found nothing but bone.

7. On a great consumer of bread, cheese and tobacco 66.

Here Gaffer B-- Jaws are laid at Ease,
Whose death has dropped the price of bread and cheese,
He eat, he drank, he smoked, and then
He eat, he drank and smoked again.
So modern Patriots, rightly understood,
Live to themselves, and die for public good.

8. On a Glutton with a large mouth 25.

Here lies a famous belly slave,
Whose mouth was wider than a grave;
Traveler, tread lightly o'er this clod,
For should he gape, you're gone, by God!

9. On the Death of an Epicure. 104.

At length, my friends, the Feast of Life is o'er;
I've eat sufficient - and I'll drink no more:
My night is come; I've spent a jovial day;
'Tis time to part; but oh! - what is to pay?

10. On a Sop-loving Fellow. 36. (has figure of a Dripping Pan carved on Tomb stone)

Beneath this Tomb-Stone, lies the corps of a man,
Who delighted to feast on Sop in a Pan
As a Proof of his Relish to the movement when dead,
You behold a rare Dripping-Pan carved at his head
To the last he for Sops in a dripping-pan cry'd,
Till no more he could relish, and then the Man died.
At the Figure, perhaps, his good Neighbours may laugh,
But he chose it himself, as his own Epitaph.

GRAVE DIGGER

1. Richard Dyke, a grave digger. 104.

Hic jacet in fossa, fossa qui nomen habebat
Et tumulum, multos qui tumulavit, habet

Here lies in a Dyke,
Whose name was the like,
Who deposited many a brother:
Now Dick's Turn's come round
To lie snug in the ground;
One good Office merits another.

GROCERS & FRUIT VENDORS

1. John Hall - grocer. Dunmore, Churchyard, Ireland. 58, 8.

Here lies the remains of John Hall, grocer,
The world is not worth a fig,
And I have good raisins for saying so.

2. St. Saviour's, Southwark. 8, 38, 81. John Jarrett, 1626, grocer
(Webb's version

Some call'd him Garrett, but that was too high,
His name was Jarret, that here doth lie. - Garrard -- now -
Who in life was tost on many a wave, - He in his youth was toss'd with
And now he lies anchored in his own grave. - But now at (many a grave
The church he did frequent while he had breath (Port arriv'd rests in his
He desires to lie therein after his death. - And wisht to lie (grave
To heaven he is gone, the way before - weep not for him, since he is
Where of Grocers there is many more. - To Heaven --(gone before
are --

3. St. Mary's Chruchyard, Hereford. 36. 79, 104. 66.

Here lieth old Beck, who sold fruit at the Cross,
And now she's departed, we shall have aloss;
She was a good wife, and a kind loving mother,
And all things consider'd, we've scarce such another.

4. On an Orange Merchant, who died in his first Wife's Arms upon his Wedding Night. 104.

Alas! Alas! here free from cares and strife,
Lies one embrac'd to death by his first wife;
Had'st thou been sour as Persian lemons are,
Thou had'st not met a fate so sharp, so rare:
But as thou wast an orange, thou art dead,
For women love such sweetness, e'en in bed,
And she, who by thee chanc'd that night to lie,
Tasted thee, found thee sweet, and suck'd thee dry.

5. St. Anne's Church, Manchester, Eng. 2.

Here lyeth the body of John Howard,
Who died Jan. 2, 1800, aged 84 years;
Fifty years a respectable grocer,
And an honest man (N.B. As it is further stated
That his wife died in 1749, fifty years before,
It would seem that her husband's honesty dated
From the day of her decease. Mrs. Maltrop herself,
In her happiest moments, could not have beaten this incripstion.)

6. St. Saviour's, Southwarks - 79. Under Grocer's Arms (from Stowe's Survey 1638 p.886.

Garrett, some cal'd him,
But that was too hye,
His name is Garrard,
Who now here doth hye:
Weep not for him
Since he is gone before
To heaven, where Grocers
There are many more.

7. Stepney, Middlesex, Eng. 81. Nicholas Gibson.

Here was I born, and here I make mine end
Though I was citizen and grocer of London
And to ye office of Schrevalty did ascend: - secretary
But things transitory pass and banish soon.
To God be given thanks of that I ought have done.
That to his honor and to the bringing up of youth
And to the succour of ye age: for surely this is sooth.

By Avise, my wife, children were left me none
Which we both did take as God had it sent:
And set our minds that jointly in on
To relieve the poore by mutual consent.
Have mercy on our souls, & as for the residue
If it be thy will, thou mayst our Act continue.

GUNPOWDER MAKER

1. Location ?. 79.

Tread soft, good friends, lest you should spring a mine,
I was a workman in the powder line.
Of true religion I possess'd no spark,
Till Christ, he pleas'd to stop my gropings dark.
The rev'rend vicar seconded the plan,
(A temperate, holy, charitable man,
Who left the foxes to enjoy their holes,
And never hunted aught but human souls)
To this Director's care'twas kindly given
To point my spirit, bolt upright, to Heaven.

On a Hawker found dead in the Highway. 36.
John Sherry lies here, whose fixed Abode
Before was no-where, for he liv'd on the Road;
And when with age grown scarce able to creep,
He there laid him down, and he died in a Sleep.
But some friends who lov'd him soon heard his mishap,
And hither removed him to take out his Nap.

HERMITS

1. Stepney Churchyard. 38. Roger Crab, "The English Hermit"

Here remains all that was mortal of
Roger Crab
Who entered into eternity, the 11th day of September, 1680
in the 60th year of his age.

Tread gently, reader, near the dust
Committed to this tombstone's trust;
For while 'twas flesh, it held a guest,
With universal love possest;
A soul, that stemm'd opinion's tide,
Did over sects in triumph ride:
Yet separate from the giddy crowd,
And paths tradition had allow'd;

Thro' good and ill reports he past,
Oft censur'd, yet approv'd at last;
Wouldst thou his religion know?
In brief 'twas this - to all to do
Just as he would be done unto:
So in kind's nature's laws he stood,
A temple undfil'd with blood,
A friend to every thing good,
The rest - angels alone can fitly tell;
Haste then to them and him; and so farewell.

2. On a Hermit. 58.

For years upon a mountain's brow,
A hermit lived, the Lord knows how;
A robe of sackcloth he did bear,
And got his food, the Lord knows where.
Hardships and pennance were his lot;
He often prayed, the Lord knows what.
At length this holy man did die:
He left this world, the Lord knows why.
He's buried in this gloomy den,
And he shall rise, the Lord knows when.

INNKEEPERS, PUBLICANS, BARMAN.

1. Publican. Pannal Churchyard. 2. Joseph Thackerey. Nov, 26, 1791.

In the year of our Lord 1740
I came to the Crown:
In 1791, they laid me down.

2. Upton-on-Severn. 2, 8, 58. (see almost similar one in Biddeford, Eng. - Beable)

Beneath this stone, in hope of Zion,
Doth lie the landlord of the "Lion"
His son keeps on the business still,
Resign'd unto the Heavenly Will.

3. Greenwich, Eng. 2, 50. Landlady at "Pig and Whistle" d. 1789.

Assign'd by Providence to rule a tap,
My days pass'd gibly, till an awkward rap.
Some way, like bankruptcy, impell'd me down.
But up I got again and shook my gown.
In gamesome gambols, quite as brisk as ever,
Blithe as the lark and gay as sunny weather;
Composed with creditors, at five in pound,
And frolick'd on till laid beneath this ground.
The debt of Nature must, you know, be paid,
No trust from her - God grant extent in aid.

(Pulleyn - above epitaph on Mrs. Elinor Parkins, who kept the Red Lion in Bath more than 16 years.)

4. Stockbridge. 2.

In memory of
John Buckett
Many years landlord of the King's
Head Inn, in this borough
Who departed this life Nov. 2, 1802
Aged 67 years.

And is alas! poor Buckett gone? (punning on name)
Farewell, convivial, honest John.
Oft at the well, by fatal stroke,
Buckets, like pitchers, must be broke.
In this same motley shifting scene,
How various have thy fortunes been!
Now lifted high - now sinking low.
Today thy brim would overflow,
Thy bounty then would all supply,
To fill and drink, and leave thee dry;
Tomorrow sunk as in a well,
Content, unseen, with truth to dwell:
But high or low, oe wet or dry,
No rotten stave could malice spy
Then rise immortal Buckett, rise,
And claim thy station in the skies;
'Twizt Amphora and Pisces shine,
Still guarding Stockbridge with thy sign.

5. Mauchline, Scotland. 2, 50, 10. John Dove - publican - owner Whitefoord Arms. Epitaph by Robert Burns.

Here lies Johnny Pigeon;
What was his religion?
Whae'er desires to ken
To some other warl'
Maun follow the carl - old man
For here Johnny had none!
Strong ale was ablution -
Small beer persecution,
A dram was memento mori
But a full flowing bowl
Was the saving of his soul,
And port was celestial glory.

6. 2, 25, 66.

A jolly landlord once was I,
And kept the Old King's Head hard by,
Sold mead and gin, cider and beer,
And eke all other kinds of cheer,
Till death my license took away,
And put me in this house of clay;
A house at which you all must call,
Sooner or later, great or small.

7. Eton - on an Innkeeper. 2. "allegory". Similar expression on many old English epitaphs.

Life's an inn; my house will shew it:
I thought so once, but now I know it.
Man's life is but a winter's day;
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stop, and are full fed;
The oldest man but sups and then to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day;
He who goes soonest has the least to pay.

8. St. Michael's Church, London - 2, 8, 77. Robert Preston, barman and waiter at famous Boar's Head Tavern.

Here lieth the bodye of Robert Preston, late drawer at Boar's Head Tavern, Great East Cheap, who departed this life March 16, A.D. 1730 aged 27 years.

Bacchus, to give the topeing world surprize,
Produc'd one sober son, and here he lies.
Tho' nurs'd among full hogsheads he dedy'd
The charm of wine and ev'ry vice beside.
O reader, if to Justice thou'rt inclined,
Keep honest Preston daily in thy mind.
He drew good wine, took care to fill his pots,
Had sundry virtues that outweighed his faults,
Yet that on Bacchus have the like dependence,
Pray copy Bob, in measure and attendance.

9. On a liquor-seller. 100.

This is on me, boys!

On a publican nicknamed "Marquis" landlord of a tavern in Dumfries frequented by Robert Burns - epitaph by Robert Burns.

Here lies a mock Marquis, whose titles were shamm'd,
If ever he rise - it will be to be damn'd.

10. On a model publican. epitaph by Dr. Whitaker. 2.

Here lies the body of
John Wigglesworth,
more thsn 50 years he was the
perpetual Innkeeper in this town.
Withstanding the temptations of that dangerous calling
he maintained good order in his
House, kept the Sabbath Day holy,
frequented the Public worship
With his family, induced his guests
to do the same, and regularly
partook of the Holy Communion.
He was also bountiful to the poor,
in private as well as in public,
and, by the blessings of Providence
on a life so spent, died
possessed of competent wealth
Feb. 28, 1813.
Aged 77 years.

11. Patrick Bay - Innholder. 89. "against doctor"

Killed by an ignorant Physician,
Not Fate or Death but Doctor Rowe,
Advanced to give the deadly blow
That smote me to the shades below.
Had death alone approached too nigh,
Had Fate or Nature bid me die,
I must have borne it patiently.

But to be robbed of life and ease
By such infernal quacks as these
And pay, beside their modest fees!
Now folks that travel by this way,
Pointing toward my tomb shall say,
"There lies the bones of Patrick Bay -
Who ne'er a cheerful glass denied,
All force of arms, and grog defied
Yet by a vile Hack Pudding died.

12. Biddeford, Eng. 8. Advertisement

Here lies the landlord of "The Lion",
His hopes removed to lands of Sion,
His wife, resigned to Heaven's will,
Will carry on the business still.

Two years later
Here lies the landlord's loving wife,
Her soul removed from lands of strife,
She's gone aloft her spouse to tell
The Inn he left her turned out well.

13. Chesshire, Eng. 8. John Webb - landlord of Red Lion Inn

In life a jovial sot was he
He died from inebriete
A cup of burnt canary sack,
To Earth from Heaven will bring him back.

14. On Peter Staggs by Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcott) 10.

Poor Peter Staggs now rests beneath this rail,
Who loved his joke, his pipe, and mug of ale;
For twenty years he did his duties well,
Of ostler, boots, and waiter at the "Bell":
But Death stepp'd in and ordered Peter Staggs
To feed his worms and leave the farmers nags,
The clock struck one, alas! 'twas Peter's knell,
Who sigh'd, "I'm coming - that's the ostler's bell".

15. On a publican. 66.

Thomas Thompson's buried here,
And what is more he's in his bier.
In life thy bier did thee surround,
And now with thee is in the ground.

16. Pannal, Eng. 2. Joseph Thackeray. died Nov. 26, 1791.

Same as #2.

In the year of our Lord 1740
I come to the Crown;
In 1791 they laid me down.

17. On A Country Innkeeper 104, 38. 36.

Here! Hark ye! Old friend! What wilt pass then, without
Taking notice of honest plump Jack?
You see how 'tis with me, my light is burnt out,
And they've laid me here flat on my back.

That light in my nose, once so bright to behold,
That light is extinguish'd at last;
And I'm now put to bed in the dark and the cold,
With wicker, amd so forth made fast.

But now wilt oblige me? Then call for a quart
Of the best from the house o'er the way;
Drink a part on't thyself, on my grave pour a part,
And walk on - Friend, I wish thee Good Day. (by william)

18. Timothy Mum, a tapster 104.

Here Tim the tapster lies, who drew good beer
But now drawn to his end, he draws no more;
Yet still he draws from every friend a tear;
Water he draws, who drew good beer before.

19. Lynn, Eng. 104. Bumbo Dick, Master of the Star Inn - drank 2 gallons liquor a day for 36 years.

Alas! Alas! poor Bumbo Dick
Without being sad or sick,
Has left the bar,
Has left the Inn;
And rayless is the star
And dull's the town of Lynn.
When brandy would not keep him mongst the quick,
He drank to death
While he had breath.
Who gave him, like a Coward, a cowardly kick,
But where, alas! dry Dick puts up,
Or where tonight he takes a sup,
All these you must know
Of his landlord, Old Nick,
Who had laid him in limbo below
For he's chalk'd a long score against Dick.

20. Gloucestershire, Eng. 66. Mr. Pitcher, a noted Alehouse Keeper.

Stop mourning friends and shed a grateful tear
Upon thy once loved Pitcher's moving bier,
He quits this world without regret or railing,
Life's full of pain - he always has been aleing.
Resigned he fell contented with his lot,
Convinced all Pitchers soon must go to Pot.

21. Norwich, Norfolk, Eng. 66. Thomas Legge

That love that living made us two but one,
Wishes at last we both may have this tomb.
The head of Gostlin still continues here
As kept for Legge, to whom it was so dear.
By death he lives, forever to remain,
And Gostlin hopes to meet him once again.

22. Barnwell, Northamptonshire, Eng. 66. "Allegory" An Innkeeper

Man's life is like a winter's day,
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay and are full fed,
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed;
Large is his debt who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay;
Death is the waiter, some few run on tick,
And some, alas! must pay the bill to Nick!
Tho' I ow'd much, I hope long trust is given,
And truly mean to pay all debts in heaven.

23. Lone Fir Cemetery, Portland, Oregon. 103.

On tombstone of W.H. Frush, a saloon keeper,
who died 1865 aged 54 years, stands the large
bowl in which Frush annually mixed "Tom and Jerries".

JEWELERS

1. Mr. Timothy Whitenose, alias Jemmy Jewell. 104

'Tis odd, quite odd, that I should laugh,
When I'm to write an epitaph. -
Here lie the bones of rakish Timmy,
Who was a Jewell and a Jemmy.
He dealt in Diamond, Garnets, rings,
And twice ten thousand pretty things;
Now he supplies Old Nick with Fuel;
So there's the end of Jemmy Jewell.

2. Bennett's Cemetery, near Canisteo, N.Y. 103. Diamond shaped tombstone
In memory of Thial Clark, the Jeweler,
who has quit running but is wound up
In hopes of being taken in hand by the
Supreme Master machinist for repairs
and to be adjusted and set running for
the world to come again. So smote it be.

JUGGLERS

1. On a Juggler. 38.

Death came to see thy tricks, and cut in twain
Why thread, why didst not make it whole again.

LABORERS, FARMHANDS, ETC.

1. Richard Marriot - 1853. Ault Hucknall, Derbys. 96. A farm hand.

Richard Marriot
died Oct. 29, 1853
In the 91st year of his age.

Few are there with a frame so strong,
Few are there who have lived so long,
And fewer still just and sincere,
As he whose body moulders here.
He labored in the fields his bread to gain;
He plowed, he sowed, he reaped the yellow grain;
And now by death from future service driven
Is gone to keep his harvest home in heaven.

2. On a Laborer. 96.

Honest, industrious, without guile or art,
His honest performing with a cheerful heart,
Tho' poor, contented his short race to run,
His labor ceasing with each setting sun;
For good received his grateful thanks would flow,
The best, the only boon he could bestow.
So pass'd his days; and having done his best,
This honest, faithful poor man sank to rest.

3. On a Yorkshire Husbandman. 96.

This humble monument will show
Where lies an honest man:
Ye Kings, whose heads are laid as low
Rise higher if you can.

4. On a Ploughman, Norfolk. 96.

Oft have I tilled the fertile soil
Which was beneath my destined lot
But here beneath the lowering elm
I lie to be forgot.

5. On the desert grave of John Coil, a desert laboroer on the Ariz. Canal near Phoenix, Ariz., died 1884. 103

Here lies John Coil
A son of toil,
Who died on Airzona soil
He was a man of considerable vim
But this here air was too hot for him,

LAWYERS AND THEIR CLERKS

1. Swimbridge, Devonshire. 1658. John Rester, Attorney. (Page gives name as Rosier & place as Ludenbridge, Devons.) 8.

(Ravenshaw) Attorney of ye Common Bench, Antient of Lyon's Inn

Lo with a warrant, sealed by God's decree
Death his grim Sergeant hath arrested me,
No Bail was to be given, no Law could save
My body from the prison of the grave.
Yet by the gospel my poor soul had got
A superfedeas, and Death seized it not.

And for my downcast body, here it lies,
A prisoner of Hope, it shall arise.
Faith doth assure me, God of his great love
In Christ shall send a Writ for my Remove,
And set my body, as my soul is, free
With Christ to dwell. Come glorious Liberty.

2. Tawstock, Eng. 8. 1660 Alexander Rolle, aged 48

Under this marble lies a Treasure
Which Earth hath lost, and Heaven gain'd,
Wherein we mortals took just pleasure,
While his blest soul on earth remain'd.
A lawyer, who desir'd to see
His client's Right more than his fee.

3. Bunhill Fields. 58.

Here lyeth
The body of Nicholas Latimer Glover
Who departed this life the 25th day of April 1677
in the 70th year of his age.
He was a poor widows' Advocate,
And many pounds for them he gote
Which he gave them without fail
His loss therefore they much bewail.

4. Castleton, Derbyshire. 2. Micah Hall - attorney of law

To the memory of
Micah Hall, Gentleman
Attorney of Law
Who died on the 14th of May, 1804
Aged 79 years.

	Translation:
Quideram, nescitis;	What I was, you know not
Quid sum, nescitis;	What I am, you know not
Ubii abii, nescitis;	Whither I am gone, you know not
Valete.	Go about your business.

5. Wirksworth, Derbyshire. 2.

Near this place lies the body of
Phillip Shullcross
Once an eminent Quill driver to the attorneys in this town.
He died the 17th of Nov. 1787, aged 67.
Viewing Phillip in a moral light, the most prominent and remarkable features in his character were his zeal and invincible attachment to dogs and cats, and his unbounded benevolence towards them, as well as towards his fellow creatures.
To the Critic
Seek not to show the devious paths Phil trode,
Nor tear his frailities from their dread abode,
In modest sculpture let this tombstone tell,
That much esteemed he lived, and much regretted fell.

6. William Prynne, Esq. 1669. 96, 104, 66, 79.

N.B. He was tried in 1634 in Star Chamber for writing "Histriomastix, or a Discourse on Stage Plays", in reality a libel upon Queen Henrietta. He was sentenced to stand in the pillory. (a mark for garbage and filth). to lose both ears and a fine of L 3000 Part of his ears were actually taken off. This did not stop him from writing against Bishop Laud and others. Again brought to trial, he lost the reaminders of his ears and fined L 5000. He was branded on both cheeks with an "R" (Rogue) and sentenced to life's imprisonment. He was released in 1641; became a member of Long Parliament & finally Keeper of the Tower. He wrote the Lives of Kings John, Henry III, Edwrad III, of Bishop Laud and others.

Here lies the corps of William Prynne
A Bencher late of Lincoln's Inn
Who restless ran through thick and thin.

This grand Scripturient Paper-spiller,
This endless, needless margin-filler,
Was strangely tost from Post to Pillar.

His Brain's carser was never stopping,
His Pen with Rheum or Gall still dropping,
Tilll Hand o'er Head brought Ears to cropping.

Nor would he yet surcease, such Themes
But prostitute new virgin Rheames
To types of his fantastic dreams.

But whilst he this hot Humour hugs,
And for more length of tedder tugs
Death fang'd the Remnant of his Lugs.

(by S. Butler)
author of Hudibras.

7. St. Pancras, London, London - 8. on a lawyer, named Mr. Talbot.

Here lies - believe it if you can -
Who though a lawyer was an honest man;
To him the gates of Heaven shall open wide!
And quickly close 'gainst all the tribe beside!

8. Pelynt Church, Cornwall - on a lawyer, Edward Trelawney

Oh! what a bubble, vapour, puff of breath,
A nest of worms, a lump of pallid earth,
Is mud-walled man! Before we mount on high
We cope with change, we wander after day.
Here lyes an honest lawyer, wot you what
A thing for all the world to wonder at!

9. Abbey Church, Bath. 38.

In remembrance of
William Jephson, Esq.
Serjeant at law,
Who died the 17th day May, 1772, aged 38 years.

To him, who here with kindred ashes lies,
Fraternal love this tribute due supplies;
To him, whose years, amidst this vale of strife,
Fulfill'd the promise of an useful life;
Whose studious love, from selfish dross refin'd,
Still made the law the bulwark of mankind;
What tho' no consort weeps or children mourn,
O'er a lov'd husband's or a father's urn;
Yet many a widow, orphan, youth and miad;
Whose helpless state confess'd his saving aid;
On this cold stone may drop the grateful tear,
And sighing cry - behold your guardian here!

10. Kendal, Westmoreland. 38. Epitaph by Dr. Watson, Bishop of Landaff.

In memory of
Sir John Wilson, Knt.
On of his Majesty's Justices of
The Court of Common Pleas.
Born at the Howe in Applethwaite, 6th August, 1741.
Died at Kendal, 18th of October, 1793.

He did owe his promotion
To the weight of
Great Connections, which he never courted;
Nor to the Influence of
Political Parties, which he never joined;
But to his professional merit
And the unsolicited patronage of the
Lord Chancellor Thurlow,
Who, in recommending to his Majesty,
So profound a Lawyer,
And so good a Man,
Realized the hopes and expectations of the Whole Bar,
Gratified the general wishes of the country,
And did honour to
His own Discernment and Integrity.

11. On An Attorney - epitaph by Anthony Pasquin. 38.

Reader! beware the path you tread,
Lest, by mischance, you wake the dead;
Nor deem my caution, insincere,
For Lawyer W---- sleepeth here;
A man to every demon known,
Who made the statues all his own;
Conceiv'd in Ruin's baneful womb,
His heart was harder than his tomb.
For forty summers at assize
He cast a film o'er Reason's eyes:
But now, alas! his toil is o'er,
Who made us sweat at every pore;
For now, remov'd from mortal evil,
He'll do his best to cheat the devil.

12. Lawyer Lag. 10.

Here lies Lawyer Lag, in a woeful condition,
Who once was a law-man, now turn'd politician;
Alive, he was a Templar was, keeping his terms,
And dead, he makes one in the "Diet of worms!

13. St. Bartholomew's, London, Eng. 104.

Here lies William Shaw,
An attorney at law;
If he's not blest
What will become of all the rest?

14. St. Pancras, London. 96, 104, 66.

Here lies one, believe it if you can,
Who, tho' an attorney, was an honest man;
The gates of heaven for him will open wide,
But will be shut 'gainst all the tribe beside.

15. Master John Gill. 104.36.

Beneath this smooth stone by the Bone of his Bone
Sleeps Master John Gill;
By Lies when alive this attorney did thrive,
And now that he's dead he lies still.

16. Mr. Strange - an honest lawyer. 96, 58.

Here lies an honest lawyer
And that's Strange.

17. James Straw - an attorney. 25, 96.

Hic Jacet - JACOBUS STRAW
Who forty years, sir, followed the law,
And when he died,
The devil cried,
Jeemy, gie's your paw.

18. On John Shaw, an attorney. 100, 89, 27.

Here lies John Shaw,
Attorney-at-law,
And when he died
The devil cried
"Give us your paw,
John Shaw,
Attorney-at-law,
Pshaw! Pshaw!

19. On a Lawyer. 25.

Death brought an action, he could not defend it,
He surrendered his body, thus hoping to end it;
His mistake he found out, for what could be plainer,
Against his poor soul Satan lodg'd a detainer.
In limbo he lies in most anxious expectment,
That the Judge will release him by way of ejectment,
His hopes are in vain, for in searching we find
The Judge has summ'd up - final judgment is signed.
So the lawyer in spite of Coke, Blackstone & Co.
With his agent in quod, must remian - status quo.

20. On a honest man, who was buried between a Parson and a Lawyer. 25

Like Mecca's tomb hangs this, 'twixt good and evil;
Heaven holds the left side, and the right the devil.

21. On a Lawyer and his Client. 33.

God works wonders now and then:
Here lies a lawyer and a honest man.

Answered:
This is a mere law quibble, not a wonder
Here lies a lawyer and his client under.

22. St. Peter's, Oxon, Eng. Ripley Vol. II

God does do wonders now and then
Here lies a lawyer who was an honest man.

23. 10.

See #24, 28

See how God works his wonders now and then
Here lies a lawyer and an honest man.

24. Rineton Churchyard, Norfolk. 58.

Same as #28

God works a wonder now and then
He, though a lawyer, was an honest man.

25. On John Bushby. 10 - a sharp witted, clever lawyer who crossed Burns in politics and was lampooned.

Here lies John Bushby, honest man!
Cheat him devil, gin you can. (R. Burns)

26. On an attorney-at-law. 57.

Here he lies as always did,
Stranger be civil - the rest God knows,
So does the devil.

27. Christ Episcopal Church, New Bern, N.C. Carraway, 103.

CHARLES ELLIOT
Late attorney General for the province
Died in 1756.
"AN HONEST LAWYER INDEED"
(a wag remarked that two persons must be buried there.)

28. New Haven, Conn. 89. On a Lawyer.

Good works a wonder now and then,
He though a lawyer was an honest man.

29. Willwood Cemetery, Rockford, Ill. 83, 103. John E. Goembel - Criminal Lawyer. 1867 - 1945

"THE DEFENSE RESTS"

(His wives
(Minnie Groskopf
(1870 - 1936
(Agnes V. Johnson
(1886 - 1936

30. Portland, Me. 57.

John Chipman, esq. barrister-at-law. Was born, 23 October A.D. 1722, and died 1 July, 1768 of an apoplexy, with which he was suddenly seized, in the Courthouse of Falmouth, while he was arguing a case before the Superior Court of judicature, then sitting.
To the remembrance of this great learning, uniform integrity, and singular humanity and benevolence this monument is dedicated by a number of his brethren at the bar.

31. On a Scrivener. 104

Here to a period is the Scrivener come
This is the last Sheet, his Full Point this tomb,
Of all aspersions, I excuse him not,
Tis known he liv'd not without many a Blot;
Yet he is no ill Example shew'd to any,
But rather gave good copies unto many.
He in good Letters hath always been bred,
And hath writ more than many men have read.
He Rulers had at his command by Law,
And though he could not hang, yet he could draw.
He far more Bondmen had, and made, than any;
A Dash along of his Pen ruin'd many
That not without good reason, we might call
His letters great or little capital:
Yet is the Scrivener's Fate as sure as just,
When he hath all done, then he falls to dust.

32. On a Scrivener. 104.

May all men by these presents testifie,
A lurching scrivener here fast bound doth lie.

33. Laurel Hill, cemetery San Francisco Calif. Silas W. Sanderson (103) Justice of Supreme Court died 1886, aged 62
FINAL DECREE

34 Wood Lawn Cemetery, Jefferson City, Mo. (103) William Scott, Justice of Supreme Court of Missouri, d. 1862, ag 52.
This monument is a supplement to the more enduring one which he builded for himself by his lucid and just decisions.
(over)

LECTURER

1. Zentral Friedhof, Vienna, Austria. Ripley Vol. II

Here lies the best man in the world,
He deprived himself of sleep
To bestow it upon others.

35. Monkleigh, Devon. (81) William Gaye.

Since epitaphs have given speech to stones,
Their Rhetoric extorted sigh's tear's groan's;
Some teach Divinity; bu this commends:
Drys tears, stops sighs, and strangleth groans of Friends
Oxford's Academy So priz'd his parts;
That it did crown him Laureat of Arts;
In Country he read men, in Court the laws,
Lived both with sweet contentment and applause.
Expir'd by degrees! yet our comfort's this
That death his convoy was from pain to bliss:
Sit Temperance, Prudence, Candor, Piety,
Transports from Grace unto Felicity.

36 Westminster Cloisters, (81). Gabriel Laurence d. Dec. 28, 1621, aetat 29.
(law-clerk)

With diligence and trust most exemplary
Did Gabriel Laurence serve a Prebendary.
And for his pains (now passed before, not lost,)
Gained this remembrance at his Master's cost.
Oh! read These lines again, you seldom find
A Servant faithful, and a Master Kind

Short-hand he wrote - his flow'r in prime did fade,
And hasty Death short-hand of him hath made.
Well couth he numbers & well measured land,
Thus doth he now that ground whereon you stand:
Wherein he lies so geometrical
Art maketh some - but this will nature all.

LETTER - FOUNDER

1. On a Letter Founder at Oxford, Eng. 104, 66, 38, 58.

Under this stone lies honest Syl,
Who dy'd - tho' sore against his will;
Yet in his fame he shall survive,
Learning shall keep his name alive;
For he the parent was of letters,
He founded to confound his betters,
But what those letters should contain,
Did never once disturb his brain.
Since, therefore, reader, he is gone,
Pray let him not be trod upon.

LIARS

1. Imitation from the Latin. 104.

Stop! Gentle traveler, stop your horse
And view awhile this lifeless corpse:
You can't conceive how great a man
Contracted lies within this span.

2. Oxford, Eng. 104, 38.

Here is Elderton lying in dust
Or lying Elderton chuse which you lust:
Here he lies dead, I do him no wrong,
For who knew him standing all his life long?

3. On a Liar. 8

His body lies this stone beneath
Whose lies the Press did fill;
The ruling passion's strong in death,
For here he's lying still.

4. On a Liar. 27, 100, 58. Captain Jones, a great traveller and story teller.

Tread softly mortals o'er the bones
Of this world's wonder, Captain Jones,
Who told his glorious deeds to many,
Yet never was believed by any.
Posterity, let this suffice
He swore all's true, yet here he lies.

5. On a Perfect Liar by Name of Tell. 79.

He lies all day like a Knave:
He lies all his night hours away;
And when he is dead, he will lie in the grave
And Tell lies till the a Judgment Day.

6. On a Dramatist who was a plagiarist and a notorious liar. 38.

Here lies ------
T~~o~~Truth you will find beneath this ground
One who ne'er yet in truth was found.
Yet none on earth poor Tom deceived,
For always lying, none believed.
But strange!
By fate dispatch'd without his fill,
Below the dog is lying still.

7. On a Notorious Liar. 25.

I always lied, and lieth thill death,
But now I lie for want of breath.

8. On a liar named Moses Worth. 100.

Here lies the body of Moses Worth,
Small of head and small of girth,
He lied in life, he lies in death -
He lied himself clean out of breath.

9. On a Mr. Lill. 9.

Here lies the tongue of Godfrey Lill,
Which always lied, and lies here still.

10. Location? 100.

Here lies a man who while he lived
Was happy as a linnet
He always lied while on the earth
And now he's lying in it.

11. Location ? 100.

Here lies the dust of the sinful wretch
That ever the devil delayed to fetch,
But the reader will grant it was needless he should
When he saw him a-coming as fast as he could.

12. Location? 100.

Pinto lies here. 'Tis natural he should
Who lied through life as often as he could
He thought of mending, but, to spite his will
Death came unlooked for and bade him lie still.

LOCKSMITHS

1. On a Locksmith. 89, 100, 104, 38.

A zealous locksmith died of late,
And did not enter heaven's gate.
But stood without and would not knock
Because he meant to pick the lock.

LODGE MEMBERS

1. Walter Stronge, Free-Mason. 1662. 104.

Here's one that was an able workman long,
Who divers houses built both fair and strong.
Tho' stronge he was, a stranger came than he,
And robbed him both of life and skill, we see;
Moving an old house a new one for to rear,
Death met him in the way, and laid him there.

2. Newton Heath, near Manchester, Eng. 50. A masonic epitaph

I.H.S.
The remains of Charles Ashworth of Manchester
Here doth lie
His better parts are in the Lodge on high:
The Level's worth he knew upright and fair.
And as a Brother departed om the Square
You glorious Arch to contemplate upon
That Valiant Mystery of Three in One.

3. On a Lodge Joiner. 100.

Mason, Elk and Mystic Shriner -
George was a steady jiner,
He jined whate'er a jiner should,
He jined most everything he could.
He jined the good, he jined the ill,
It's safe to say, he's jining still -
Where he has gone, we do not know,
Perhaps he's jining things below.

4. 89.

A man of letters, it seems was he;
The college made him L.L.D.
The order a P.G.W.C.
Grim death has given him the G.B.
And may his ashes R.I.P.

LODGE ~~Bro~~ or Fraternal members (For & against them!!)

Wallis — Baltimore, Md. (Sater Church on Chestnut Ridge.)

Samuel S Burnham, died 1812, aged 23

Stop Gentle friend and view this Sacred Spot,
Consider well, his fate will be thy lot.
Cut off in manhood's prime a stranger here,
Oh, drop the tribute of a brother's tear.
Be this our prayer, a mark of Odd Fellow's love;
Jesus admit him to thy Lodge above.

Wallis — Jordan Station, Ontario, Canada.

Here lieth the remains of an unknown brother, whose body was washed ashore near the residence of Abram Martin, Esq., Louth, on the 20th Apr. 1877. This tombstone is erected to show that while deceased had only on his person certain symbols to distinguish him as a Free Mason, yet were they sufficient to secure for the remains fraternal sympathy and christian sepulture.

Dead, voiceless, battered, tempest tossed,
A stranger friendless and unknown;
The wave gave up its dead,
A brother came and saw
And raised above his lonely head
This sculptured stone.
The mystic points of Fellowship prevail —
Death's gavel cannot break that sacred tie —
'Gainst Light, the powers of Night can naught avail
To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.

Wallis. — Perry, N.Y. (Hope Cemetery) Rufus Sweet d 1884.

Here lies Rufus Sweet and wife
They fed the hungry and
Clothed the naked
and fought Secret Societies
and here may they rest until
Gabriel blows his horn.

Wallis — Batavia N.Y. William Morgan who "profited by publication of Masonic Secrets" ("Illustrations of Masonry") A life size statue of him is on top of his tall monument raised in 1882 by The Anti Masonic National Christian Association Opposed to All Secret Societies."

Erected by Volunteer Contributions from over 2000 Persons residing in Canada, Ontario, and Twenty Six of the United States and Territories.

"The Bane of our Civil Institutions is to Found in MASONRY, Already Powerful and Daily Becoming More So — I owe to My Country an Exposure of its Dangers" Capt. Wm. Morgan.

(Continue above)

Sacred to the memory of Wm Morgan.
A native of Virginia;
A Capt. in the war of 1812,
A respectable citizen of Batavia, and
A martyr to the freedom of Writing Printing and Speaking the Truth.
He was abducted near this spot in the year 1826, by Free Masons and murdered for Revealing the Secrets of their order.

(N.B. Story. Morgan's war record not found in war Dept's Files. He was not abducted by an official Masonic Group. He was held on various charges at Canandaigua, N.Y. & at Fort Niagara. There is Evidence to show he died a natural death. On a 3rd inquest, the alleged body of Morgan proved to be a Canadian, & it is this body that lies under the above monument!

LOVERS

1. Thomas Shercliffe, Ecclesfield, Yorks. 96.

Here lyeth Thomas Shercliffe,
In Halumshire, Mr of Game;
Who of Justice, truth, love and Bounty,
Had always the fame.
Alexander, his son and heire
Lies here hard by
Who languished in sorrow
By his Mrs' cruelty.
No Goddess was she
But of like nomination,
As prudence to the goddesses
Have application.
Progeny then read this,
Eschew like fate. Jehova say Amen.
Continue your posterity on earth
And I rest in Heaven: Finis.

2. Aldenham, Herts. 81. 1674. John Robinson.

Death parts the dearest lovers for awhile,
But makes them mourn only used to smile;
But after death our on mixt loves shall tie
Eternal knots betwixt my love and I.
J.R.
I, Sarah Smith, whom thou didst love alone
For thy dear sake have laid this marble stone.

3. Rebeka Gregor. 1777. Hartlip, Essex. 96.

I coo & pine & ne'er shall be at rest
Till I come to thee dearest, sweetest, Best
Rebeka Gregor.
Daughter of John Osborne, esqr
of this Pa^{sh} lyes here buried.

4. Pentewan, Cornwall. 96, 89, 50.

In this heere grave you see before'e,
Lies buried up a dismal story;
A young maiden she wor cross'd in love,
And tooken to the realms above.
But he that cross'd her, I should say,
Deserves to go the other way.

5. South Cave, near Welton, Yorks. Richard and Susan Scatcherd. 2, 96, 50.

That Dick loved Sue was very true;
Perhaps you'll say: "What's that to you?
That she loved Dick, & in its this,
That Dick loved Sue, & that made bliss.

6. South Cave Churchyard, near Welton, Yorkshire. 2.

In memory of Thomas Satchard
Who dy'd rich in friends, Dec. 10, 1809
Aged 58 years.

That Ann lov'd Tom, is very true,
Perhaps you'll say, what's that to you,
Who e'er thou art, remember this,
Tom lov'd Ann, twas that made bliss.

7. St. Mary's Swansea. 96. Hugh Somerville Head. Aged 36 years.

When I am dead
Let not the clay be writ;
Some will remember it!!!
Deep let it rest
In one fond female breast
Then is my memory blest.

8. Biddeford Churchyard, Devon, Eng. 8, 27.

Here lies the hope of a fond mother
And the blasted expectations of a disappointed father.
The wedding day appointed was,
And wedding clothes provided;
Before the nuptial day, alas!
He sickened and he die did.

9. Northampton, Eng. 67, 66.

Here lies the corpse of Susan Lee,
Who died of heartfelt pain,
Because she loved a faithless he
Who loved her not again.

10. St. Bennet's, London. 104.

Here lyeth Katherine Prettyman,
A mayde of seventeen yeares,
In Suffolke borne, in London bred,
As by her death appears.
With Nature's gifts she was adorn'd,
Of honest birth and kin,
Her virtuous minde, with modest grace
Did love of many win.
But when she should with honest match
Have liv'd a wedded Life,
Stay there, quoth Jove, the world is nought
For she shall be my wife.
And Death, since thou hast done thy due
Lay nuptial rites aside,
And follow her unto the grave,
That should have been your Bride:
Whose honest life, and faithful end,
Her patience therewithall
Doth plainly shew, that she with Christ
Now lives, and ever shall
She departed this Life the 11th Day of August 1594.

11. Cornish Churchyard. 58.

In this 'ere graave ee zee bevore ee,
Is berred up a desmal stoery,
A young maiden she wor crosst in love
And tooken to the realms above.
But he that crost her I shud zay
Desarves to go the toyther way.

12. Canton, Illinois. 57. 103.

Stranger step lightly o'er this grave
Here lies the remains of
CARY COLE
aged 19 years
An orphan whose spirit is now in heaven
the only friend she had left on God's earth,
was AMOS SMITH.

13. Sturbridge, Mass. 57. (Dialogue between lovers)

Sarah S. daughter of Elijah & Lydia Gibbs
died Feb. 8, A.D. 1843
Aged 20.
"The memory of the just is blessed" - Prov. 10.7
This monumental marble is placed here by Saml. P. Crawford of Woodstock, in grateful remembrance of Miss G. who was his particular friend.

There was a time, that time is past,
When youth, I bloomed, like thee,
The time will come, 'tis coming fast,
When thou shalt fade like me. ---- Sarah

Sleep, Sarah, sleep, & take thy rest,
God called Thee home, he thought it best. ---- Preston.

14. Rockingham, Vt. 78. In memory of Miss Eunice Pain who died June 10th 1805 in the 16th year of her age - Dau'r of Ephraim & Sarah Pain.

Behold and read a mournfull fate
Two lovers were sincere
And one is left without a mate
The other slumbers here
Since you are left to mourn
To you these words I say
Though we are separated here
Must meet another day
And reign with God above
Upon the blissful shore
And reunite our love
Where friends shall part no more.

15. On a discarded lover, who committed suicide. 67.

Touch not this stone with pick or spade,
For here it is that I am laid;
'Tis here I was by Cupid smitten,
'Tis here I first received the mitten;
And whether I did wrong or right,
I left this world Miss Blake to spite.

16. On a Spanish girl who died of a broken heart. 89.

She who lies beneath this stone
Died of constancy alone,
Fear not to approach, oh, passerby,
Of naught contagious did she died.

17. <u>On a youth who died for love of Molly Stone</u>. 9.

Molle fuit saxum, saxum, o! si Molle fuisset,
Non foret hic subter, sed super esset ei.

18. <u>On a lover who was dumb</u>. (from the French). 100.

This is a lover's early tomb,
Who died while yet in beauty's bloom.
Iris for him drops many a tear;
Her grief I'm sure must be sincere,
For none, of all her am'rous train,
Was half so secret as this swain.

19. 100.

She died, poor dear, of disappointed love
Angels bore her soul to realms above.
When her young man is summoned, so they say
He will be carried off the other way.

20. <u>On a Young Lady who Died for Love</u>. 104.

Hard was thy fate, alas, unhappy maid!
Thou now art free, and Nature's debt is paid;
Love was thy bane: but yet the flame was pure:
That did the blast of cold distain endure.
Envy, be dumb! This truth shall slender tell,
Her only blemish was, she lov'd too well.

21. <u>On a Young Gentleman who died for the love of a Married Lady</u>. 79.

Here lies a youth who fell a sacrifice.
In his first bloom, to fair Amelia's eyes.
Whom shall we blame? - Her duty was her guard,
And his injustice was its own reward;
(If he's unjust whose reason cannot prove
Of force enough against imperious love.)
The aspiring youth who scorn'd to stoop so low,
To take what pity only could bestow,
Still wish'd for more; 'till in the fatal strife,
He sunk beneath the virtue of a wife;
Resign'd his blood to quench a guilty flame, -
But crimes of love deserve a gentler name.
And must I neither praise him, nor condemn,
For I would die, to be bewail'd like him;
Since she, whose pity deny'd to save,
Now pours her fruitless tears upon his grave.

22. From "Dr. Syntax's Tour in Search of the Picturesque" by Wm. Coombs.
10

Within this tomb a lover lies,
Who fell an early sacrifice
To Dolly's unrelenting eyes.
For Dolly's charms poor Damon burn'd -
Disdain the cruel maid return'd:
But, as she danced in May-day pride,
Dolly fell down, and Dolly died,
And now she lays by Damon's side.
Be not hard-hearted then, ye fair!
Of Dolly's hapless faith beware!
For sure, you'd better go to bed,
To one alive, than one who's dead.

23. The Lost Lover. 10. From same source as above.

Beneath this stone her ashes rest,
Whose memory fills my aching breast!
She sleeps unconscious of the tear
That tells the tale of sorrow here;
But still the hope allays my pain
That we may live and love again:
Love with a pure seraphic fire,
That never, never shall expire.

24. On a Maid-of-Homor. 27, 100, 25, 104.

Here lies (the Lord have mercy on her)
One of Her Majesty's maids of honour.
She was young, slender and pretty;
She died a maid - the more's a pity.

25. 104.

Here lies a maid not full sixteen
Was maid of honour for the Queen:
And man as years have lain upon her
And yet she died a maid of honour.
(over)

Mailman.

1 (103) Genoa, Nevada - "Snowshoe" Thomson - a "mail deliverer." a replica of his skis on his slab. For 20 yrs he carried mail between Genoa & Hangton (now Placerville, He is said to have averaged 45 miles a day over snow 30-40 ft deep. He received no pay. The people of Genoa were not familar with skis and mistook them for snowshoes.

In memory of John A. Thomson
Departed this life May 15, 1876
Aged 49 years 16 days
Gone but not forgotten.

MECHANICS & INVENTORS & SCIENTISTS.

1. Florence, Italy. 100.

Here lies Salvino Armolo D'Armati of Florence,
The inventor of spectacles,
May God pardon his sins.
The year 1318.

2. Chiswick, Eng. 77. On an Inventor.

This tomb is erected to the memory of
ALEXANDER BRODIE, ESQ.
Late of Carey Street, in the Liberty of the Rolls, London,
and Callcutt, in the County of Salop.

First inventor of the register stoves and fire hearths for ships, and had the honour of supplying the whole British Navy with the latter for upwards of thirty years; to the preservation of many valuable lives, since their introduction was a great service to the government; by which, by his own industry, he accumulated a large fortune.
Died 6th Jan 1811 - aged 78 years.

Lovers (continued)

26. Presbyterian Churchyard. Camden, S.C. (103)

Here lies the Body of
Agnes of Glasgow,
who departed this life,
Feb. 12, 1780. Aged 20.

Story: Epitaph inscribed on small head stone with a British Bayonet. It is said that she came from Scotland to find her lover, a soldier under Cornwallis. When after much searching, she found the soldier, he was dead. She became broken hearted and fever stricken, soon died and was buried next to him.
Strangely enough no British soldier had ever appeared in Camden before Agnes' death.

27. Burial Hill, Plymouth, Mass. 103.

James Jordan. Drowned in Smelt Pond
June 25, 1837, aged 27 y'rs.
Buried on the day he was to have been Married

28. Moravian Graveyard, Winston-Salem, N.C. 103

To the memory of Samuel Clary,
a native of South Carolina,
formerly a respectable merchant
of Charleston. He was born in the
District of Williams-Burgh in the
year 1792 and died at This place
on the 6th of September 1828.
Ah, friends at home and Kindred dear!
If chance should bring you here,
Remember that his Leonora dear
Bedewed This grave with many a tear
Sept 10, 1831.

Samuel Clary was a young merchant of Charleston S.C. who went to Salem college to visit his sweet heart and died before he returned home. The epitaph indicates that she had not forgotten him; at least not after 3 years.

3. Pittsford, Vt. 78. 103. a scientist, mechanic.

Nathan Jenner
d. 1824, ae. 43
This hallowed spot has proved the home
Of one who bright in science shone.
I saw him on that fatal night
With visage clothed in purest light
And when life had fled, I saw him rise
To brighten worlds beyond the skies.

4. North. Pembroke, New Hampshire (West Pembroke) 78, 100, 89. 103.

Hermon
Son of Robert & Esther Fife
Died Dec. 29, 1845 Aet 45 yrs & 7 mos.
Here lies the man
Never beat by a plan
Straight was his aim
And sure of his game.
Never was a lover
But invented the revolver.

(N.B. It is said that Hermon invented what became famous as the Colt revolver and that Colt stole the patent or plans from him.)

5. On a Mechanic - (Orange County, N.Y.??) 89, 57.

He was a man of invention great
Above all that lived nigh,
But he could not invent to live,
When God called him to die.

6. Pike's version of above. (old cemetery) Colchester, Conn. 103 (Wallis)

Jonathan Kilborn
d. Oct. 14, 1785
Aet. 79.

(N.B. He lived 1 mile south of Academy & was an ingenious mechanic. Invented the iron screw but admitted an Englishman into his shop. who observed his invention, took proper dimensions, etc. went back to England and claimed to be the original inventor.)

7. On a Locksmith. 27, 89, 100.

A zealous locksmith died of late,
And did arrive at heawen's gate:
He stood without, and would not lock,
Because he meant to pick the lock.

8. Waits River, Vt. 103. Orie Elbridge Philbrick, died 1946, aged 78

And each tool is laid aside
Worn with the work
That was done with pride.

1. Sir Henry Rowe. 1612, Hackney, London. 96. A silk mercer. (He was Lord Mayor of London in 1607, his father Sir William in 1592, and his grandfather in 1568.)

Heer under find of Adams first defection,
Rest in the hope of Happie Resurrection,
Sir Henry Row e, sonne of Sir Thomas Rowe,
And of Dame Mary, His Deer Yoak Fellowe;
Knight & Right Worthy (as his father late)
Lord Maier of London, with his vertuous mate
Dame Susanne, (His twice fifteen yeers & seaven)
Fower Named Heer; In theis fower named fore past,
The Fifth so found, if echo sound the last;
Saw orphans all, but most their heire most debtor,
Who built them this, but in his heart a better.

2. Linsted, Kent. 25. John Ferguson - a merchant.

Infancy, youth and age, are from the womb,
Man's short but dangerous passage to the tomb.
Here landed - the proceed of what we ventured -
In Nature's custom house this dust is enter'd
Alms-deeds are surest bills at sight, - the rest
On heaven's exchange are subject to protest -
This uncorrupted manna of the just
To lasting store, exempt from worms and dust.

3. Christ Church, Macclesfield. 77.

CHARLES ROE, MANUFACTURER.
whoever thou art,
whom a curiosity to search into the monuments of the dead,
or an ambition to emulate their living virtues,
has brought hither,
receive the gratification of either object, in the example of
CHARLES ROE, ESQ.
A gentleman, who, with a slender portion of his entrance into business, carried on the button and twist manufacture in this town with the most active industry, ingenuity and integrity; and by an happy versatility of genius, at different periods of his life, first established here, and made instrumental to the acquisition of an ample fortune, the silk and copper manufactories by which many thousand of families have been since supported. The obstacles which envy and malevolence threw in his way retarded not his progress: enterprising, emulous and indefatigable, difficulties to others were incitement to action in him. His mind was vast and comprehensive, formed for great undertakings, and equal to their accomplishment. By an intuitive kind of knowledge, he acquired an intimate acquaintance with the mineral state of the earth; and was esteemed by competent judges, greatly to excel in the art of mining. In that line his concerns were extensive; and the land-owners, as well as proprietors, of the valuable mine in the Isle of Anglesea, are indebted to him for the discovery.

It pleased the Almighty to bless his various labours and benevolent designs. His grateful heart delighted to acknowledge the mercies he received. God was in all his thoughts. And actuated by the purest sentiments of genuine devotion which burned steadily through his life, and the brighter as he approached the fountain of

Light, he dedicated tothe serivce of his Maker, a part of that increase his bounty had bestowed, erecting, and endowing at his sole expense, the elegant structure which incloses this monument; and which, it is remarkable was built from inside and out, in so short a space of time as seven months.

Reader when thou hast performed the duties which brought thee hither, think on the founder of this beautiful edifice, and aspire after the virtues which enabled him to raise it.

He died the 3rd of May 1784, aged 67 years, leaving a widow and ten children (who erected this monument as a tribute to conjugal and filial affection) poignantly to lament a most indulgent husband, a tender father, and a general loss.

4. Old Grey Friars. Edinburgh. 8, 104. April 30, 1649. James Murray, aged 78.

Stay, Passenger, and shed a tear,
For good James Murray lieth here;
He was of Phillip Haugh descended;
And for his merchandize commended.
He was a man of good life,
Marry'd Bethea Mauld to his wife:
He may thank God that e'er he got her,
She bore him three sons and a daughter.
The first he was a Man of Might,
For which the King made him a knight.
The second was both wise and wily,
The third a factor of renown,
Both in Campshire and in this town.
His daughter was both grave and wise
And married was to James Elies.

5. St. Stephen's, Bristol, Eng. 104. On Martin Pringe, Merchant.

His painful, skillful travels reach'd as far
As from the Arctick to th' Antarctick Star.
He made himself a ship, Religion
His only Compass, and the Truth alone
His guiding Cynosure; Faith was his Sails;
His anchor Hope, a Hope that never fails;
His Freight was charity; and his Return,
A fruitful practice - In this fatal Urn
This Ship's fair Hulk is lodg'd; but the rich lading
Is hous'd in Heaven, a Haven never dafing.

6. On Richard Brooke, Merchant. 1593. 104. (old English epitaph)

This grave, O Greif, hath swallow'd up, with wide and open Mouth,
The body of good Richard Brooke, of Whitchurch, Hampton-south;
And El'sabeth his wedded wife, twice twenty years and one;
Sweet Jesus hath their souls in Heaven; the Ground, flesh, skin and bone.
In January, worn with Age, day sixteenth died he;
From Christ full fifteen hundred years and more by ninety three.
But Death her Twist of Life in May, Day twentieth, did untwine;
From Christ full fifteen hundred years and more by ninety nine.
They left behind them, well to live, and grown to good degree
First Richard, Robert, Thomas Brooke, the youngest of the Three;
Eizabeth and Barbara, then Dorothy the last;
All fixed the knot of Nature's Love in kindness keeping fast.

This tonbstone, with the Plate thereon, thus graven fair and large,
Did Robert Brooke, the youngest son, make at his proper charge:
A citizen of London late, by faithful service free,
Of merchants great Adventurers a brother sworn is he;
And of the Indian Company, come gain or loss, a limb;
And of the Goldsmiths Livery: all thes God's Gifts to him.
This Monument of Memory in Love performed he.
December thirty-one, from Christ sixteen hundred and three.

7. St. Helen's Church, London. 104, 38. Sir Thomas Gresham, Knight who was buried Dec. 15, 1579.

Who by the Honourable Profession of a merchant,
Having enriched himself and his country,
For carrying on the commerce of the World,
Built the Royal Stock Exchange.

N.B. Gresham supplied lumber from his estate. When stock market was opened, Queen Elizabeth (Jan. 29, 1570) came and dined with Gresham and had a herald with trumpet announce it by name The Royal Exchange().

8. St. Botolph's, Bishopgate, Eng. 104, 38.

On the 10th of August, Anno 1626
Was interred, without the Verge of the Consecrated
Burial Ground, in Petty France
The body of Hodges Shaughsware
A Persian merchant;
Whose son, according to the custom of his country;
Daily repaired to his Grave,
For the space of one month.
Where he performed
Divers Prayers and ceremonies over the Defunct,
But being disturbed by the Populace
Discontinued his Funeral Devotions,
And erected a Monument to his memory.
With a Persian Inscription:
(A translation of latter follows:)
This grave is made for Hodges Shaughsware
The chiefest servant of the King of Persia for the space of twenty years:
Who came from the King of Persia, and died in his Service.
If any Persian cometh out of that country,
Let him read this and a Prayer for him:
The Lord receive his soul!
For here lyeth Maghmote Shaughsware,
Who was born
In the town of Novoy in Persia.

9. Philadelphia, Pa. 57.

In memory of Mr. William Grant, of this city, merchant, who lived beloved, and died lamented by his family, his friends and his country, 30 Sept. 1750, aged 40 years.

Spectator, feel of thou canst shed a tear,
Come pay the melancholy tribute here.
Here lies the dust, which once religion fir'd,
Which friendship warm'd, benevolence inspired;
Where pity melted and good nature smil'd,
Contentment dwelt and honour undefil'd.

Whate'er could grace the man, the friend, the saint;
These virtues form'd thy soul, lamented grant,
Thy soul, that now with seraph shines above,
In thy connatural element of love.
Thy weeping widow rears this humble stone,
A grateful monument of worth well known;
Thy friend inscribes it, and would humbly claim
To join his own to thy beloved name. S. Davies

10. Orange County - N.Y. 89. Amos Judge - coal dealer.

He gave full weight to all 'tis said,
And did it without vaunting;
When in the balance he is weighed
He will not be found wanteing.

11. Princeton, Mass. 103. John Dana, d 1802 - a merchant
Cut down at so early a period
In the midst of his commercial concerns
Let it teach, thee, reader, to set
Thy affections on things above

METAL CRAFTSMEN

1. Humphrey Jones - 1737. Ockham, Surrey. 96, 8, 77. 81. Tinplate Maker

Under neath this stone doth lye
The bodye of Mr. Humpherie
Jones, who was of late
By trade a plate
Worker in Barbicanne;
Well known to be a good manne
By all his friends & neighbours too
And paid every bodye their due
He died in the year 1737
August the 10th aged 80;
His soule, we hope's in heaven.

2. Dennington, Suffolk. 97. James Stearne. died Feb. 27, 1843, aged 70.
Beneath this tomb lies buried here a man of note in trade,
And unto him was merit due for works which he had made,
On steel and Brass his hands had wrought and laboured night and day,
But now in silence here does rest down in his bed of clay.
When the great last trump shall sound, and the earth give up her dead,
May he arise with God to dwell - through Christ his living head.

MINERS AND PROSPECTORS

1. Leesburg, Idaho. International News Service. Feb. 3, 1941.

Boasting a well planned and executed career throughout his life, Orion E. Kirkpatrick feared he would not recover from an illness. He supervised the engraving of his own tombstone:

"In memory of Orion E. Kirkpatrick
Who gave 44 years of his prime years
To mining in Lembi county.
His motto - "The Goden Rule".

2. On Grave of an Old Prospector, near Parker, Ariz.

Here lies a depositor of the Parker Bank.

MISERS

1. Matchem, Berks & Stoke, Suffolk - John Elwes, Esq. - A well known Miser. 25, 38.

Here, to man's honour, and to man's disgrace,
Lies a strong picture of the human race,
In Elwes' form; whose spirit, heart and mind,
Virtue and vice in firmest tints combin'd.
Rough was the rock, but blended deep with ore,
And base the mass that many a diamond bore,
Meanness to granduer, folly join'd to sense,
Avarice united, with benevolence
Whose lips ne'er broke a truth, nor hands a trust,
Were sometimes warmly kind and always just.
With pow'rs to reach ambition's highest birth,
He sunk a wretch that grovell'd to the earth.
Lost in the lust of adding pelf to pelf,
Poor to the poor, still poorer to himself.
To pleasure's joy, he virtue's joy denied joy denied,
Want all his fear, and riches all his pride.
A foe to none, to many oft a friend,
Callows to give, but liberal to lend.
Whose wants, that nearly bent to all but stealth,
Ne'er in his country's plunder sought for wealth
Call'd by her voice, but call'd without expence,
His nobler nature rous'd in her defense.
And in the senate, labouring in her cause,
The strictest guardian of the purest laws
He stood; and each instinctive taint above,
To every bribe preferr'd a people's love.
Yet still , with no stern patriotism fir'd,
Wrapt up in wealth, to wealth again retir'd;
By pen'ry guarded from pride's sickly train,
Living a length of days without a pain;
And, adding to the million never try'd,
Lov'd, pity'd, scorn'd, and honour'd, Elwes died.
Learn from this proof, that in life's tempting scene,
Man is a compound of the great and mean.
Discordant qualities together tied,
Virtues in him with vices are allied.
The sport of follies, of crimes the heir,
Each must the mixture of an Elwes share;
Pondering his faults, his merits not disown,
But in his nature recollect thy own;
And think for life and pardon were to trust,
Were God not mercy, when his creatures dust.

2. Dublin, Ireland. 25, 96, 104, 79, 10. July 6, 1720. On Demar, a Usurer - an affluent merchant of Dublin. By Dean Swift. Beable gives his name as John D'Amory.

Beneath this verdant hillock lies,
Demar, the wealthy and the wise;
His heirs, that he might safely rest,
Have put his carcass in a chest;
The very chest, in which, they say,
His other half, his money lay;
And if his heirs continue kind
To that dear self he left behind,
I dare believe that four in five
Will think his better half alive.

3. John Coombes. 58. epitaph supposed to have been extemporaneously in a Stafford Tavern:

Ten in the hundred the devil allowes
But Coombes will have twelve, he sweares and vowes
If they ask who lies in this tombe,
"Hoh!" quoth the devil, "'tis my John-o-Coombe."

4. John Coombe of Stratford on Avon, noted for his wealth and usury. 96, 104, 58, 10.

Ten in the hundred lies here engrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd,
If any man ask, who lies in this tombe
"Oh! Oh!" quoth the devil, "'tis my John-o-Coombe."
(Wm. Shakspeare)
(Story: Wm. Shakspeare's personal friend & in conversation with him Coombe told the poet that he fancied that he (Shakspeare) would write his epitaph and since his epitaph would be unknown to him he requested it be written forthwith & the bard gave him this epitaph.)

(See other version #3)

5. Thomas Coombe. 96, 100, 104, 79, 58. (nephew of John Coombe) Known as "Thin Beard".

Thin in beard, & thick in purse,
Never man beloved worse
He went to the grave with many a curse:
The devil and he had both one nurse. (attributed to Wm. Shakspeare)

6. On a money lender & miser. St. Nicholas, Gt. Yarmouth. 96.

Same as #21

Here lies John Moore, a miser old,
Who filled his cellar with silver and gold.
(h) Old Moore! he cried, Old Moore! Old Moore!
'Twas clear he could not close the door,
And yet cried (h) Old More! Old Moore.

7. Wymondham Church, Norfolk. 58. On a Miser named "None".

Here lyeth None, who worse than none was thought,
For being none, of none to Christ gave nought.

8.

8. White Chapel Churchyard. 38, 58, 104, 8, 33, 27. On a Miser.

Here lies one who for medecine would not give
A little gold, and so his life he lost:
I fancy now he'd wish to live again
Could he but guess how much his funeral cost.

9. Dorchester Abbey, Oxon. 96, 100.

Here lies one who for medicine would not give
A little gold; and so his life he lost; Unger's version
I fancy that he'd wish again to live now
Did he but know how much his funeral cost. could -- guess

10. Abraham Newland, chief cashier of the Bank of England - died 1807. 8.

Beneath this stone old Abr'am lies;
Nobody laughs and nobody cries;
Where he's gone or how he fare,
Nobody knows and no one cares.

11. St. Giles Cemetery, Eng. 77, 100.

The mortal remains of
John Brindell
After an evil life of 64 years.
Died June 18th 1822
And lies at rest beneath this stone.
Pause, reader; reflect;
"Eternity, how surely thine."

12. On Mr. Richman, a miser - Coventry, Eng. 104. 36.

Here lies a body who lost his breath,
And could not save himself from death;
Yet he struggled to live longer;
But Death than he being so much stronger,
Cut him down, just at his pleasure,
And forc'd was he to leave his treasure:
But his Gold he'd fain took with him,
And then to die 't wou'd not have griev'd him.

13. On Mr. Jobson, a miser - Bath, Somersetshire, Eng. 104.

Here lies Jobson, the Devil's godson,
Who ne'er lov'd the poor;
He liv'd like a Hog;
And he died like dog,
And left what he had to a whore.

14..Wittshire, Eng. 50. On a Miser and Misanthropist named Ball

Here I lie, my name is Ball -
I lived - I died, despised by all;
And now I can not chew my crust,
I'm gone back to my ancient dust.

15. Iselton cum Fenby, Lincolnshire, Eng. 66.

Here lies the body of old Will Loveland,
He's put to bed with a shovel, and
Eased of expenses for raiment and food,
Which all his life-time he would fain have eschewed.
He grudged his housekeeping his children's support.
And laid in his meat of the cagge-mag sort.
No fyshe or fowle touched he when 'twas dearly bought
But a Green taile or herrings a score for a groate.
No friend to the needy
His wealth gather'd speedy,
And he never did nought but evil,
He liv'd like a hogg,
He died like a dogg,
And now he rides post to the devil.

16. Burch Heggin, Norfolk, Eng. 66. an Acrostic epitaph on Robert Porter, a noted miser.

Riches and wealth I now despirse,
Once the delight of heart and eyes;
But since I've known the vile deceit;
Envy has met its own defeat
Regardless of such empty toys
Tell all to seek for heavenly joys.

Pulled down by age and anxious cares
Oppressed am I by dismal fears,
Relating to my future state,
To know what then will be my fate,
Eternal God! to Thee I pray
Remove these fearful doubts away.

17. St. Giles Churchyard, Norwich, Eng. 83.

We fancy now he'd wish to live again
Could he but know what his funeral cost.

18. Fogo, Berwickshire, Eng. 85

Here lyes the body & the bones
Of the laird of Whinkerstanes:
He was neither gude to rich nor piur
But now the Deal (Devil!!) has him sure.

19. In an Obscure Churchyard, Scotland - on celebrated Marmion. 79

Here rests old Marmion - hard is fate is,
That folks should read his tombstone - gratis.

20. Christ Church, Dublin. 38.

Here lyeth Menalcas, as dead as a logge,
Who lived like a devill, and died like a dogge!
Here doth he hye, said I? Then say I "lye",
For from this placed he parted by and bye.
But here he made his descent into hell,
Without either booke, candle or bell.

21. St. Nicholas', Yarmouth. 33.

Here lies John Moore, a miser old,
Who filled his cellar with silver and gold.
(h) Old Moore he cried, Old Moore, Old Moore,
T'was clear he would not close the door
And yet cried (h) Old Moore, Old Moore.

22. Falkirk, Eng. 33, 89, 100

At rest beneath this churchyard stone = slab of stone
Lies stingy JEMMY WYATT;
He died one morning just at ten, and
Saved a dinner by it.

Here lies poor stingy Timmy Wyatt, 27.
Who died at noon and saved a dinner by it.

23. On a Miser. 33

Here lies one who lived unloved, and died unlamented;
Who denied plenty to himself, as assistance to his friends, and relief to the poor; who starved his family, oppressed his neighbors, and plagued himself to gain what he could not enjoy. At last, Death, more merciful to him than he was to himself, released him from care, and his family from want; andhere he lies with the unknown he imitated, and with the soil he loved, in fear of a resurrection, lest his heirs should have spent the money he left behind, having laid up no treasure where moth and rust do not corrupt, or thieves break through and steal.

24. On a Miser named More 33, 58.

Iron was his chest,
Iron was his door,
His head was iron,
And his heart was more.

25. On an Old covetous Usurer. 58, 104. 36

You'd have me say, Here lies T.U.
But I do not believe it:
For after Death there's something due,
And he's gone to receive it.

26. On a Miser. 27, 104, 100.

Here lies old Sparges,
Who died to save Charges.

27. On a Miser. 104, 33, 25, 79, 10. 36

Reader, beware of immoderate Love of pelf;
Here lies the worst of thieves, - who robbed himself.

28. On an Irish Miser. 25, 10.

Here crumbling, lies, beneath this mould,
A man, whose sole delight was gold;
Content was never once his quest,
Though thrice ten thousand fill'd his chest;
For he, poor man, with all his store,
Died in great want - the want of more.

29. 25.

Well worth fifty thousand pounds Old Gripes died:
'Tis well, for he was nothing worth beside.

25.

30. Money's like much, that's profitable while
It serves for manuring of some fruitful soil;
But on a barren one like thee, me thinks,
'Tis like a dunghill, that lies still and stinks.

31. On a money lender.

Here lyes ten in the hundred
In the ground fast ramm'd.
'Tis a hundred to ten
But his soule will be damn'd.

32.. On a Noted Miser. 58, 10, 67, 9. (see Pulleyn's)

Here lies old Father Gripe, who never cried "Jam Satis" -
'Twould wake him did he know you read his tombstone gratis.

33. On a Miser. 67, 104, 58.

The wretched man who moulders here
Cared not for soul or body lost -
But only wept, when death drew near,
To think how much his tomb would cost.

34. On a Miser's gravestone in San Francisco. 67. Unger & Safford cite one in Nova Scotia. Carraway cites one in Hyde County, N.C.

Here lies old thirty-three and a third percent
The more he had, the more he lent;
The more he lent, the more he craved;
Great God, how can such a man be saved.

(N.B. In some, the line "the more he made, the more he shared" is added after the 3rd line) as in Kippax's on #38.
In Unger's (Nova Scotia) - old twenty-five per cent.)

35. Location? 100. On a Miser. by W.F.

Gone underground.

36. On a Millionaire banker who was also a miser. 100.

He thought of course his holdings must
Admit him to the Heavenly Trust
But when he handed in his proxy,
He found they wanted orthodoxy.

37. On the tombstone of a stingy, disagreeable old man. 89.

Deeply regretted by all who never knew him.

38. Lafayette, Indiana. 57.

Here lies the dust of all Zeke Polk;
His early days he spent in pleasure,
His latter days in gathering treasure.
To holy cheats, he ne'er was willing,
To give a solitary shilling.
To him first-fruits were odious things
And so were bishops, tithes, and kings.

39. Manchester, Eng. - John Hill 100.

Here lies John Hill
A man of skill
Whose age was five times ten:
He never did good
And never would
If he lived as long again.

40. On a Miser. 104. Epitaph by Garret.

Here he lies, beside a witch,
Hated both by poor and rich.
Where he is, or how he fares,
Nobody knows, nobody cares.

41. Charleston, South Carolina. 57.

Reader, I've left this world, in which
I had a world to do;
Sweating and fretting to get rich -
Just such a fool as you.

42. Rhode Island. 57.

Here lies John Brown of old extract,
In fifty-five God did exact,
From him the debt that all must pay
Who mortals are and made of clay.

43. San Francisco, Calif. 57.

Here lies old thirty-five per cent;
The more he made, the more he lent;
The more he got, the more he crived;
The more he made, the more he shaved;
Great God! Can such a soul be saved.

44. 10.

Here lies old forty-five per cent;
The more he got, the more he lent;
The more he saved, the more he craved.
Great God! Cam such a soul be saved?

45. On a Selfish Man. 67.

Here lies a man who did no good,
And if he'd lived, he never would;
Where he's gone or how he fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares.

46. On a Miser. 27, 100.

Of him within, nought e'er gratis was had,
That you read this so cheap now makes him sad.

47. On a Miser. 50.

A man of wealth and fame,
  Of honour and of worth;
How powerful was his name
  When living on the earth.
But now he's left the world
  Where riches draw a line,
Distinguishing a man
  From others of his Kine.
What now can this man do -
  With what he had whilst here?
Not aught, for what he had -
  In heaven it can't appear.
We speak of him "in heaven";
  Well, let us hope he's there;
Though the chances of such good men
  To get there are but rare.

48. Location? 100.

Here lies John Racket
In his wooden jacket,
He kept neither horses nor mules;
  He lived like a hog
  And died like a dog
And left all his money to fools.

49. On a Miser. 104. Epitaph by W. Stevenson, Esq.

Reader, survey this monumental pile,
Nor drop a tear of pity all the while;
It rose, enjoin'd by will, at mighty cost,
For dead, by its miser nothing lost.
He died, a victim at the shrine of pelf:
He died, because he never lov'd himself;
He died, a great Revenge inspir'd the whim,
Mankind he hated, Mankind hated him:
He died, fore ne'er like him could debts forgive:
He died, because he knew not how to live.

50. On Cromwell Lea. By. A.O. 104.

(see next page)

Here lieth old Cromwell,
Who, living, loved the Bum well.
When he ~~died~~ dy'd, he gave nothing to the poor,
But half to his bastards and half to his Whore.

51. On a Miser Married to a Coquette. 104.

Here lies a wretch, 'midst other clay,
Who heap'd up riches ev'ry Day,
Yet never gave one Great away;
Parted with nothing, all his life,
But what in common was - his wife.

52. On a Miser. 104. Post funera Virtus.

A monster in a course of vice grown old,
Leaves to his gaping heir his ill-gain'd gold:
Strait breathes his bust, strait are his virtues shown;
Their date commencing with the sculptur'd stone.
If on this specious marble we rely,
Pity a worth like his should ever die!
If credit to his real life we give,
Pity a wretch like him should ever live!
Splendide mendax

53. 66.

Thin in beard, and thick in purse,
Never man beloved worse;
He went to the grave with many a curse;
The devil and he had both one nurse.

54. Epitaph in Yankee Churchyard. by Martha Banning Thomas. Good House-keeping Mag.

Here lies a gentleman, frugal and good
Whose thrift was the cause of his death;
For when he saved all the money he could,
He started in saving ---- his breath!

MISSIONARIES

1. Groton, Mass. 40.

Dickson
Walter Dickson
died
Jan. 21, 1860
aet 61
A missionary in Palestine
for five years.

2. Groton, Mass. 40.

Fred W. Steinbeck
Killed by Arabs
in Jaffa, Palestine
Jan. 12, 1858
aet 38

Mary E
his wife,
dau^r of Walter &
Sarah Dickson
died Dec. 10, 1867
aet 34.

MUSICIANS

1. Norwich Cathedral 1621. William Inglott. 8, 77,2, 79.

Here William Inglott, organist doth rest
Whose art in Musick this Cathedral blest,
For Deseant most for voluntary all,
He past an organ, song and Verginall.
He left this life at age of sixty-seven,
And now mongst Angels sings in Heaven,
His fame flies far, his Name shall never die,
See Art and Age here crown his memorie.
Non digitis, Inglotte, tuis terrestria tongis
Tongis nunc digitis organa celsa poll
Anno Dom. 1621.
(Buried the last day of December 1621. This erected the 15th day of June, 1622.)

Composer, was captain in Royalist Army.

2. On William Lawes - Killed at the siege of West Chester - 1645. 8,77,96 96 97

Concord is conquered; in this urn there lies
The Master of Great Musick's Mysteries;
And in it is a riddle like the cause
Will Lawes was slain by those whose Wills were Lawes.

3. Norwich, Eng. 8, 77. 1669. Richard Yleward

Here lyes a perfect Harmonie
Of Truth, and Faith and Loyaltie,
And whatsoever vertues can,
Be reckoned up, was in this man,
His sacred ashes here abide,
Who in God's service lived and died.
But now by Death advanced higher,
To serve in the celestial Quire.
God Save the King.

4. Kimberley, Eng. 8, 77. 1678. John Jenkins, Aged 86.

Under this stone rare Jenkins lye
The Master of the Musick Art,
Whom from the Earth, the God on high,
Called up to him, to bear his Part
Aged 86, Oct. 27.
In Anno 78, he went to Heaven.

5. Llanfilantwytyl Churchyard, Wales. 8, 77, 96, 67, 2. 77. Organ Pumper

Under this stone lies Meredith Morgan
Who blew the bellows of our church organ,
Tobacco he hated, to smoke most unwilling,
Yet never so pleased as when pipes he was filling;
No reflection on him for rude speech could be cast,
Tho' he gave our old organist many a blast.
No puffer was he
Tho' a capital blower
He could fill double G
And now lies a note lower.

6. Ashover, Derbyshire. 50, 2.

To the memory of
David Wall
whose superior performance on the bassoon endeared
him to an extensive musical acquaintance.
His social life closed on the 4th Dec., 1796.
in his 57th year.

7. Wolverhampton, Eng. 8, 96. 1732. on Charles Claudius Philips - violinist.

C.C. Philips, whose absolute contempt of riches and inimitable performances on the violin made him the admiration of all that knew him. He was born in Wales, made the tour of Europe, and after the experience of both kinds of fortunes, died in the year 1723. Fiddler.

Exalted soul, thy various sounds could please
The lovesick virgin, and the gouty ease,
And jarring crowds, like old Amphion move
To beauteous order and harmonious love
Now rest in peace, till Angels bid thee rise,
And join thy saviour's concert in the skies.

8. Wakefield Parish, Eng. 50, 96, 2. 1821 - organist.

In memory of
Henry Clement Shaw
upward of fifty years organist
of this church, who died
May 7, 1821, aged 68 years.
Now like an organ, robb'd of pipes and breath,
Its keys and stops are useless made by death,
Tho' mute and motionless in ruins laid.
Yet when re-built by more than mortal aid,
This instrument, new voiced, and tuned, shall raise
To God, its builder, hymns of endless praise.

9. Old Cemetery, Newport, Monmouthshire. 50, 33, 2. on a Scotch Piper

To the memory of
Mr. John Macbeth,
late piper to his Grace the Duke of Sutherland
and a native of the highlands of Scotland.
Died April 24th 1852, aged 46 years.

Far from his native land, beneath this stone,
Lies John Macbeth, in prime of manhood gone:
A kinder husband never did breathe,
A firmer friend ne'er trod on Albyn's heath!
His selfish aims were all in heart and hand,
To be an honour to his native land.
As real Scotchmen wish to fall or stand;
A handsome Gael he was of splendid form,
Fit for a stage, or for a Northern storm.
Sir Walter Scott remarked at Inverness,
"How well becomes Macbeth the Highland dress,"
His mind was stored with ancient highland lore,
Knew Ossian's songs and many bards of yore;
But music was his chief and soul's delight,
And oft he played with Amphian's skill and might,
His Highland pipe, before our Gracious Queen!
'Mong ladies gay, and princesses serene!
His Magic chanter's strains, pour'd o'er their hearts,
With thrilling rapture soft as Cupid's darts!
Like Shakespeare's witches, scarce they drew the breath
But wished like them to say, "All hail, Macbeth."
The Queen, well pleased, gave him, by royal command
A splendid present from her royal hand!
But nothing aye could make him vain or proud
He felt alike at court or in a crowd;
With high or low his nature was to please,
Frank with the peasant, with the Prince at ease.
Beloved by thousands until his race was run,
Macbeth had ne'er a foe beneath the sun;
And now he plays among the heavenly bands,
A diamond chanter never made by hands.

10. On a Bad Violinist. 50.

When Orpheus played he moved Old Nick,
But thou only moved thy fiddle stick.

11. On a Violinist (?) 100.

On the twenty second of June,
Jonthan Fiddle went out of tune. (Ben Johnson)

12. England - Epitaphs of forgotten musicians.

1. Till Angel's trumpets on the Final Day
Shall blow and Graves shall ope,
Here Abram Crumpett in his tomb doth lay
And waits the call in hope.

13. On a Young Woman Musician aged 23 years.

Now from this noisy world releas'd
  Of shock and strife and sorrow eas'd
The music of her being ceas'd
  In silence softly she's deceas'd
Whose gentle strains all ears have pleas'd.

14. Lady Chapel of Durham, Eng. 81. On an Organist. (same as 16 below).

John Brimleis' Body here doth lie
    Who praised God with Hand and Voice;
By Musick's heavenly Harmony,
    Dull minds he made in God rejoice;
His soul is now to Heaven lift
    To Prayse Him still that gave the gift.

15. Joseph Crump - Musician. 25.

  Once ruddy and plump,
  But now a pale lump,
  Beneath this safe hump,
  Lies honest Joe Crump
Who wish'd to his neighbors no evil.

  What, tho' by Death's thump
  He's laid on his rump
  Yet up he shall jump
  When he hears the last trump
And triumph o'er death and the devil.

16. Durham, Eng. 71. On a Choir Leader.

John Bromley's body here doth lie
Who praised God with hand and voice,
By music's heavenly melodies;
Dull minds he made in God rejoice
His soul into heaven is lift,
To praise Him still who gave the gift.

17. Suffolk, Eng. 96, 50, 104. 36 On a Music Master named Stephens ("Little Stephen") violinist

STEPHEN and TIME are now both even,
STEPHEN beat TIME, but now TIME beats STEPHEN.

18. Over the Grave of a Fifer. Tegg. (Riddle) Unsolved epitaph (See solution in "Puzzles")

    Hic Jacet
    1.5.4
0.4.1.2.8
0.4.1.2.0
0.2.80.8
0.2.45.4

19. York, Cathedral, Eng. 104. John Wynal

Musicus et logicus Wynal, hic jacet ecce Johannes
Organa namque loqui fecerat ille quasi

Musician and logician eke,
Wynal lo! John lies here;
Who made the Organ for to speak
Just e'en as if it were.

20. On a Piper. 104.

Under this stone lies here,
Honest John, the Piper.
What old John? Nay, nay
What young John? Ay, ay.
December, 1749.

21. On the Celebrated Mr. Christopher Shrider. 104.

Here lies the musical Kit Shrider,
Who organs built when he did bide here:
With nicest Ear he tun'd 'em up;
But Death has put the cruel stop:
Tho' Breath to others he convey'd,
Breathless, alas! himself is lay'd.
May he, who such keys has giv'n,
Meet with St. Peter's Keys of Heav'n!
His Cornet, Twelfth, and Diapasen,
Could not with Air supply his Weasand;
Bass, Tenor Treble, Unison,
The loss of tuneful Kit bemoan.

22. On an Organ Blower, named Knust. 79.

Here lies George Knust,
At last in the dust,
Out of spirits and low;
Who, for God's church, did puff
All his life, long enough,
And its organ did blow, -
'Till the puffer, Grim Death,
Blew him out of his breath.

23. Castlecaldwell, Lough Ern, Ireland. 83. The Fiddler's Tombstone.
* "D.D.D." meaning DENIS DIED DRUNK".

To the memory of
DENIS McCABE,
Fidler
Who fell out of
The St. Patrick's Barge
Belonging to
Sir James Caldwell, Bt.,
And Count Milan,
And was drowned
Off this point
August ye 13, 1770
Beware ye fidlers
of ye fidlers fate; nor
tempt ye deep lest ye repent
too late; on firm land ~~carry~~ only
exercise your skill; there ye
may play and safely drink
Your fill. D.D.D. *

24. Holy Trinity Church, Hull, Eng. 2.

In memory of
GEORGE LAMBERT
Late organist of this church,
which office he held upward of 40 years,
Performing its duties with ability
and assiduity rarely exceeded,
affording delight to the lovers
of sacred Harmony,
This tablet is erected
By his musical and private friends
Aided by the brothers of the Humber
and Minerva Lodges of the Free Masons of this town.
(being a member of the latter lodge),
That they place on record
The high sense they entertained
Of his personal and professional merit.
He died Feb. 19th, 1838, aged 70 years,
And his remains were interred at the
Parish Church of St. John in Beverly.

Tho' like an organ now in ruins laid,
Its steps disorder'd, and its frame decay'd
This instrument ere long new tun'd shall raise
To God, its builder, notes of endless praise.

25. Flixton, Eng. 2.

To the memory of John Booth, of Flixton, who died 16th March, 1778 aged 43 years; on the same day and within a few hours of the death of his wife Hannah, who was buried with him in the same grave, leaving seven children behind them.

Read, have patience, for a moment stay,
Nor grudge, the tribute of a friendly tear,
For John, who,once made of our village gay,
Has taken up his clay-cold lodging here.

Suspended now his fiddle lies asleep,
That once with music us'd to charm the Ear
Not for his Hannah long reserv'd to weep,
John yields to Fate with his companion dear.

So tenderly he loved his dearer part,
His fondness could not bear a stay behind;
And Death through kindness seem'd to throw the dart
To ease his sorrow, as he knew his mind.

In cheerful labours all their Time they spent,
Their happy lives in length of days acquir'd;
But Hand in Hand to Nature's God they went,
And just lay down to sleep when they tir'd.

The relicks of this faithful honest pair
One little space of Mother Earth contains.
Let Earth protect them with a Mother's Care,
And constant verdure grace her for her pains.

The pledges of their tender love remain
For seven fine children bless'd their nuptial state.
Behold them, neighbours! Nor behold in vain,
But heal their sorrows and their lost estate.

26. Stoney Middleton, Churchyard, Eng. 2.

In memory of George, the son of George and Margaret Swift of Stoney Middleton, who departed this August the 21st, 1759, in the 20th year of his age. We the Quoir of Singers of this church have erected this stone.

He's gone from us, in more seraphick lays
In Heaven to chant the great Jehovah's praise;
Again to join him in those courts above,
Let's here exalt God's name with mutual love.

27. St. Pancras Churchyard, Middlesex. 17, 38.

Sacred
to the memory of
Mr. Samuel Harrison,
Who to a most pleasing and melodious voice,
added
A very extensive knowledge and correct judgment
in the science of music.
The chaste style, refined state, and impressive manner
with which he delivered
The beautiful composition of Handel
Will cause his loss to be severely felt
and lamented by
The admirers of sacred music:
And the many aimable qualities which adorned
His character in private life, will long endear
His memory to
His affectionate relatives and numerous friends.
He was born the 8th of September, 1760, and died
The 25th of June, 1812.
'Twas his celestial pleasure to impart
Judgment with taste, and science to combine,
Waking with seraph voice and matchless art
Immortal Handel's harmony divine.
Peace, gentle spirit, to thy lov'd remains!
Let no rude sounds thy halcyon grave annoy
But gentle,airs and soft melodious strains,
Attend thy passage to the realms of joy.

28. St. Pancras, London, Eng. 17, 38.

To the memory of
Mr. John Danby
Professor of Music
who departed this life, May 16th 1798
Aged, 41 years.
Reader! If excellence in Music's Art,
By turns to sadden, or to cheer the heart:
Whether by playful catch, by serious glee,
Or the more solemn Canon's harmony.
If genius such as that can raise a sigh,

Or draw the trickling tribute from thine eye;
Pause o'er this spot, which now contains the clay
Of him in whom those talents lately lay.
The spirits, fled to join its natives skies,
Hear all that now remains of Danby lies.
Rest, much respected, much lamented Earth,
Remnant not more of science than of worth;
And tho' thy works have wrought a better fame,
This record is but justice to thy name.

29. St. Pancras Churchyard. 38. N.B. This lady was celebrated for her vocal powers, originally under her maiden name Burchell, afterwards as Mrs. Vincent; but withdrew from public life, when she married her second husband.

In memory of
Mrs. Isabella Mills
Died, 9th June, 1802, aged 67.

And art thou then in awful silence here,
Whose voice so oft has charmed the public ear;
Who with thy simple notes, could strike the heart,
Beyond the utmost skill of labour'd art.
Oh! may the power whp gave thee dulcet strain,
And pitying rescued thee from early pain;
Exalt thy spirit, touch'd with hallow'd fire,
To hymn his praise among the angelic choir.

NEEDLE AND PIN MAKERS

1. On a Pin Maker. William Sharpless. 58.

Here lies Will Sharpless. Oh, most cruel Death!
Why didst thou rob Will Sharpless of his breath?
He in his lifetime, scraping one poor pin,
Made better dust than thou can make of him.

2. Bermondsey, 1770. Will Wylde - needlemaker to Queen Charlotte. 8, 77,96

Man wants but little, nor that little long;
How soon must he resign his very dust,
Which frugal nature lent him but one hour.

3. Joseph Sharpe, Needle-Maker and common Councilman - Farringdon Without, Eng. 104, 36.

Alas! he's dead, good Master Sharpe!
Could I, like David, thrum the Harp,
I wou'd his virtues here rehearse,
In humble common council verse.
But who can butcher Death, pray, wheedle?
He from his hand snatch'd out a needle;
A Needle sharper than his Dart,
And stuck it into Joseph's heart.

NEEDLE WORKERS

1. Catherine Hall, ob 1773, aet 57 - Tambour worker and whist player. 8, 77, 96, 104.

Ere my work's done my thread is cut,
My hands are cold, my eye sight fails,
Stretched in my frame, I'm compass'd now
With worms instead of lovely snails.*
The game of life is finished too,
Another now has ta'en my chair;
Grieved there's no shuffling after death,
I'm gone, alas, the Lord knows where!
Reader, attend, if you in works excel,
In bliss eternal, you'll hereafter dwell;
And if you play your cards with caution here,
Secure to win, the trump you need not fear.
"O care Deus mi, miserere mei."

* snails - chenilles, the silk twist used in tambour work.

NEWSPAPER MEN, EDITORS, ETC.

1. On an Editor. 50.

Here lies an Editor!
Snooks, if you will;
In mercy, kind providence,
Let him lie still!
He lied for his living; so
He lived while he lied
When he could not lie longer
He lied down and died.

2. Epitaph for newspapermen: Walter Winchell

Here he rests
Still at the bottom of things.

ORATORS

1. On a Stump Orator. 58.

Here lies a witless, who had the wit
To make men think he had no lack of it.
As his own tongue, his life was always loose;
But his loose tongue his looseness did excuse.
He nothing knew, yet men believed he taught;
His words were many, but their value nought.
The fools who listen'd thought his notes were gold;
And, to speak truth for that they oft were sold.
He was as coarse a specimen of clay
As ever clogged a hole, or stopp'd the war.
His name was Mudd, his ways were in the slime,
While life's oil'd wheels ran o'er the shores of time.
But when death's drought came on as come it must,
He dried into a little heap of dust.

2. Harfold, Devon. Raven. 1556 Thomas Williams Speaker of the House of Commons. Raven.

Here lieth the corpse of Thomas Williams Esquire
Twice reader he in court appointed was
Whose sacred mind to virtue did aspire
Of Parliament he Speaker hence did passe
The common peace he studied to preserve
And true religion ever to maintain
In place of justice where as he did serve
And now in Heaven with mighty Jove doth reigne.

3. On Caleb Cushing, well known Boston orator in early 19th century. Epitaph by Miss Hannah Gould. 46.

Lie aside all ye dead,
For in the next bed
Reposes the body of Cushing;
He has crowded his way
Through the world, as they say,
And perhaps even here he'll be pushing.

4. A well known orator wrote his own epitaph. Chambers Journal 1872. p111.

Here, reader, turn your weep eyes,
My fate a useful moral teaches;
The hole wherein my body lies
Would not contain one -half my speeches.

NURSE

1. Twickenham Churchyard - Pope's Nurse. 50, 58.

To the memory of Mary Beach, who died November 5, 1725, aged 78
Alexander Pope, whom she nursed in infancy, and whom she affectionately attend for twenty-eight years, in gratitude for such a faithful old servant, erected this stone!

2. Another epitaph to Mary Beech, Pope's nurse
was written by Lady Mary W. Montague who was then feuding with Pope:

Here lies Mary Beech, exempt from all care,
Who nursed Alex. Pope full thirty eight year;
No wonder his genius was so stout, and so strong,
When he lugg'd and he tugg'd at her bubby so long.
(bubby - teats or nipples of her breast) by Lady Mary W. Montague

PAPER MAKER

1. Paper Maker. 79.

Here lies Thomas Brown, who brown paper made,
And making of brown paper was his trade.

PEDDLERS (pedlars, hawkers, costers)

1. Thomas Tyre, pedlar - 1795 West Kilbride, Scotland. 96.

Died January 2, 1795.
Aged 72 years
Here lies the banes of Thomas Tyre,
Who long had drudg'd through dub & mire,
In carrying bundles & sic like,
His task performing wi' small fyke.
To deal his snuff Tam aye was free
And served his friends for little fee.
His life obscure was naething new,
Yet we must own his faults were few,
Although at Yule he sipp'd a drop,
And in the Kirk whiles took a nap;
True to his word in every case,
Tam scorned to cheat for lucre base,
Now he is gone to taste his fare,
Which none but honest men will share.

2. Another pedlar. Paulerspury, Northants. 96.

At 14 years of age in Scotland I was bound
Apprentice, for to travel all over English ground
And Ireland had its share of my 40 years toil and pain
And here I pitched my staff, to ease my back again.
A family I have enjoyed full 41 years at least
And now I am called hence, as God has thought it best.

3. On a Pedlar. Calstock, Cornwall. 96. also on James Horton, Ellington, Eng. 89.

I lodged have in many a town
And travelled many a year,
Till age and death have brought me down
To my last lodging here.

4. On a Pedlar. 96.

Here lies old Ralph; he sleeps very safe,
His age, it was three score and ten;
He never did any good, and swore he never would
If he had liv'd as long again.

PHILOSOPHERS

1. Stow, Buckinghamshire, Eng. 104, 38, John Locke

John Locke
who best of all philosophers
Understood the power of the human mind;
The Nature, End, and bound of Civil Government;
And with equal courage and sagacity,
Refuted
The slavish system of usurp'd authority
Over the rights, the Consciences
Or the Reason of Mankind.

2. Elijah Oldfield. 1642. Chipping Sodbury, Glos. 96.

Here is the wardrobe of my dusty clothes
Which hands divine shall brush & make so gay
That my immortal soule shall put them on,
And wear the same upon my Wedding Daye;
In which attire my Lord shall me convoy
Then to the lodging of eternal joy.

3. Edward Peregrine Gastrell - 1772. St. Mary's Chapel, Chester. 96.

(N.B. This epitaph expresses his idea of the great hereafter.)

Obiit 1772
Aet 64
Is this his death bed? No! it is his shrine.
Behold him rising as an angel;
Entering the harbour like a gallant, stately vessel,
He hoists his flag of hope.
Through the merits of our blessed Redeemer,
Riding before a stately gale of atonement,
Till he makes, with all the sail of an assured faith,
The happy port of a joyful resurrection.
He lived in the fear & love of God
And died in Christ.
Believe and look with triumph on his tomb.

4. Location? 100. On a Philosopher. by Diblin.

Here lies a philosopher knowing and brave,
From whom Madam Nature ne'er hid the least wonder,
Who, looking to heaven, tumbled into his grave
And disdain'd that same earth which he rotting lies under.

PHOTOGRAPHER.

1. Location? 100.

Here I lie, taken from life.

2.

POLICEMEN, CONSTABLES, EXCISE OFFICERS, ETC.

1. John Dod - 1515. St. Paul's, London. 96. a constable.

Here lies John Dod, a servant of God, to whom he is gone,
Father or mother or sister or brother, he never knew none.
A head borough, and a constable, aman of fame,
The first of his house and the last of his name.
Dyed, buried & deceast, the fifteenth of May,
One Thousand five hundred & fifteen being Whitson Monday.

2. Wickham - Market. 58.

Charles Eldred, an excise officer,
Killed Oct. 18, 1848, aged 21.
An accident his youthful life did end,
No time allow'd His soul to recommend
Unto that God who gave him his first breath
So suddenly his eyes were closed in death.

3. On a Policeman. 25.

Will you drop a tear over him as lies here,
Who died for love of thee, Mary?
His whiskers was red, and his letter was Z
And his number was 23, Mary.

I died at the station from information
That received of thee, Mary.
There's one in the force as will feel remorse,
But you will feel wusser than he, Mary.

You'll often, perhaps, in a fond relapse,
Leave the airy gate ajar, Mary;
And ne'er will see cold mutton or tea
But what you'll remember me, Mary.

I'd a took you in charge, but you're still at large,
For death he has charge of me, Mary;
I walked my last beat in a far off street,
But my heart's last beat was for thee, Mary.

Move on, Traveler, move on!

POLITICIANS AND ORATORS.

1. On a Member of the House of Lords. 50.

Ultimum Domum
Did lie who wrote upon this wall,
Ere read or disbelieve St. Paul?
Who tells us that in foreign lands
There is a house not made with hands:
Or must we gather from these words
That house is not a House of Lords.

2. On a Henpecked Country Squire. 10.

As father Adam first was fool'd,
A case that's still too common,
Here lies a man a woman ruled,
The devil ruled the woman. (Robert Burns)

3. St. James Churchyard, Hampstead Road, London, Eng. 17.

Sacred to the memory of
Lawrence Harman,
Earl of Rosse
Baron and Viscount
Oxmantown.
Actuated by the genuine principles of Religion,
He was eminently distinguished
By those virtues which result from its influence.
As a senator his conduct was marked by an inflexible loyalty
& patriotic ardour,
And the possession of an unbiassed judgment
and inviolable Integrity preserved him
from becoming either the Dupe of Party,
or the tool of faction.
By his authority, firmness and address,
he was enabled in times of political commotion
Not only to restrain from Acts of Violence,
But to gain the confidence and attachment
Of the disaffected among whom he resided.
To his many valuable qualities in private Life,
his afflicted family and friends, his numerous
Tenantry, the orphan and the destitute
Will unite to bear the most cordial, just, and
honourable testimony.

4. Leeds, Yorkshire, Eng. - on a Learned Alderman. 66.

Here lies William Curtis, late our Lord Mayor
Who has left this here world, and is gone to that there.

5. On J.B.----d, Esq. Late Alderman of D----. 104, 38.

Here, fast asleep, upon his back,
By Death extended, lies plump Jack:
A sleeper ne'er to be forgot,
Renown'd as Eh---y, or as Trott.
Oft has he slept (we've heard him snore)
Within these sacred walls before;
Yet, charm'd a while by Porpheus' Rod,
He soon shook off the feeble God,
And soon victorious &'gan to rise,

And yawn and stare, and rub his eyes.
Now vanquish'd quite, behold him fall,
Attack'd by sleep, and Death and all.
Be serious Muse, the day will come
When he fresh rising from this tomb,
Shall life and other realms explore,
And woke to die, to sleep no more.

6. On Another Alderman - (by J. Cunningham) 104.

That he was born it cannot be denied;
He eatm drank, slept, talk'd Politics and died.

7. On Alderman Jones. 104.

Alderman Jones lockt up in a Box,
He liv'd like a Lyon, and dy'd like a Fox.

8. On a Bailiff - John Trott. 104, 38.

Here lies John Trott, by trade a Bum;
When he dy'd, the Devil cry'd,
Come, John, come!

9. Ryegate, Vt. 57, 67, 22. 103. Blue mountain Cemetery.

In memory of (~~Alden Work~~) Moses Buchanan.
He died ~~in~~ July 1st in the eight~~eenth~~-third year of the American Era.
He was an active, honest and successful merchant, and a
firm Democratic representative in the legislature of Vermont.
He died as he lived - happy.
I lived on earth; I died on earth,
In earth I am interred
All that have life are sure of death;
The rest may be inferred.

10. Texas. (Amarillo) 57, 67, 22.

He remained to the last a decided friend and supporter of
Democratic principles and measures.
Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

11. Baton Rouge, La. 57, 9.

Here lies the body of David Jones
His last words were "I die a Christian and a Democrat."

12. Savannah, Ga. 9. A Democratic tribute toa Politician.

"He was honest, even though he was a Republ ican.

13. Huntington, W.Va. 89, 100.

Here lies the body of J. Wesley Webb, a firm believer in the Lord
Jesus Christ, Jeffersonian Democracy, and the M.E. (Methodist Episco-
pal) Church.

14. Wellsville, Mo. 83. Henry Norris ← { 103, Bethel cemetery, near Montgomery City, Mo B.H Norris, d. 1900, aged 51

Kind friends I leave behind ⇒ I've left.
Cast your vote for Jennings Bryan.

15. Elgin Cemetery, Wisconsin. 103. (see illustration)

"Family of Robert R. Hallenbeck,
Maud C. Evans, his wife,
Vern B.
Keith H.
Their sons
None of us ever voted for
Roosevelt or Truman.
(N.B. The father and sons were still living when monument was laid.)

16. Wilson's Cemetery, Pekin, Indiana. 103.

On ~~Ben Mead~~ Elisha Bowman, aged 33, died 1865.
"He believed that nothing but
the success of the Democratic Party
would ever save this Union."

Story: Ben Mead and his neighbor,
Elisha Bowman, disagreed
sharply about politics. ~~Mead~~ Bowman.
wrote this epitaph and directed that it be placed on his tombstone after his death.

17. Attica District Cemetery, Attica, Kansas. 103.

N. Grigsby, died 1890, aged 78 years.

Through this inscription I wish to enter
my dying protest against what is called
the Democratic Party. I have watched it
closely since the days of Jackson, and know
that all the misfortunes of our Nation have
come to it through the so called party.
Therefore beware of this party of treason.

18. Bethel Methodist Cemetery, near Montgomery City, Missouri. 103

Same as above

B.H. Norris, died 1900, aged 51 years.
Kind friends I've
Left behind
Cast your vote for
Jennings Bryan.

19. Oakwood Cemetery, Statesville, North Carolina. 103.

Abner Columbus Sharpe
Sept. 24, 1857 Mar. 25, 1927
He was a Democrat.

20 Dobson, North Carolina 103

In memory of William Mitchel
Born - Oct. 11, 1832
Died - Dec. 18, 1889
Politics - Republican

21. Wintergreen Cemetery, Port Gibson, Miss. 103.

Sacred to the memory of Henry Devine
a native of Ireland who died in Port Gibson
November 7th 1844. Aged 32 years.
During the protracted illness which preceded
his death the deceased often expressed a wish
only to live long enough to vote for Henry Clay
for the Presidency. His wish was granted.
The last act of his life was to vote the Whig
ticket, having done which, he declared that
he died satisfied.
His remains were followed to the grave by his
fellow members of the Port Gibson Clay Club and
by them this stone is erected.

POTTERS

1. Silkstone Churchyard, Eng. 50, 2. On a Potter and his wife.

John Taylore of Silkstone, potter died July 14 th, 1815, aged 72.
Hannah, his wife, died August 13th, 1815, aged 68.

Out of clay they got their bread;
Themselves of clay (or dust) were made;
To clay returned, they now lie dead;
In churchyard clay all must be laid.
His wife to without him tried,
Hard found the task, fell sick and died;
And now in peace their bodies lie
Until the death be called on high,
New moulded for their home - the sky.

2. Chester, Eng. 104, 27, 96, 77, 2. On an old woman who kept a pottery shop. (also in chapter on "Puzzles, anagrams, etc,)

Beneath this stone lies old Catherine Gray,
Changed from a busy life to lifeless clay;
By earth and clay, she's got her pelf,
Yet now she's turned to earth herself.
Ye weeping friends, let me advise,
Abate your grief and dry your eyes,
For what avail a flood of tears?
Who knows but in a run of years,
In some tall pitcher or bread pan,
She in her shop may be again?

3. Enfield Church, Middlesex. 50, 104. John White - Potter. 1723.

Here lies John White, who day by day
On River-works did use much clay,
Is now himself turning that way;
If not to clay, to dust will come,
Which to preserve takes little room,
Although enclosed in this great tomb.

4. Wiltshire, Eng. 27. Joseph Trowlup - a potterne.

also under architects

Here lies Jospeh Trowlup
Who made yon stones roll up;
When death took his soul up,
His body filled this hole up.

5. On a Potter. 66. 97.

How frail is man - how short life's longest day!
Here lies the worthy Potter, turned to clay!
Whose forming hand, and whose reforming care
Has left us full of flaws. Vile earthen ware.

6. On a Potter. 79.

That thou wouldst pity take, I humbly pray,
O Lord, on this, my wretched lump of clay
A broken pitcher donot cleave in twain,
But let me rise, and be myself again.

7. Newcastle, Eng. 104. Mrs. Pottinger, a potter's wife.

Flesh is an Earthen Ware, and frail as Grass,
Hence Nelly's frame as brittle as her Glass;
She held her spirits long as e'er herbreath,
And left her Vessel when 'twas turn'd to Earth.
The Case was thus: Her Pitcher met a stroke
In going oft to Well, at last was broke;
Her Trade and Operation's at a stand,
The Shards, as Dust, wre cast unpon this Land.
John, who, to's Sorrow, oft had gone to Pot
Resolv'd a Home Stroke, while his Iron is hot;
Willing the Relicks of his Pot to save,
Hath scrap'd and laid his Pot-earth in this grave;
Hopes from the Colour, as the Mine grows old
His Urn of dust may turn to that of Gold;
And when his clay is restor'd, his Pots new made,
Expects to carry on a roaring Trade.

PROSTITUES, WHORES & MISTRESSES.

1. Oft Quoted but of Unknown Source.

Here lies the body of young Miss Charlotte,
Born a virgin, died a harlot.
For sixteen years she maintained her virginity
And that's a record for this vicinity.

2. St. George's Churchyard, Somerset, Eng. Based on this epitaph quoted by Unger.

Here lies poor Charlotte,
Who was no harlot,
But in her virginity,
Though just turned nineteen;-
Which within this vicinity
Is hard to be found and seen.

3. On a Whore. 104.

Here lies the body of a sinner,
Who dy'd for the want of warmth within her,
Altho' a fire she had in her.
Her Days were short, by too much sporting;
Not strange the Fate, where there's no Courting.
Physicians all, they gave her o'er,
But Death he undertook the cure,
And with his Scythe, with ease he lopt her,
And sav'd the charges of a Doctor.

4. Oxford, Eng. 104.

Reader, behold! This stone keeps Kitty down,
Who, when alive, mov'd all the stones in town.

5. Location? 100.

Josephine lies here below,
Upon my word she was not slow;
The life she led was very sporty -
She died when she was nearly forty.

6. 104.

Here Delia's buried at Fourscore;
When young, a lewd rapacious whore,
Vain and expensive; but when old,
A pious, sordid, drunken scold. By Hil. Jacob.

7. 104.

Beneath this stone doth lie a Lass,
To Bucks and Blood well known;
With any man she'd drink a Glass,
And kiss for Half a Crown.
At fifteen years she was a whore,
Was ten years on the town;
And would have stood it many more,
Had Death not knock'd her down.

8. An epitaph on one of his mistresses by Matthew Prior (b. 1664, d. 1721)
Jenny the Just

From some real care but more fancied vexation,
From a life partly coloured, half reason, half passion,
Here lies after all the best wench of the nation.

From the Rhine to the Poe, from the Thames to the Rhone,
Joanna or Janiten; Jinny or Joan,
'Twas all one to her by what name she was known.

For the idiom of words very little she heeded,
Provided the matter she drove at succeeded,
She took and gave languages just as she needed.

With a just trim of virtue her soul was endued,
Not affectedly pious nor secretly lewd,
She cut even between the coquette and the prude.

Her will with her duty so equally stood,
She seldom opposed, she was commonly good,
And did pretty well, doing just what she would.

Declining all power, she found means to persuade,
Was then most regarded when most she obeyed,
The mistress in truth when she seemed but the maid.

Her thought still confined to its own little sphere,
She minded not who did excel or did err,
But just as the matter related to her.

Some parts of the Bible by heart she recited,
And much in historical chapters delighted,
But in points about faith she was somewhat shortsighted.

So notions and modes she referred to the schools,
And in matters of conscience adhered to two rules,
To advise with no bigots and jest with no fools.

And scrupling but little, enough she believed,
By charity ample small sins she retrieved,
And when she had new clothes she always received.

Retire from this sepulchre all the profane,
You that love for debauch or that marry for gain.
Retire lest ye trouble the remains of Jane.

PYROTECHNIST

67.

1. A noted pyrotechnist died a few years ago, who in the course of his travels had been impresss'd by the inscription on the tombstone of the great composer, Purcell which read as follows:

"He is gone where alone his
melodies can be exceeded"

Fired by an ambition to stand highest in his own profession. In this word, he requested the following be placed on his tombstone:

"He is gone where alone his
fireworks can be exceeded.

100.

Another version of the above is that the widow of this pyrotechnist erected a tombstone with this inscription:

"Erected by his spouse
To the memory of
A----- B-----
He has gone to the only place
Where his own works are excelled."

PRINTERS

1. John Hulum. 1827. St. Michael's, Coventry. 96, 50, 2. Compositor on Coventry Mercury for 60 years.

Here
lies inter'd
the mortal remains
of
John Hulum
Printer
who, like an old, word out type
battered by frequent use
reposes in the grave.
But not without a hope that at some future time
he may be cast in the mould of righteousness,
and safely locked-up
in the chase of immortality.
He was distributed from the board of life
on the 9th day of September 1827
Aged 75
Regretted by his employers,
And respected by his fellow artists.

2. On a Printer. Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolks. 96, 33, 71, 2, 58. d. 1818.

Here lies the remains of Louis Gedge, a printer
Like a worn out type
He is returned to the founder,
In hopes of being recast
In a better and more perfect mould.

(types character - Loaring)

(Norfolk - 1st sentence -
(Near this place are deposi-
(ted the remains of Gedge,
(printer, who established
(the 1st newspaper that has
(been published in this town

3. John Haviland. Winstone Churchyard. (Goldsmid,)

Anag. (John Haviland obiit. Novemb. 19
(hold ay in heav'n A° Dni 1638

None printed more, and erred lesse in print,
None led a life that had lesse errors in't;
None had a state that did more good with it,
None lesse appearing, and more full of wit;
None lesse affected to fantastick fashion,
None more adres't to Christion compassion;
None better knowne to th' myst'ry of his art,
None of a stronger braine or clearer heart.
Well has he finished then his pilgrim race
Who ever liv'd in form, and died in case.
This constant impreze then shall seale his grave
Each year my works must new impressions make
A matrice gave me life, a matrice gain,
And earth's the matrice that does me contain.

4. John Holt - died Jan. 30, 1784, aet 64. New York. 57.

A due tribute to the memory of John Holt, printer to this state (N.Y.), a native of Virginia, who patiently obeyed Death's awful summons on the 30th of January, 1784 in the 64th year of his age.

To say that his family lament him is needless; that his friends bewail him, useless; that all regret him unnecessary; for that he merited every esteem is certain. The tongue of slander cannot say less, though justice might say more. In token of sincere affection, his disconsolate widow hath caused this memorial to be erected.

5. Edward Jones - aged 50, 1705 - Gazette Printer of the Savoy. 8, 77, 2.

Here lies a Printer, famous in his time!
Whose life by lingering sickness did decline;
He lived in credit, and in peace he died,
And often had the chance of fortune tried;
Whose smiles by various methods did promote
Him to the favour of the Senate's vote;
And so became by national consent,
The only printer for the Parliament;
Thus by degrees, so prosp'rous was his fate,
He left his heirs a good estate.

(N.B. This epitaph was appended to an elegy entitled "The Mercury Hawkers in Mourning" published on his death).

6. John Wilson, printer of Kilmarnock edition of Robert Burns work/ Epitaph by Robert Burns.

"Wee Johnny"
Whoe'er thou art, o reader know
That Death has murdered Johnny!
As here his body lies fu'low -
For soul he ne'er hadany.

7. Edinburgh, Scotland. 2, 50. On a Printer. (N.B. puns related to old type of wooden press)

Sacred to the memory of
Adam Williamson
Pressman - printer in Edinburgh
who died Oct. 3, 1832
Aged 72 years
All my days are loosed;
My cap is thrown off; my head is worn out
My box is broken;
My spindle and bar have lost their power;
My till is laid aside;
Both legs ofmy crane are turned out of their path;
My platen can make no impression;
My winter hath no spring
My rounce will neither roll out or in
Stone, coffin and carriage have all failed;
The hinges of my tympan and frisket are immovable;
My long and short ribs are rusted;
My cheeks are much worm eaten and mouldering away
My press is totally down;
The volume of my life is finished;
Not without many errors.
Most of them have arisen from bad composition, and
Are to be attributed more to the chase than the press;

There are also a great number of my own:
Misses, scuffs, blotches, blurs and bad register.
But the true and faithful superintendent has undertaken to correct
the whole.
When the machine is again set up incapable of decay,
A new and perfect edition of my life will appear,
Elegantly bound for duration, and every way fitted
For the Grand library of the Great Author.

8. Christopher Barker - 2/ Celebrated 16th century typographer, printer to Queen Elizabeth.

Here Barker lies, once printer to the Crown,
Whose works of art acquired a vast renown.
Time saw his worth, and spread around his fame,
That future printers might imprint the same.
But when his strength could work the press no more
And his last sheets were folded into store,
Pure faith, with hope (the greatest treasure given),
Opened their gates, and bade him pass to Heaven.

9. Baskerville, celebrated Birmingham printer and type founder. 2.

Stranger
Beneath this cone, in unconsecrated ground,
A friend to the liberties of mankind
Directed his body to be mourned.
May the example contribute to emancipate thy mind
From the idle fears of superstition, and the
Wicked arts of priestcraft.

10. Albany, N.Y. 57.

John Barber who was born at Langford in London, came in early life, to America and died at Albany, where he was printer to the State of New York, on the 10th of July 1803, aged 53 years.

The life of man
Is summ'd in birthdays and in sepulchres;
But the eternal God had no beginning,
He hath no end.

11. A Printer's Epitaph. 95?

Here lies his form in pi,
Beneath this bank with briers overgrown
How many cases far more unworthier lie
'Neath some imposing stone.

No column points our loss,
No sculptured caps his history declare;
Although he lived a follower of the cross
And member of the bar.

The golden rule he prized,
And left it as a token of his love;
And all his deeds, corrected and revised
And registered above.

The copy of his wrongs
  The proofs of all pi-ety are there,
And the fair title, which to truth belong
  Will prove his title fair.

Though now, in death's embrace,
  A mould-ering heap our luckless brother lies
He'll reappear on Gabriel's royal-chase
  And frisk-it to the skies.

12. On a Printer. 25.

"No column trophied for triumphal show"
Records the name of him who sleeps below;
Nought but this simple stone the eye can trace,
To guide the stranger to his resting place;
Wrapped in his tympan sheet he slumbers here:
Shed o'er the printer's grave a passing tear.
His shakey form has shifted from the pins
But registered in heaven are all his sins.
Yet brother - "typos" - think me not uncivil -
Our friend began his life a very devil.
He led a sad and wicked life, tis true,
And drank as printers generally do;
But now his forme shall ne'er be racked with pain,
Nor sorrow's thoughts press heavy on his brain.
King Death has folded up his page of life,
And ta'en him from this world of care and strife,
Chased every thought of sadness from his head,
And locked him up amongst the quiet dead.
From every earthly ill his frame has shriven,
Till he appears before the bar of heaven.
His earthly composition's gone to mould,
Unto the quiet grave his form is rolled.
And all his typographic friends deplore,
The loss of him who'll never frisk-it more!
Death set him with his stick too soon away;
But all the rule of nature must obey.
Now underneath this stone, a mass of pye,
This type of human frailty doth lye.

13. A Printer's Epitaph. 9, 58.

Here lies a form - place no imposing stone
    To mark the head, where weary it is lain;
'Tis matter dead! its mission being done,
    To be distributed to dust again
The body's but the type at best, of man
    Whose impress is the spirit's deathless page;
Worn out, the type is thrown to pi again
    The impression lives through an eternal age.

13a. On a Printer. 36
Here lies a Printer, well-a-day!
  Who many a Proof has given;
His Friends have nothing more to say,
  But with him proof for Heaven

14. Groton, Mass. 40.

Erected in memory of
Mr. Oliver Sheple, Jr., Printer,
who departed this life Feb. 4, 1835
in the city of Boston.
Aet 25 ys, 5 mos & 3 days.
He had just commenced publishing in Boston
a religious newspaper - The Christian Witness
when it pleased God in his wise Providence
to take him from us. He was born in West Florida
now the state of Mississippi, Sept. 1, A D 1809.
He left there and came to Groton, A.D. 1815.
Pause young men and reflect,
Here rests the body of a young man
Cut off in the morning of life
Whose prospects was good.
Surrounded by friends, and beloved and esteemed
for his high sense of honour and rectitude
in all dealings with his fellow men.
His gentle manly deportment and urbanity of manners
endeared him to all who knew him.
He was a lover and follower of the Saviour of the world
and he died calling upon the name of the Lord.
He left a fond father and brother to lament his early departure
and much occasion have they to mourn the loss.

PUBLIC OFFICIALS (MAYORS, ALDERMAN, ETC.)

1. London - 58. John Warner - Late Lord Mayor of London.

Here lies my Lord Maior under this stone,
That last Bartholomew faire no Puppets would owne,
But next Bartholomew faire who liveth to see,
Shall view my Lord Maior a puppet to be,
Which sight shall forever continue his fame,
That he may dye never, but here have a name.
Nov. 17, 1648. John Warner, Junior.

2. St. Michael's, Cornhill. 58.

Here under lyeth a man of fame,
William Walworth, call'd by name;
Fishmonger he was, in lifetime here,
And twice Lord Mayor, as in Bookes appeare:
Who with courage stout, and manly might,
Slew Wat Tyler, in King Richard's sight;
For which act done, and trew intent,
The King made him Knight incontinent,
And gave him armes, as here you see,
To declare his fact and chivalrie.
He left this world life, the year of our God,
Thirteen hundred, fourscore, and three odd.

3. Sir William Curtis, a mayor. 58.

Here lies William Curtis, late our Lord Mayor,
Who has left this here world and gone to that there.

4. Arbroath Churchyard. 58.

Here lies Alexander Peter, present Town Treasurer of Arbroath, who died the 12th January, 1630.

Such a treasurer was not since, nor yet before;
For common work "Calsais trigs and schoir."
Of all others he did excell
He devised our skeol, andhe hung our bell.

5. St. Michael's Churchyard, Dumfries. 36.

In memory of
Francis Irving
Provost of Dumfries,
Died 8th November, 1633;
Aet at 68
King James the first, me Baliff nam'd;
Dumfries oft since me provost nam'd;
God has for me one crown reserv'd,
For King and country have I serv'd.

6. Annan Old Churchyard. 38. John Irwin. died July 19, 1722, aged 60 yrs. Justice of Peace and Bailie of Annan.

He thought it honor with all his might,
To preserve the ancient Burgh's right;
No man with bribes could for his blood,
Tempt him to hurt the common good;
Let every one that him succeeds,
Think on his faithful word and deeds.

7. Arlington Churchyard, Devonshire. 58.

Here lies Will Burgoin, a squire by descent,
Whose death in this world many people lament.
The rich for his love,
The poor for his alms,
The wise for his knowledge,
The sick for his balms.
Grace he did love, and vice control;
Earth hath his body, and heaven his soul.
The twelfth of August in the morn died he,
1 6 2 and 3.

8. On a Hen-Pecked County Squire. 58.

As father Adam first was fool'd,
A case that's still too common,
Here lies a man a woman ruled -
The devil ruled the woman.

9. Mitcham Church, Surrey. 58.

In the chancel is a monument
to the memory of
Sir Ambrose Crowley
Alderman of London.
Who died in 1713, and
is celebrated in No. 73 of the Tatler, under the name of Sir Humphrey Greenfat

10. Oh Colbert, celebrated comptroller-general of finances of France in reign of Louis XIV. 10

Gave impetus to commerce of his country
Inventor of theory of balance of trade.
Founded Quebec & cayenne, dockyards of Brest, Toulon & Rochefort.
Founded Academy of Painting and sculpture.
Started Royal Observatory
Erected Hotel Invalides, facade of Louvre, Tuilleries gardens,etc
Detested by many people; subjedt of bitter epigrams.

Ci git le pere des impots	A tax collector here is laid
Dont la mort a l'ame ravie;	Death of his soul hath capture made;
Que Dieu lui donne le repos	God grant him what he did his best
Qu'il nous eta toute la vie.	From us, through life, to banish - rest?

J. Davies

RAILROAD EMPLOYEES (see epitaph on John Luther ("Casey") Jones in Chapter on Historic people.)

1. Bromsgrove Churchyard - ob 1840. 8, 50, 96, 100, 2, 58. On an Engineer.

My engine now is cold and still,
No water does my boiler fill;
My cake affords its flame no more;
My days of usefulness are o'er;
My wheels deny their noted speed -
No more my guiding hand they need:
My whistle, too, has lost its tone -
Its shrill and thrilling sounds are gone;
My valves are now thrown open wide;
My flanges all refuse to guide;
My clacks, also though once so strong,
Refuse to aid the busy throng;
No more I feel each urging breath,
My steam is now condensed in death.
Life's railways o'er, each station's past;
In death I'm stopped, and rest at last;
Farewell, dear friends, and cease to weep;
In Christ I'm safe - in Him I sleep.

1a. Greenridge Cemetery, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. (103)
Willoby S. McMillan, "Killed by his engine" d 1853, aged 21.
His epitaph was the first four lines of the above.

2. Maryland. 89, 100. On a brave engineer

Until the brakes are turned on time,
Life's throttle - valve shut down,
He works to pilot in the crew
That wears the martyr's crown,
On schedule time, on upper grade
Along the homeward section;
He lands his train in God's round house
The morn of resurrection
His time is full, no wages docked,
His name on God's payroll,
And transportation through to heaven
A free pass for his soul.

3. Bridgeford-on-the-Hill. Nottinghamshire. 67, 2, 58. An engineer and palisade maker.

Sacred to the memory of John Walker, the only son of Benjamin and Ann Walker, engineer and Palisade maker, died Sept. 23rd 1832, aged 36 years.

Farewell my wife and father dear,
No engine's powers now do I fear;
My glass is run, my work is done,
And now my head lies quiet here.
Tho' many an engine I've set up,
And got great praise from men;
I made them work on British ground
And on the roaring main.

My engine's stopped; my valves are bad
And lies so deep within;
No engineer could here be found
To put me new ones in:
But Jesus Christ converted me,
And took me up above;
I hope once more to meet once more,
And sing redeeming love.

4. Epitaph of an Engineer - Scientific American Sept. 15, 1877. Hobbies Mag. cites "Chicago Age of Steel" as source of this genuine epitaph.

Here lies in a horizontal position,
The remains of
George Washington Brown,
Steam engineer.
Whose abilities and skill were an honor
To the craft.
His fire was even; water line at the middle rock;
Steam just right.
Every action was marked by the pressure gauge,
And limited by the safety valve.
And so accurately was his machinery regulated
By the governor.
He mever met with an accident.

Until most mysteriously - 'twas an unlucky day -
Boiler, engine, and building, with mortals ten
All went up
Higher than a kite!
Poor Brown, with nine others, departed this life
By steam
Aged 46, Cincinnatti, O., April 14, 1871.
At the inquest
The coroner held the deceased "a blameless man"
He was always true;
'Twas the iron that was false;
Providential - so it was to be.
Peace to his dust.

5. Newport, Monmouthshire. 33

James Austin, Engine driver
"He was a man."

6. Location? On an Engine Driver. 100.

I bid farewell to all the boys
Without a moment's notice.
Death came to me while in my joys
Upon a locomotive.

7. On a railway porter. 8.

He climbed the dizzy steeples of heaven,
Through peril, toil and pain,
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in "The Train."

8. Mount Hope Cemetery, Rochester, N.Y. 103
John Snell, killed in 1857, aged 37, on the New York Central Railroad. by means of an obstruction willfully placed on the track, in the night. But heroically keeping his post on his engine, The Daniel Webster, to the last he generously sacrificied his own life, for the preservation of the lives of those under his charge.

9. Bay View Cemetery, Bellingham, Wash. John Amos Barnes, d. 1951, aged 77. (103)
A veteran Wabash Railroad engineer
Took his last orders and made his final trip
to a mansion in the sky
(on tombstone is a carving of a wood-burning engine.)

10. Evergreen cemetery, Colorado Springs, Colorado, 103.
Charles B. Gunn, railroad conductor died 1935, aged 88.
"Papa - did you wind your watch?"

REALTOR.

1. Location? on an embarrassed landlord. 100.

Shed a tear for Simon Ruggle,
For life to him was a constant struggle,
He preferred the tomb and death's dark state,
To managing mortgaged real estate.

SAILORS

1. Alderney Churchyard, Channel Islands. 45.

In loving memory of William Scott,
Late Commander in the service of the Alderney Steampacket Company
Now with Christ which is much better.

IRRELIGIOUS PEOPLE. (ATHEISTS, AGNOSTICS)

Wallis. Buchanan, Michigan (Oak Ridge Cemetery). Joseph Coveney, d 1897, aged 72.

Before his death, he erected a spectacular monument costing $3000 It was made in England because local stonecutters refused to cut the sentiments Coveney requested. Many sentences are no longer legible, but among those which may still be read are the following:

The more peace, the more plenty.
The more Saints, the more Hypocrits.
The more Priests, the more poverty.
The Christian religion begins with a dream and ends with a murder.
The Constitution is the end of liberty because you unite Church and State Catholics will burn Heretics and Protistants will hang Quakers and witches.

Before his death, defacement of the monument began and Coveney wrote; "I was raised in a Catholic country, but it remained for a Protestant Christian to try to refuse me the right to maintain this monument in a public cemetery. I had inscribed thereon some of my sentiments on the religious fallacies of the day. These inscriptions, not coinciding with the view of the orthodox element, a minister's son, urged on by Christian hate, marred and defaced the monument in a barbarous manner. His act received the commendation of some of the strictly orthodox, though it is fair to say that all of the most prominent citizens of Buchanan condemned the act, and used every effort to prevent its repetition."

After his death, members of his family had portions of the inscriptions sandblasted from the stone. Other towns people took to chiseling.

" Lyndon Center, Vermont. George F Spencer, died 1808, aged 83. on rectangular granite monument.

Beyond the universe there is nothing and within the universe the supernatural does not and cannot exist. Of all deceivers who have plagued mankind, none are so deeply ruinous to human happiness as those imposters who pretend to lead by a light above nature. Science has never killed or persecuted a single person for doubting or denying its teachings, and most of these teachings have been true; but religion has murdered millions for doubting or denying her dogmas, and most of these dogmas have been false.

" Vineland, N.J. (Siloam cemetery) Jeremiah Hacker, ardent agnostic, died 1895, aged 94

"Teacher, lecturer and 15 years editor and Publisher of the Pleasure Boat. The angry, wrathful Bible, God is a Myth."

N.B. His wife died 4 years later; her epitaph:

"Where is God?"

" East Thompson, Conn. Jonathan Richardson d. 1872, aged 82

Who never sacrificed his reason at the alter of superstitious God, who never believed that Jonah swallowed the whale.

" Waco, Texas. (Oakwood cemetery) William Cowper Brann, an editor, who was killed in 1898, aged 43, in a pistol duel in streets of Waco. He edited the "Iconoclast", a periodical that attacked conventional ideas and institutions especially Baylor University.

on his monument, 6 ft, is an image of the classical Lamp of Truth. At the foot of the lamp is a pen and scroll with the word Truth. On one side of pedestal are his initials "WCB" & on the other side a profile of Brann.

Wallis. Greenville, Ohio. On grave of his wife, Hattie Deeter, died 1876, aged 20, in the Teagarden cemetery, her husband. Cy. (of Wooding, Ohio) had these caustic words in his own grammar and spelling: because of excessive attention paid to his wife by a minister.

There is no God. Man has no Soul
Life ends forever at death. The Human
race has advanced, not on account of the
Church, but in spite of it. Civilization
is due to science and not to Christianity.
Does a Catholic priest or a preacher
realize how unnecessary they are on earth?
I hope there is a hell for all those hell fire preachers.

(NB People living Darke County say that someone pasted a paper on the gravestone with these words:

He who wrote this did it well
The devil is waiting for him in hell.

(NBB People chipped away at this monument until nothing remains.

Wallis. West Berkshire, Vermont. Alvin Husk. - self written epitaph in acrostic form.

Name and Sentiments
A-ll Nature, self existent, powers innate
L-ife gives & takes, forms, solves, as adaptate.
V-irtue obeys, vice disobeys her laws;
In that all good, This only evil draws;
N-o good nor ill by Supernatural cause.

L-et not imagination take its flight.
U-pward to fancied regions for delight;
S-cience & virtue lend to happiness;
K-nown truth not fantom faith gives real bliss.
Aged 75 years. Sept 14, 1857

I have no fears because I've got
No faith, nor hope in juggernaut
Nor Foh, Grand Lama, Boud nor Zend,
Nor Bible systems without end;
Nor Alcoran nor Mormon news,
Nor any creeds that priest-dupes use:
Enlightened minds the whole detest,
In strongest faith no virtues lies;
And unbelief no vice implies;
A Bare opinion hurt no man,
Then prove it hurts a God who can
To others do to others give,
As you'd have done or would receive.

RELIGIOUS AND IRRELIGIOUS PEOPLE

1. To a Pious Man. 62.

The man who moulders here beneath the sod
Rever'd and lov'd the Scriptures of his God:
He read them gladly; bound them to his breast;
Found in them hope, and peace, and heavenly rest:
They taught him humbling truths - himself to know -
In doubt, and fear, and trouble, where to go -
To live, to die, - and, in his latest breath,
They gave him promise of life after death.
Though in his grave his dust a season be,
Where God and Heaven are, doubtless there is he.

2. Bermondsey, London, Eng. 48. 2 pious men.

Where once the famous Elton did entrust
The Preservation of his sacred Dust,
Lyes pious Whitaker, both justly entwined
Both dead one grave, both living had one mind;
And by their dissolution have supply'd
The hungry grave, and Fame and Heaven beside.
This stone protect their bones while Fame enrolls
Their deathless Name, and Heaven embrace their souls.

3. On Anne Green, a Quaker - Ramsburg, Eng. 104.

Here lies a piece of Christ, a star in Dust,
A wedge of Gold, a china dish, that must
Be us'd in Heav'n, when Christ does feed the just.

4. On a Pious Person. 79.

Shadowed with doubts, antagonished with fears,
I float to God up on a tide of tears.
Afar the beacon! Yet I see it shine
Despond, avount - faith makes the haven mine.

5. Stowe, Vermont. 89.

Pious
Open thine eyes, Lord!
I come! I come!

6. Mt. Auburn, Mass. 89.

For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

7. On an Odd Tombstone. 67.

He lived and died a true Christian
He loved his friends and hated his enemies.

8. Chelsea, Mass. 89.

Agreeable to the memory of Mrs. Alinda Tewksbury
She was not a believer in the Christian idolitry.

9. On Two Religious Disputants. 25. (also an example of a bet in an epitaph).

Suspended here, a contest see,
Of two, whose creeds could ne'er agree,
For whether they would preach or pray,
They'd do it in a different way!
And they would fain one fate deny'd
In quite a different manner died!
Yet think not that their rancour's o'er
No! for 'tis ten to one, and more,
Tho' quiet now as either lies
But they're a wrangle when they rise.

10. On an Infidel. 33.

Here lies a dicer long in doubt,
If death could kill his soul or not.
Here ends his doubtfulness, at last
Convinced, but, oh, the die is cast.

11. On Old Mr. Gold - a papist. 104.

One here lies, who rolled in Gold,
And kept it all, yet he grew old
To save him for his sins committed,
For Gold, he thought, he should be quitted.
A Priest assur'd him of a Pardon,
Or would not take of him one farthing;
The Chub believ'd (resign'd his breath)
And left his prayers till after Death.

12. City cemetery, ~~B.C.~~ Wash. Vancouver, Arthur Haine. d 1907, (103)

An atheist who ordered this
inscription to show his disbelief
in future life
"Haine Haint".

Wallis' story: Haine was a bonafide and zealous atheist, who wore his best clothes on week days and donned old work clothes on Sunday as he passed with his pious neighbors enroute to church. Two years he wrote his will & filed it in the courthouse:
"Know every body by these present that I, Arthur Haine, knowing what I am about, make this my last will and testament.... My funeral is to be of the cheapest kind and I dont want my body to be transported but buried in the vicinity where I may die. As I have lived as an Infidel, I must be buried as such without any monkey business"
His wishes were carried out. His coffin was taken to the cemetery in a beer truck while a band played popular tunes and kegs of beer were opened for friends and spectators.

13. On an Atheist. 8.

Beneath this stone bereft of breath
And freed from mortal strife,
Lies one who living, feared not death,
Nor dying, hoped for life.

14. Location ? 100.

Here lies the carcass
Of a cursed sinner
Doomed to be roasted
For the Devil's dinner.

15. On an Atheist. 104.

Here lies a round woman, who thought mighty odd
Ev'ry word that she heard in this Church about God.
To convince her of God the good Dean did endeavour,
But still in her heart she held Nature more clever.
Tho' she talk'd much of virtue, her head always run
Upon something or other she found better fun.

For the Dame, by her skill in affairs astronomical,
Imagin'd to live in the clouds was but comical.
In this world, she despis'd ev'ry soul she met here
And now she's in t'other she thinks it but queer.
Dean Swift.

16. On Gavin Hamilton. 10

The poor man weeps - here Gavin sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blamed;
But with such as he, wher'er he be,
May I be saved or damn'd. R. Burns

17. Stepney Churchyard. 38. Mr. Robert Sutton. died April 23, 1813.

A sinner by nature and a transgressor by practice,
Saved (if saved from the justice of God)
By that Grace alone,
Which flows through the righteous atonement
And the mediation of Jesus Christ our Lord;
Seek it reader, seek that blessing,
And death will be your eternal gain.

18. On Coleman, a plotting papist, in the reign of Charles II. 38.

If heav'n be pleas'd, when sinners cease to sin;
If Hell be pleas'd, when sinners enter in,
If earth be pleas'd, when ridded of a Knave
Then all are pleas'd, - for Coleman's in his grave.

19. Marshfield, Mass. 89. On an irreligious man.

Here lies a man beneath this sod,
Who slandered all except his God,
And him he would have slandered too,
But that his god he never knew.

20. On one who had sinned. 10.

Poor child of earth, by treach'rous vow betray'd,
From sin and sorrow thou at length art free,
The debt of nature of been duly paid,
And kneeling pity pays her debt to thee.

21. East Thompson, ~~N.Y.~~ Conn. 89, 100. 103. Jonathan Richardson, d 1872, aged 82

Here lies one who never sacrificed his reason ~~to~~ at the alter of superstitious God,
Nor ever believed that Jonah swallowed the whale.

22. Mogride Collection 62. (#160)

This tomb is erected over the remains of a man, honest, open-hearted and sincere; manly, generous, and humane: He lived a model of public and private worth, and died a pattern of piety and virtue.

23. 62. (#267)

He was learned, sensible, candid and pious; and in a great measure lived above the world while he lived in it.

24. 62. (#161)

This simple stone shall bear a simple line:
Here lies a sinner sav'd by grace divine.

25. Religious Man. Longner, Shrewsbury, Eng. 2. Edward Burton, died 1558. Zealous Protestant. Buried in his own garden when his minister (St. Chad's Church) refused burial in churchyard. Burton died suddenly while listening to bells acclaiming accession of Queen Elizabeth.

Was't for denying Christ, or some notorious fact,
That this man's body Christian burial lacks?
Oh no; his faithful true profession
Was the chief cause what then was held transgression.
When Pop'ry here did reign the See of Rome
Would not admit to any such a tomb
Within their Idol Temple Walls, but he,
Truly professing Christianity,
Was like Jesus Christ in a garden laid,
Where he shall rest in peace till it be said,
"Come, faithful servant, come, receive with me,
A just reward of thy integrity."

26. Southhampton, Mass. 57. (On a plain wooden slab, into which is set a daguerreotype of a spiritualist's family; beneath the picture, printed on blue paper and covered by glass.)

This
inclosure was
dedicated to the ashes of
Josiah A. Gridley
and family
March 16, 1852.
The above likeness was taken of the family, as it existed, Nov. 17th, 1847, with the exception of Mrs. G. who was so deranged that it was impossible to take her with the group. Albert J. the oldest son laid off the outer form Nov. 10, 1851, aged 19 years - yet he is neither dead nor asleep but, converses daily with his friends in the body, of the things that pertain to the Kingdom of God.

(over)

SALESMAN

1. Aspen Grove Cemetery, Burlington, Iowa. . 103. Thomas W. Campbell d. 1862 Aged 21 a Salesman, had his monument in the shape of a drummer's sample case.

My Trip Is Ended
Send My Samples Home

ROAD-BUILDER

1. 9.

On tombstone of John Fall, superintendent of the turnpike roads from Kirby Kendal to Kirby Irleth:
Reader, doth he not merit well thy praise,
Whose practice was through life to mend his ways?

27 Vienna, Louisiana, (103)
Louis H. Mays
Born in Lincoln County, Ga.
November 17, 1821
Died in Ruston, La, August 9, 1911.
Born spiritually, October 18, 1839
under no eyes save the Lords
and my horses.
Joined the Methodist Church on
September 4, 1839 and feel that I
have been an unworthy member
since, but hope to join the redeemed
above in the first resurrection.
(Dictated by Deceased).

31. Burial Hill, Plymouth, Mass, 103 Elezer Holmes.
d 1798, aged 84.

Thro' a long life in devious paths I trod
And liv'd alas! forgetful of my God:
But oh! the triumph of redeeming Power
A sinner ransomed at the Eleventh Hour
Repairs to Christ the Lord his Righteousness
And dies proclaiming free and sovereign Grace.

32. Keene, New Hampshire, Green lawn Cemetery. 103
Seth Newcomb, d. 1811, aged 25, (after sewing "wildcats")
Life though short was active,
too much devoted however to the world,
and too little to his maker and not till the
chastening Hand of Providence was in mercy
extended to him, did he duly estimate
the evidence of christianity,
but a severe and long continued sickness induced
reflection and inquiry, and the result was regret
that his conduct had been so long influenced
by worldly views, and full conviction of the truth
of our holy religion, and he died as he believed, a humble
and penitent sinner, resting his hopes of pardon
and salvation on the merits of his redeemer

28. West Parish, Burying Ground (103)
Barnstable, Mass.
Adelaide Savage, d. 1827, aged 20.
If heaven is the reward for a life
passed in innocence and usefulness
then she was a favored candidate.

29. Bridgton, Maine. - Forest Hill Cemetery (103)
Potie Choate, d 1912, aged 68
Her task in life, divine planned,
Was finished with the fading light;
She took her ready lamp in hand
And softly said "Good Night",

30. Harmony, Rhode Island, (103) Emma Luther d 1880
If there is another world
I live in bliss
If not another
I have made the most of this.

33. Aroostook County, Knowles' Corner, Maine. 103
Ruth Cooper, d. 1886, aged 40
She is waiting for us in the glorious
Eden-land
which lies beyond the sunset of life

ROPEMAKER

1. Stepney, London. 96. Abraham Zoveh, 1648.

Here lieth the
bodi of honist
Abraham Zoveh
of Wappin
ropemaker
who died 16 July 1648
Also Mary his wife,who
deceased the 29 of
May 1660 lately
the wife of Richard Burdin.

SERVANTS AND PORTERS

1. Thomas Cotes. 1648 Wing Church, Bucks. 96. A Hall Porter. (Same as Beable's)

Homest old Tom Cotes that sometimes was
Porter at Ascott Hall, hath now alas!
Left his key, lodge, fyre, friends and all to have
A room in heaven. This is that good man's grave,
Reader, prepare for thine, for none can tell,
But that you two may meet tonight. Farewell.

2. Peter Staggs. An Hostler. 25.

Poor Peter Staggs now rests beneath this rail,
Who loved his joke, his pipe, and mug of ale;
For twenty years he did his duties well,
Of ostler, boots, and waiter at the Bell.
But death stepp'd in, and order'd Peter Staggs
To feed the worms, and leave the farmer's nags.
The church clock struck one - alas! 'Twas Peter's knell
Who sigh'd, "I'm coming - that's the ostler's bell."

3. Stoneleigh Churchyard. 25. Humphrey How., porter to Lord Leigh, died 1688.

Here lies a faithful friend unto the Poore,
Who dealt large Almes out of his Lordship's store,
Weepe not poor people tho' ye servant's dead,
The Lord himself will give you dayly breade.
If markets rise raile not against their rates
The price is still ye same at Stoneleigh Gates.

4. Location? On a Faithful Servant. 100. (from the French)

M.C. Zozimus lived thirty-eight years. A liberal master erected this monument to a faithful servant. He never spoke ill of anyone; never did anything contrary to the will of his master; large sums of money were trusted continually to his care, from which he had not even the wish to take a single stiver for his own use.

5. On a Porter. 104. 36.

At length by Works of wondrous Fate,
Here lies the Porter of Wynchester Gate:
If gone to Heaven, as much I fear,
He can be but a Porter there:
He fear'd not Hell so much for's sin,
As for th' great Rapping, and oft coming - in.

6. <u>On a Porter, who died suddenly under a load</u>. 66.

Pack'd up within these dark abodes,
Lies one in life inur'd to loads,
Which oft he carried 'tis well known,
Till Death pass'd by and threw him down.

When he that carried loads before,
Became a load which others bore
To this his inn, where, as they say,
They leave him till another day.

7. <u>North Cerney, Gloucestershire, Eng</u>. 66.

Here lieth, ready to start, in full hopes to save his distance,
Timothy Turf, formerly Stud Groom to Sir Marmaduke Match'em, and
Later Keeper of the Racing stables on Cerney Downs: -
But
was beat out of the world on the 1st of April last, by
that invincible.
Rockingham Death.
N.B. He lived and died an honest man.

8. <u>Chatsworth, Derbyshire</u>. 2.

Here lies ye body of Mr. John Phillips, sometime Housekeeper of Chatsworth, who departed this life on ye 28th of May 1735, in ye 73rd year of his age, and the 60th of his service in ye most noble family of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire.

Pray let my bones together lie
Until that sad and joyful day,
When from above a voice shall say,
Rise all ye dead, lift up your eyes,
Your great creator bids you rise;
Then do I hope with all ye Just
To shake off my polluted dust,
And in new Robes of glory Dres't
To have access amongst ye Bless'd.

Which God in his infinite Mercy Grant
For the sake & through ye merits of my
Redeemer Jesus Christ ye Righteous. Amen.

9. <u>Petersham, Surrey</u>. 2.

Near the tomb of
a worthy Family
lies the Body of
SARAH ABERY
who departed this life
The 3rd day of August 1795
Aged 83 years
Having lived in the service
of that family
Sixty years
She was a good Christian
An honest woman
and
A faithful servant.

10. Sutton Coldfield, Eng. 2.

Sacred to the memory of
John Fisher, day labourer,
who died May 17th in the year 1806
in the 91st year of his age,
having served two masters at Moore Hall
in this parish, upward of fifty years,
Faithfully, Industriously, and Cheerfully,
He was in his Inployment
eight weeks before he died.
This stone is inscribed to his memory
By his last Master, as a pattern to posterity.

11. Eltham, Kent. 2.

Here lie the remains of
Mr. James Tappy
Who departed this life on the 8th of
September 1818, Aged 84
After a faithful service of
60 years, in one family
by each individual, in which,
He lived respected
And died lamented
By the Sole Survivor.

12. Kempsey, Worchestershire. 2.

To the memory of
Mrs. Sarah Armison
who died on the 27th of April 1817
Aged 88 years
77 of which she passed in the
service of the Family of Mrs. Bell
Justly and deservedly lamented by them,
For integrity, rectitude
of conduct, and aimable Disposition.

13. Petworth, Sussex. 2

In memory pf Sarah Betts, widow,
who passed nearly 50 years in one service
and died January 2, 1792, aged 75
Farewell, dear Servant! Since thy heavenly Lord
Summons thy worth to its supreme reward.
Thine was a spirit that no toil could tire,
"When Service sweat for duty, not for hire."
From him whose childhood cherished by their care,
Weathered long years of sickness and despair,
Take what may haply touch the best above,
Truth's tender praise! and tears of grateful love.

14. Beckenham, Kent. 2.

In memory of John King.
who departed this life 29th of December 1774
aged 75 years. He was 61 years servant to
Mr. Francis Valentine, Joseph Valentine and
Paul Valentine, From Father to Son, without
ever quitting their service, neglecting his
duty or being disguis'd in liquor.

15. Westminster Abbey. 8. on Mrs. Mary Kendall

Those admirable qualities
In which she was equalled by few of her sex, surpassed by none,
Rendered her every way worthy of that close union and friendship,
In which she lived with
The Lady Catherine Jones.

16. Disley Churchyard, Chester, Eng. Centenarian.

Here lyeth interred the body of Joseph Watson, buried June 3rd, 1733, aged 104 years. He was park keeper of Lynne more than 64 years, and was the first that perfected the art of driving stags. N.B. According to a Chester Historian, "he was in his 103rd year at the hunting and killing of a buck with Hon. George Warren; in his park at Poynton. He was of the 5th generation of the Warren family who had performed that diversion in Poynton Park."

17. Wing Church, Bucks. 8, 49.

In the nave of this church, there is a brass plate bearing the effigy of a man in a cloak kneeling, with a porter's staff under his feet and a high crowned hat, and a large key lying behind him. His hands are lifted up as in prayer. Below is the following:

Honest old Thomas Cotes, that sometimes was
Porter at Ascott Hall*, hath now, (alas!)
Left his Key, lodge, fyre, friends and all, to have
A room in Heaven. This is that good man's grave,
Reader, prepare for thine, for none can tell
But that you two may meet tonight. Farewell
He died 20th November, 1648
Set up at the appointment and charges of
his Friend Geo. Houghton.

18. Turvey, Bedsford. 8. 1612 John Rychards.

Here lieth John Richards under this wall,
A faithful true servant Turvey old Hall,
Page to the first Lord Mordaunt of fame
Servant to Lewes, Lord Henry and John;
Painful and careful and just to them all
Till death took his life
God have mercy of his soul.

19. Brough, Lincolnshire. 8. 1690 Thomas Gabetis, Steward to Countess of Pembroke.

The wise - the eloquent - the just
Lies here interred among the dust.
Below, who forty years and more
Was sheriff - now in heaven's store
How wise and understanding too
at 86 as these that woo -
When Death, with crooked scythe and glass
Set out the bounds he should not pass,
Saintlike his sickness, and his death
Admired by all. His parting breath
So sweet as might perfume the earth
Doubtless that spotless soul of his
Is gone into eternal bliss.

20. Ripon, Yorkshire. 8, 96, 104, 79.

Here lieth John James
Cook of Newby
Who was a faithful servant to his master
and an
Upright downright honest man.

21. Ripon, Yorkshire.

Bones among stones
Do lie so still
While the soul wanders
E'en where God will.
1707.

22. Norwich Cemetery. 8. A testimonial which the modern housewife will read with envy.

Hannah Weeds
Died August 1880
Aged 70
For upward of thirty-five years housekeeper to Mr. and Mrs. ----.
A god-fearing woman who knew what Christian service meant.
Regarded rather as a friend than a domestic. She remarkably displayed throughtout punctuality, economy, order, industry, integrity, and treated the interests of master and mistress as her own.
Was always trusted and trustworthy
Well done, good and faithful servant
Thi stone is erected by their son.

23. Carisbrooke, Isle of Wight. 8. On a Groom.

Here lieth the body of the right worthy Wm. keeling, Esquire, Groom of the Chamber to our Sovereign Lord, King James, General for the Hon. East India Adventures, where he was thrice employed, and dieing on this isle at the age of 42, - 1619, Sept. 12th hath this remb'rance been fixed by his loving and sorrowful wife Anne Keeling.

Forty and two years on this vessel frail
On the rough seas of Life did Keeling sail
A Merchant fortunate, a Captain bold,
A courtier gracious, yet alas! not old.
Such worth, Experience, Honour and High Praise,
Few win in twice so many years and days.
But what the world admired, he deemed but dross
For Christ: without Christ all his gain but loss,
For him and his dear love, with many cheer
To the Holy Land his last course he did steer.
Faith was his anchor, Glory his reward.
And thus with Gales of Grace, by happy venture
Through Straits of Death, Heaven's harbour he did enter.

24. Tom Purdie's Epitaph. 49.

Purdoe, Sir Walter Scott's favourite servant, appeared before the Sheriff first as a poacher: but Scott became interested in his story, which he told with a mixture of pathos, simplicity, and pawky humor, and extended to him forgiveness and favour. Tom served him long and faithfully. For his epitaph Scott composed:

"Here lies one who might have been entrusted with untold gold
but not with unmeasured whiskey."

25. Christ's Churchyard, Southgate. ob. Nov. 7, 1819, aged 64 yrs.

In sacred remembrance of the virtues
of Mrs. Ann Loxley,
with an uniform integrity of conduct lived 17 years
As housekeeper in the family of the present
Marquiss of Buckingham
And who having
fulfilled her visit obeyed Heavens mandate
and returned on high
Leaving an only daughter
by whom this stone is dedicated.

26. Robert Mossendew, 1744, Haresfield, Glos. 96.

In frost and snow, thro' hail and rain,
He scour'd the woods and rul'd the plain;
The steady pointer leads the way,
Stands at the scent, then springs the prey,
The timorous birds from stubble rise
With pinions stretched divide the skies
The scatter's lead pursues the sight
And death in thunder stops their flight
His spaniel of true English kind
Who's gratitude inflamed his mind
This servant in an honest way
In all his actions copied Tray.
Robert Mossendew, a faithful servant. Died Feb. 5th, 1744.
Aged 60 years.

27. Burton-on-Trent, Eng. 2.

Sacred to the memory of
Sampson Adderly.
An honest, sober, modest man
(A character how rarely found;)
Whose peaceful life a circle ran
More hallow'd makes this hallow'd ground
In service thirty years he spent
And dying left his well got gains,
To feed and cloth, a mother bent
By age's slow consuming pains:
A tender Master, Mistress Kind,
And Friends, (for many a friend had he)
Lament the loss, but time will find
His gain through blest Eternity.
He was nearly thirty years
A servant in the Cotton family
and died in its attendance at Buxton
the 30th of September 1760, aged 48
Also adjoining to him
Was laid his aged larent
Who died the 21st of February following.

28. On a Butler. 104.

That Death should thus from ehnce our Butler catch,
Into my Mind it cannot quickly sink,
Sure Death came thirsty to the Butt'ry hatch,
When he (that busy(d was) deny'd him drink.
Tut, 'twas not so; 'tis like he gave him Liquor,
And Death, made drunk, him made away the quicker;

Yet let not others grieve too much in mind,
Tho' Butler's gone, the Keys are left behind.

29. On a Footman. 104.

This nimble footman ran away from Death,
And here he rested, being out of Breath;
Here Death him overtook, made him his slave,
And sent him on an errand to the Grave.

30. To a Servant. 62. #340.

To the memory of an aged servant, who, being found faithful in many things on earth, entered with exultation into the joy of her Lord in Heaven.

31. To a Servant. 62. #178.

This stone is erected over the bones of an aged domestic, whose memory will be long cherished with affectiomate attachment by the family she so long and so faithfully saved.

32. St. Pancras Churchyard, Middlesex. 18.

In memory of
MARY WALKER,
who was upwards of 30 years
a faithful servant
in the workhouse of this parish,
and by her kind and humane attention
to the inmates of that Establishment,
She gained respect from all who knew her,
and died Sept. 11, 1827, aged 50 years.

33. Long Ditton, Surry. 79.

In the vault beneath are laid
The remains of Mrs. Elizabeth Harrison, widow;
She died August the 18th, 1806, aged 70 years.

Any attempt to describe her virtues on this marble would wrong her memory. But it may record the affection and respect of the family which experienced her care and integrity for the last 30 years of her life, and beheld her serenity in the hour of death "Her witness is in heaven, and her record on high."
T. Streatfield.

34. Charlton Kings, near Cheltenham. 79.

To preserve from immediate oblivion
Neither honor or riches,
The frail inheritance of uncertain life,
But that property
Which benefits the possessor
To all eternity.
A grateful master placed this stone over the remains of
(Alas! how rare a character)
A faithful servant
THOMAS BALLINGER
Whose soul quitted its earthly mansion
on the 22nd day of August 1789;
After giving life to it nearly 47 years.

Tho' o'er his humble grave no costly bust,
Or sculptur'd marble, points to titled dust;
An honest man, the noblest work of God,
Has left his cares beneath this verdant sod.

35. Epsom, Surry. 79. - inscribed on wood rail tomb of Samuel Cane servant of Rev. W. Price, died Nov. 24, 1782 in the 69th year of his age.

Here lies a pattern for the human race,
A man who did his work, and knew his place;
A trusty servant, to his master dear,
A good companion and a friend sincere;
In spite of bribes and threats, severely just,
He sought no pension, and he broke no trust;
Truth warm'd his breast, he liv'd without disguise,
His heart was grateful, and his actions wise;
In him through life all social virtues shone, -
O blush, ye great, by Cane to be outdone!

36. Ashford, Kent. 79. on two old and worthy servants.

The remains of
William Waters, commonly called old William,
And Mary his wife, are deposited
At the foot of this stone.
She died 22nd of March 1815, in the 77th year of her age,
He died 17th of June 1816, in the 90 th year of his age.
They lived together as domestic servants
In the same family Forty years
Respected and befriended
By all classes of inhabitants of this town.
They passed the remainder of their years
Contented and happy
On the fruits of their honest industry;
Reader! whether thy lot in this world be
Poverty or Affluence
Learn from the example of these
Good old Faithful Servants,
That the sure way to
Peace and Happiness
Is diligently to do your duty
In that situation of Life
In which you have been placed by your
Almighty Father.

37. Beckenham, Kent. 79.

In memory of John King, who departed this life the 29th of December, 1774, aged 75 years. He was sixty-one years a servant to Mr. Francis Valentine, Joseph Valentine, and Paul Valentine, from father to son, without ever quitting their service, neglecting his duty, or being disguised in liquor!

38. Walthamstow, Essex. 79.

To the memory of
Ann Pearce, who died Feb. 22, 1822
aged 78 years
at the house of
Sir Robert Wigram, Bart.
in whose family she lived forty-eight years,
and faithfully discharged her duty as

Nurse to his twenty-three children
of whom nineteen survive her,
and retain a grateful and affectionate
rembrence of her tender care and love toward them.

39. Groom. Thomas Turf. Otranto Castle, Oct. 15, 1787. 38.

Here lies
Ready to start, with full hopes to save his distance,
THOMAS TURF
Formerly Groom to Sir Marmaduke Match'em:
But was
Beat out of the world, on the First of April 1787,
By that great Rockingham - DEATH.
He lived and died an honest man!
Here lies a groom, who longer life deserv'd,
Whose course was straight from which he never swerv'd;
Yet, ere was quite complete his fiftieth round*
Grim death, at Choak-jade,** brought him to the ground:
This tyrant oft to cross and jostle tried,
But not till now could gain the whip hand side.
In youth he saw the high-bred cattle train'd,
By gentlest means, and easiest trammels reign'd.
He taught them soon the ending - stand to gain,
Swift as Camilla o'er the velvet plain;
Oft from the crack ones bear the prize away,
And gaudly triumph in the blaze of day.
But of late years he train'd the useful plough.
To grace with yellow grain the naked brow;
And the green turf, which they us'd to tread,
Affords the trembling oats with which they're fed.
O! may this sod, with thorny texture bound,
Protect from foot profane this sacred ground!
And may his colts and fillies*** truly run
Their Beacon course,**** and see a later sun.

*The round or King's Plate course
**A steep ascent in the Beacon Course, very trying to bad bottomed horses
***His infant sons and daughters
****A long straight course of four miles.

40. Riva, in Diocese of Trent 79.

Hadrian, Cardinal of St. Chrysogonus
Placed this to his dear friend
Polydorus Casamicus, by birth a Roman,
And janitor to the Pope,
Who lived 24 years,
Thy pains are ended, and thy sorrows o'er
But joy shall visit my sad heart no more.

SCHOOLMASTERS AND TEACHERS

1. Gordon, Berwickshire, Eng. 85. Thomas Henderson, died Jan. 13, 1772

Ah, he was great in body and in mind,
A loving husband and a father kind
As he most men excided in his Staturer
So he exceled in his literature.
But although he is gone and greatly mist,
God's will be done, we hope he is blest.

2. On a Schoolmaster who was very fond of exercising his Pupils in the Latin Declensions: 10.

Mors mortis morti mortem nisi morte dedisset
Aeternae vitae janua clausa foret.
Thus rendered:
The death of death to death, death by death gave,
That for eternal life he souls might save.
Rev. J.H.C. Wright.

3. St. Mary's, Carlisle. 38.

On Mr. Robert Bpyes - Teacher in Castle Street.
How greatly useful once, avails thee not,
Thy jokes and foibles soon will be forgot;
We're not ungrateful, now thy loss we see,
And raise this tombstone to thy memory. (erected by his scholars)

4. Brompton Churchyard. 38.

In memory of John Gibson, Schoolmaster,
Who died! October 18, 1815, aged 50 years.
Pause reader here! within this bed of earth.
Slumber the relic of departed worth:
A few sad friends who Gibson's loss bemoan,
Have to his memory raised this humble stone
A moment stay and mingle with the sigh,
Rais'd by the thought that thou, too, low must lie.

5. Dorchester, Eng. 27. On an Old Schoolmistress.

Here lies the body of Miriam Wood, formerly wife to John Smith.
A woman well beloved of all
Her neighbors for her care of small
folk's education, their number being great,
That when she died she scarcely keft her mate.

So wise, discreet was her behaviours
That she was well esteemed by neighbours.
She lived in love with all to die
So let her rest to eternitye.

6. Tarvin Church, Eng. 77. John Thomasen. (Schoolmaster)

Near to this place lie the remains of John Thomasen for 36 years Master of the Grammar School, in that capacity approved and eminent, but highly excelling in all the varieties of writing, and wonderfully so in the Greek character. Specimens of his ingenuity are treasured up, not only in the cabinets of the curious, but in the public libraries, throughout the Kingdom. He had the honour to transcribe for her Majesty, Queen Anne, the Icon Basilike of her royal grandfather; invaluable copies also of Pindor, Anacreon, Theocritus, Epicetus, Hippocrates, Aphorisms, and that finished piece the shield of Achilles (as described by Homer) are among the productions of his valuable pen.

As his incomparable performances acquired him the esteem and friendship of the great and learned, so his affability and humanity gained him the good will of his acquaintance, and the cecease of so much private worth was regretted as a public loss.

Obiit. Jan. 25, 1740, aet 54.

7. Westminster Abbey. 104. Dr. Richard Busby.

That part of Busby
with which the eyes of men were conversant,
Lies here beneath!
If thou art desirous of knowing
That which is deposited in their souls,
Look to the luminaries of the Universities,
And the courts of Justice;
The most distinguished Personages of the court,
The Parliament and the Church;
And from such an Harvest, think how great the Sower!
And he had an admirable faculty in discerning
The natural turn of the mind,
So he no less happily modell'd it,
And carried it to its upmost Improvement.
His method of instruction
was such
As to blend wisdom with the languages;
And Youth in their lessons
Imbibed the sentiments of Manhood!
All who duly profited
Under this excellent teacher,
Were, in their several stations,
Zealous for the Constitution of England
In Church and State;
And many weighty Defenders thereof.
Whatever has been the subsequent reputation of
Westminster School;
Whatever advantages has been deriv'd from it.
Must chiefly be ever attributed to the great Busby
God was pleased to continue the usefulPatriot
To an uncommon Prosperity, and length of years,
And he on his part
Spared neither himself nor his substance
In the service of Religion,
The Relief of the Poor,
The encouragement of Learning,
And the Repair of Holy Places;
These being with him the best Use,
The most delightful enjoyment of Riches:
And whatever he did not bestow,
When living,
He bequeathed to those uses
At his Death.

Richard Busby was born at Lutton, in Lincolnshire, Sept. 2, 1606. He was appointed Master of Westminster School December 3rd, 1640. On July 5th, 1660, he obtained a prebend in this church; and on the 11th of August following he was chosen Treasurer of the Welch Society He died April the 5th, 1695.

8. Dornock Churchyard, Dumfries shire. 38. John Dryden. Died Mar. 26, 1810. aged 71 yrs.

Knownto few, esteemed by many,
Who lived between fame and obscurity,
Neither abounding nor deficient in learning,
Devoted to his school.
But as a Christian, having finished his life
And labour together, here desires to rest undisturbed.

9. Massachusetts. 57, 100.

John T------, Schoolmaster.
May he be punished as often as he punished us.
He was a hard old shell.
He said the Lord's Prayer every morning.
May the Lord forgive him, as often as he forgave us,
That was never.
We his scholars rear this stone over his ashes,
Though they are not worth it.
We are glad his reign is over.
Amen.

10. Cambridge, Mass. 78. 103 (Harvard Square Cemetery.) On First School Mistress in America.

Here lyes ye body of Mrs. Joana Winship
Aged 62 years who departed this November ye 19th, 1707.
This Good School Dame
No longer school must keep
Which gives us cause
For children's sake to weep.

11. Trenton, N.J. 1.

To perpetuate the memory and modest worth of Mrs. Mary Dunbar, this marble is placed over her grave, a tribute of the grateful and affectionate remembrance of her pupils, whom, for three successive generations, as school mistress, she taught in this city. Ever attentive to the pious nurture of her pupils in private, and to the duties of religion in publick, she closed a useful and exemplary life 9 December, A.D. 1808, aged 76 yrs.

The need of merit ne'er shall die
Nor modest morth neglected lie.
The fame, that pious virtue gives,
The Memphian monuments outlives.
Reader, would'st thou secure such praise,
Go, learn religion's pleasant ways.

12. Windsor, Conn. 67. (Oldest inscription on any tombstone in Conn.)

Heere Lyeth Ephraim Huit, sometimes teacher to ye church of Windsor, who died September 4th, 1644. Who when he lived wee drew our vitall breath, who when hee dyed his dying was our death, who was ye stay of state, ye churches staff alas, the times forbid an epitaph.

13. Elkhart, Ind. 83.103 Prof. S.B. McCracken. d.1933. -erected his own monument

School is out. Teacher has gone home.

14. Old Burial Hill, Plymouth, Mass. 76.

On Tabitha Plasket, School teacher & an eccentric character.
In memory of Mrs. Tabitha Plasket, who died June 10, 1807, aged 64 years.

Adieu! Vain World, I have seen enough of thee
And I am careless what thou sayest of me.
Thy smiles I wish not,
Nor thy frowns I fear,
I am now at rest, my head lies quiet here.

15. Location? 100.

Here rests a fine woman who was sent from above
To teach virtues and graces to man.
But God when he saw in her such very bad hands
Recalled her to Heaven again.

16. Location? 100, 10, 58. On a School Master (by Robert Burns).
Michie was schoolmaster of parish of Cleish, Fifeshire & met Burns on his 1st visit to Edinburgh in 1787.

Here lies Willie Michie's bones;
O! Satan when ye tak' him,
Gie him the schoolin' o' your weans,
For the clever deils he'll mak' em!

17. On a fellow of Trinity College. 10.

Here lies a Doctor of Divinity,
He was a Fellow, too, of Trinity;
He knew as much about Divinity,
As other fellows do of Trinity.

18. Tindal's Cemetery, London. 79, 38.

Vavasor Powell, a successful teacher of the past, a sincere witness of the present, and an useful example to the future age, lies here interred, who, in the defection of many, obtained mercy to the sound faithful; for which, being called to severe prisons, he was there tried, and would not accept deliverance, except a better resurrection. In hope of which he finished his life and testimony, together, in the eleventh year of his imprisonment, and in the 53rd year of his age. October 27, An. 1671.

In vain oppressors do themselves perplex,
To find out arts how they the saints may vex,
Death spoils their plots, and sets the oppressed free,
Thus Vavasor obtain'd true liberty.
Christ him releas'd, and now he's join'd among the
Martyr'd souls, with whom he cries, how long?
Rev. vl. 10
E. Bagshaw.

19. On Timothy Wilcox. 79.

There down at Catherine's*, I kept a school,
Vended small wares, caught rats, and carded wool;
My wife excell'd in making British wine,
But she's alive, and is no longer mine;
For I am dead, and she won't follow -
I can no longer whoop and hollow.
Reader, if thou dost wish to know
The name of him here lying low,
Look down upon this stone and see
Wilcox conjoin'd with Timothy.

*near Bath - Easton, Somerset.

20. On a Country Schoolmistress. 79.

Here lies a dame whom fate ordain'd,
By certain requisites unnam'd,
   To instruct her generation:
Twas her's to give the rustic youth,
By methods rigid and uncouth
   The village education.

Her plans to ancient plans allied,
To gain this end she harshly plied
   So stubborn was the soil.
Hard blows and threats, and raving loud
To awe the young rebellious crowd,
   And aid tuition's toil.

Now all her puny passion o'er
No longer she locks up her door,
   To keep her scholars in;
For she within this dungeon drear,
Shall sleep through many a year,
   Nor ever storm again.

No flattering marble marks the spot,
To insinuate her future lot,
   Or tell her age or name.
Yet, if no tombstone tells her tale,
Or our remembrance ne'er should fail,
   To her 'tis all the same.

21. Highgate Cemetery. 45.

Prof. William Kingdom Clifford
 b 1845 d 1879.
(written by himself?)
I was not and I was
   conceived,
I worked a little,
   I am not,
Grieve not.

22. 58.

Here lies the body of John Drake,
Who never did his friend forsake;
Houses and land he left to be
A free schoolmaster's salary;
He lived and died without a mate,
And yielded to the laws of fate.

23. Windsor, Berkshire, Eng. 81. John Foster, Headmaster of Eton, 1774

Qui fuerim, ex hoc marmore cognosces;
Qualis vero cognosces alicubi,
Eo scilicet supremo tempore,
Quo egomet qualis et tis fueris cognoscan.

24. Ellsworth Burying Ground, Sharon, Conn 103. DR. Frances Wyche Dunn, d 1946. formerly Professor at Columbia Univ.

She loved flowers, birds, and music,
Author of books and many articles,
Member of various honor societies,
She was a great friend and
Her friends are legion over The U.S.
After a full and busy life, she now rests
in the majesty of her Lord. Amen.

SCOUTS

1. On a Western Scout, U.S.A. 8. (Hawk(s Ferry)

To Lem S. France
Who during his life shot 89 Indians
Whom the Lord delivered in to his hands,
And who was looking forward to making up
His hundred before the end of the year.
When he fell asleep in Jesus at his house
At Hawk's Ferry, March 27, 1843.

SHEPHERDS

1. On a Shepherd. 62. #89.

As a shepherd he faithfully tended his sheep,
Till old age overtook him, he then fell asleep;
But we trust once again his bright face to behold,
In the flock that the Shepherd of Israel shall fold!

SCISSOR GRINDER.

1 Waverly, Ohio 103 August Hefner, d. 1856, aged 70 on his gravestone in Evergreen Cemetery is pictured a 4 wheel wagon, a large bell and a dog.

The deceased being asked on the evening of his arrival in Waverly where he was going answered "here and no farther"

When your razor is dull
and you want to shave
Think of the man
that lays in this grave.

SHOEMAKERS

1. Unitarian Chapel, Portsmouth, Eng. 2.
1. On church wall near grave.

Erected by friends
as a memorial of their esteem
and respect for
John Pounds
who, while earning his livelihood
by mending shoes, gratuitously
educated, and in part clothed and fed,
some hundreds of poor children.
He died suddenly,
on the first of January, 1839,
aged 72 years.
Thou shalt be blessed: for they
cannot recompense thee.

2. On gravestone

Underneath this monument
rest the mortal remains of
John Pounds
the philanthropic shoemaker
of St. Mary's St., Portsmouth
who while
working at his trade in a very
small room, gratuitously
instructed in a useful education
and partly clothed and fed,
some hundreds of girls and boys.
He died suddenly
On New Year's Day, MDCCCXXXIX,
while in his active beneficence,
aged LXXII years.
"Well done thou good and faithful
servant, enter thou into the joy
of thy Lord."
"Verily I say unto thee, in as much as
thou hast done it unto one of the least
of these My Brethren, thou hast done
it unto me."

2. On Joseph Blakett, poet and shoemaker of Seaham. 58. ob 1810.

Stranger, behold interr'd together
The souls of learning and of leather.
Poor Joe is gone, but left his all (awl)
You'll find his relics in a stall.
His work was neat, and often found
Well stitched, and with morocco bound.
Tread lightly - where the bard is laid
We can not mend the shoe he made;
Yet he is happy in his hole,
With verse immortal as his sole.
But still to business he held fast,
And stuck to Phoebus to the last,
Then who shall say so good a fellow
Was only leather and prunella?
For character - he did not lack it,
And if he did - 'tware shame to Black-it!

3. By George Joblin, Shoemaker - of Wallsend - for his own tombstone.33, 71

My cutting boards to pieces split,
My size - stick measures no more feet,
My lasts are broke all into holes,
My blunted knife cuts no more holes,
My fuddling caps to thrums are wore,
My apron is to tie my store,
My welt ties out, my awls are broken,
And merry glees are all forgotten.
No more I'll use black ball or rosin,
My copperas and my shop-tub's frozen.
No more I'll have occasion for course of work.
Nor count dead horse, or kick the kirk.
My pinchers are with age grown smooth,
And --- bones grow little worth;
My lapstone's broke, my colour's done,
My gum glass's broke, my paste is run,
My hammer-head's broke off the shaft,
No more Saint-Monday with the craft.
My nippers, tack, strap, and rag,
And all my kit, has got the bag;
My ends are sewn, my pegs are driven,
And now I'm on the tramp to heaven.

4. Nonconformist Churchyard, Manchester. 71. Schofield's (See one below by Disprove)

At the cobbler's door Death often made a stand,
And always found the cobbler as a mending hand.
Death came again in rough and stormy weather,
And tore the cobbler's sole from off the upper leather.

5. Cirencester Churchyard, Gloucestershire. Tegg. On ashoemaker.

Our bodies are like shoes which off we cast
Physic their cobblers; and Death their last.

6. On a Drunken Cobbler - Fifeshire Tam-o'shanter. 25, 96, 58.

Enclosed within this narrow stall,
Lies one who was a friend to awl,
He saved bad soles from getting worse,
But risked his own without remorse;
And tho' a drunken life he passed,
Yet sav'd his soul by mending at the last.

7. Woolwich Churchyard. 38, 25, 57, 104, 2. 36.

Death at a cobbler's door oft made a stand,
But always found him on the mending hand.
At length Death came, in very dirty weather,
And ripp'd the sole from off the upper leather:
The cobbler lost his all - Death gave his last,
And buried in oblivion all the past.

8. 104, 38. 97

Death at a cobbler's door off made a stand,
And always found him on the mending hand;
At last came Death in very foul weather,
And ript the sole from the upper leather
Death put a trick upon him and what was't?
The cobbler call'd for's awl, Death brought his last.} See Tissington's version of last 2 lines.
Death by a trick of art, then laid him fast
His awl he called for, but death brought him his last

9. South Hadley, Mass. 78. 103 Self written epitaph by a shoemaker.

Francis Magrans
1805 - 1891
My shoes are made, my work is done,
Yes, dear friends, I'm going home
And where I've gone and how I fare
There's nobody knows and there's nobody cares.

SPENDTHRIFTS, BUMS, TRAMPS, ETC.

1. Mauchline, Scotland. On James Smith - by Robert Burns.

"Dear Smith, the sleest, pawkie thief."

Lament him, Mauchline husband a',
He often did assist ye:
For had ye staid whole years awa'
Your wives they ne'er had kiss'd ye,
Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass
To schools in bands the gither,
Oh tread ye lightly on his grass -
Perhaps he was your father.

2. Covent Garden, Chruchyard, Eng. 104. On DuVall

Here lies DuVall! Reader, if Male thou art,
Look to thy purse; if female, to thy heart.
Much Havock hath he made of both; for all
Men he made stand, and women he made full.
The second Conqueror of the Normal race,
Knights to his Arms did yield, and Ladies to his Face.
Old Tyburn's Glory, England's illustrious Thief,
DuVall the ladies joy, DuVall the Ladies Grief.

3. 104.

Beneath this stone, fair ladies, lies
  Your once profound adorer;
His soul then liv'd by your bright eyes,
  Ah! can't they now restore her?
Struck by the lustre of your charms,
  The twenty-eighth of May,
He fell quite ravish'd from your arms
  For ever and for aye.
If common mortals tears attend,
  For more his virtues crave,
Then, ladies, meekly condescend
  To Piss upon his grave.
So what inspired bards have told,
  Shall be fulfill'd, we trust:
His memory shall ne'er grow stole,
  But favour in the dust.

4. St. Giles Cemetery, Eng. 49, 100.

The mortal remains of
    John Brindell
After an evil life of 64 years
    Died June 18th, 1822
And lies at rest, beneath this stone
    Pause, reader, reflect
"Eternity, how surely thine."

5. Manchester, Eng. 89, 100, 104. On a Profligate mathematician.

Here lies John Hill, a man of skill,
His age was five times ten.
He ne'er did good nor ever would
Had he lived as long again. By Dr. Byron.

6. England. 100.

If Heaven be pleased when sinners cease to sin
If Hell be pleased when sinners enter in
If earth be pleased when ridded of a knave,
Then all are pleased, for Coleman's in his grave.

7. On a Libertine Gamester. 104, 10.

  "Jacta est alea"
Here lies a skeptic, long in doubt,
If death could kill the soul or not,
His scruples Death resolves at last;
Convinc'd - but oh! the die is cast.

8. Lubbock, Texas (Memorial Park Cemetery)

  Here lies H. Harry Payne
He burned the candle at both ends.
It did not last the night.
But, oh! my dears, and oh! my friends
It made a lovely light.

9. Canton, Mass. 78. (Vanton Corner Cemetery)

In memory of Jos. Shelden
Born June 13, 1804, Staffordshire, Old England
Died Feb. 8, 1847, aged 42 years & 8 months.

I was a stout young man as you might see in ten:
And when I thought this, I took in hand my pen.
I wrote it down in plain that everyone might see
That I was cut down, like a blossom from a tree.
Lord rest my soul, Amen.

10. Marshfield, Mass. 89.

Here lies one John Witherbee,
A Boston gallant chap was he,
God had no use for such as he,
The Devil rejected Witherbee.

11. On a Smuggler. 10.

Here I lies
Killed by the XIS (excise)

12. On Tom Dashe. 25.

Here lyes Tom Dashe that raylour,
That in his lifetime nere paid shoemaker nor taylour.

13. New England. 49.

Here B----d lies, his game of life being played
At length death trumpt with a sexton's spade:
Yet two points of the game he still can show
For now his soul is high, his body low.

14. On a Spendthrift.

Stop, passenger, for here is laid,
One who the debt of nature paid.
This is not strange, the reader cries,
We all know here a dead man lies.
You're right; but stop, I'll tell you more:
He never paid a debt before;
And now he's gone, I'll further say
He never will another pay.

15. On a Tramp. 27, 66.

Here lies one that once was born and cried,
Lived several years, and then, - and then he died.

16. On a Gamester. 25.

Here lies a gamester, poor but willing,
Who left the room without a shilling.
Losing each stake, till he had thrown
His last, and lost the game to death;
If paradise his soul has won,
'Twas a rare stroke of luck i' faith.

17. On a Libertine. 62. #296.

Though life a libertine he rang'd,
Untaught, unhumbled, and unchang'd;
Whate'er his future state maybe,
O Lord our God, we leave to thee!

18. New Hampshire. 27, 100. To a Bum

Here lies old Caleb Ham
By trade a bum.
When Caleb dyed, the Devil cryed:
Come, Caleb, Come.

19. On a Chronic Place Hunter. 100.

Here lies John Baird in the only place
for which he never applied.

20. On a Gamester's tombstone. 104, 38.

Here lies the body of All Fours,
Who lost the money and pawn'd his clothes;
If that you want to know his name,
'Tis Highest, Lowest, Jack and Game.

21. 27, 100.

Here lies the body of Johnny Haskell,
A lying, thieving, cheating rascal;
He always lied, and now he lies,
He has no soul and cannot rise.

22. On a Bad Man of Posthumous fame. 10.

A monster in a course of vice grown old,
Leaves to his gaping heir his ill-gain'd gold:
Now breathes his bust, now are his virtues shown,
Their date commencing with the sculptured stone.
If on his specious marble we rely,
Pity a wroth like his should ever lie!
If credit to his real life we give,
Pity a wretch like him should ever live!

STAYMAKERS

1. On a Stay-maker. 66.

Alive, unnumber'd stays he made,
He work'd industrious night and day;
E'en Dead he still pursues his trade,
For here his bones will make a stay.

STOCKBROKERS & BANKERS.

1. On a Stockbroker. 25, 38.

Here lies
Mr. Timothy Scrip,
Late of Change Alley, Cornhill,
Stockbroker.
During the course of a long life
He was diligent, industrious and indefatigable
In the exercise of his profession.
He died in the 70th year of his age.
AND DIED WELL;
Having left behind a fortune of L60,000
It is however much to be regretted that
STOCKS being shut at the time of his death
He was not able to make a transfer
Or carry any part of it to His Account in the other world
It was remarked of him that he was more solicitous to get
The Turn of Day to himself,
Than to do a good turn to his neighbours;
And that tho' he frequently made Bargains for Time
He did not chose to risk anything for ETERNITY.
He never gave money to the poor,
Altho' offered a VERY HIGH PREMIUM,
Thinking it safer to make TEN PERCENT in the English funds
Than TEN THOUSAND in those of a foreign country
For these reasons, tho' he was esteemed A GOODMAN AT JONATHANS
It is much to be dreaded, that at the GENERAL SETTLING DAY
He will find himself on the WRONG SIDE
And be forced to WADDLE A LAME DUCK out of ELYSIUM.

2. On W. Lowndes - Secretary to the Treasury in the Reign of Queen Anne. 77

No ways or means, against the tyrant Death.
Could raise supplies to aid thy fund of Breath.
O Lowndes! it is enacted, soon or late
Each branch of nature must submit to fate:
Intent on credit, with thy bill in hand,
Shall equally this imposition shall bear,
And in his turn be found deficient here:
But trust in heaven, where surplusses of joy,
And endless produce, will all cares destroy;
And may'st thou there, when thy accounts are past,
Gain a quietus which shall ever last.

3. All Saints Churchyard. Tottenham, Eng. 49.

Sacred to the memory of
Mr. John Partridge Gent.
Many years of the Bank of England
And late of Stonebridge, Tottenham
Who departed this life August 26th 1817
Aged 50 years
Of whom it is difficult to speak
With Justice: for his true character
Would appear flattery and the least
Abatement of it an injury to his memory.

STONEMASONS, STONECUTTERS & BUILDERS

1. ~~67~~ Selby, Yorkshire. 67, 77. 1706. Frank Row - grave stone cutter.

Here lies the body of poor Frank Row,
Parish clerk and gravestone cutter,
And this is writ to let you know,
Is now for Frank done by another.

2. Evan Jones - 1733 - Llanfoideny, Wales. 96.

Erected
In the year 1733
By all the people of Llanfoideny
After careful consideration
To Evan Jones, a dresser of stones
And builder of stone walls
He liv'd in strife nearly all his life
And oh! such groans and bawls!
To the great etrror
On frosty weather, of all
As to whether
It was likely even to thaw.
But Evan Jones was taken here,
And put below this stone;
And never to our knowledge yet
Has he uttered another groan.

3. Christopher Smith. 1743. Frome, Somerset. 96, 104.

Christopher Smith, alias Thumb; an industrious, not a free, Mason
Died January 21, 1742-3. Aged 66.
Stretcht underneath this stone is laid
Our neighbour Goodman Thumb
We trust although full low his head,
He'll rise i' th' world to come
This humble monument will shew,
Where lies an honest man.
Ye Kings, whose heads are laid as low,
Rise higher, - if you can.
(N.B. - Said to have been written by Robert Burns (?) who was born 16 years after his death and lived more than 500 miles from Frome at Ayr.)

4. John Hunter. 1820. Horworth, Darlington. 96.

My guaging sticks is now laid by
My sliding rule neglected lie
My box, my tape & likeness Branans
Must now be put in other hands
My Brass receiver & my float
Will never more engage my thought
My worte is off my guages cast
My Book end closed, I've done at last.

Suffling has added 2 more lines as the mallet & chisel, the chief insignia of his trade are omitted.

My mallet, lies alone, forlorn,
My chisel's blunt, its temper gone.

5. James Heywood - Colton Churchyard, Staffordshire. 96, 2.

Sacred to the memory of
JAMES HEYWOOD
who died May 4th, 1804, in the 55th
year of his age.
The corner stone I often times have dress'd;
In Christ, the cornerstone, I now find rest.
Though by the builder he rejedted were
He is my God, my Rock, I build on here.

6. Newport, R.I. 78. (old burying ground). On a Mason.

In memory of
George Whitehead
Who departed this life
May 26th 1870
Age 71 years
A native of Boston, England.

My trowel and hammer lies decline
So does my rule and my line
My building is up my course is run
My scaffold struck, my work is done.

7. Walter Stronge. 96.

Here's one that was an able workman long,
Who divers houses built fair and strong;
Tho' STRONGE he was, a stronger came than he
And robb'd him of both life & skill we see:
Moving an old house, a nw one for to rear,
Death met him by the way, & laid him here.

8. Bullingham, Eng. 2.

This humble stone is o'er a builder's bed,
Tho' raised on high by fame low lies his head.
His rule and compass are now locked up in store.
Others may build, but he will build no more.
His house of clay so frail, could hold no longer -
May he in heaven be tenant of a stronger!

9. Berkshire, Eng. 79. On a Stonemason.

Stop, reader, here; be not deceived; I'll tell ye;
This good man died; indebted to his belly;
His heart, like to his trade, was hard as stone;
He lov'd his wife, but starv'd his eldest son!
Tho' call'd above, a church of Englandlover,
He knew no more on't than the worlds discover:
Thus, without merit, to advance his praise,
Ambitious Tom* this monument did raise.

* his heir & youngest son.

10. Montgomery, Ala. 96. Samuel Greer ⊖ 1855. Stone Cutter.

Stop You
Stone cutters
Here lays
Sam Greer
1855.

11. Lauder, Eng. 67, 77, 8. Alexander Thompson. Stone cutter and mason

Here lyes inter'd an honest man
Who did this churchyard first lie in;
This monument shall make it known

That he was the first laid in this ground.
Of mason and of masonrie
He cutted stone right curiously
To heaven we hope that he is gone
Where Christ is the chief corner stone.

12. Presbury, Cheshire, Eng. 66.

Beneath this stone lyes Edward Green,
Who for cutting stone famous was seen.
But he was sent ot apprehend
One Joseph Clarke, of Kerredge End,
For stealing Deer of Squire Doune's
Where he was shot, and died o' the wounds.

SURVEYORS.

1. Whitefield Chapel-yard, Tottenham Court Road, London, Eng. 18.

In stedfast hopes of a joyful Resurrection
Near this place ly's interred the body of
WILLIAM WATERSON, ESQ., Surveyor of
All the ports of England and Wales (except London)
& Dept Coll^r inwards of ye port of London:
Who departed this life January ye 6th, 1710
in the 74th year of his Age.
He executed these as well as several
other important trusts with great fidelity:
From the year 1660 when he first encounter'd
Upon public Business he did ever reconcile
Ye faithful discharge of his duty to ye crown:
With just regard to ye subjects ease and convenciency:
And has left an everlasting character for
His Integrity, Industry, Probity.
In his private Relations he was a most dutyfull son.
loveing and tender husband & parent,
Most affectionate Brother.
Generous friend & greatly Charitable to All.

2. John White - 1741, Enfield, Middlesex. 96.

Here lies John White who day by day
On river works did use much clay
Is now himself turning that way.
If not to clay yet dust will come,
Which to preserve takes little room,
Although enclosed in this great tomb.
I served the New River Company as surveyor,
from Lady-day 1691 to Midsummer, 1723.

(N.B. The New River was commenced in 1608, occupied five years in making, cost L 500,000 and begarre'd Sir Hugh Myddleton.)

3. Mr. Deakin - Blaenavon, Mon. 96. Underground Surveyor.

Beneath the rocks, I toiled to earn my daily bread,
Beneath this rock I rest my weary head;
Till rock & ages shall in chaos roll
On Resurrection Rock I'll rest my soul.

4. Cartmell Churchyard, Westmoreland, Eng. Saunders. John Fell - surveyor.

(native surveyor of turnpike roads between Kirby Kendel and Kirby Irleth)

Reader, doth he not merit well thy praise,
Whose practice was through life to mend his ways!

TAILORS

1. Davenham, Cheshire, Eng. 66. David Berkenhead, a tailor.

A tailor by profession,
And in the practice, a plain and honest man.
He was a useful member of society;
For, though he picked holes in no man's coat,
He was ever ready to repair
The mischief that others did.
And whatever breaches broke out in families
He was the man to mend all,
And make matters up again.
He lived and died respected.

Forty years service in Lord Penryhn's family induced Lady Penryhn to bestow this stone to his memory.

2. On Jack Snip, A taylor. 104.

Jack Snip, the Taylor's dead:'Tis now too late
To brawl or wrangle with the cruel fate:
Yet, sure, 'twas hardly done, to clip his thread,
Before he gave them leave in his own bed.
He died at forty just. Poor shred of base
Mortality, who pities not his case:
Of a whole Ell of Cloth he would not take
Above a nail at most, for conscience sake;
But of his span of life, I dare to say,
Death stole not much less, than one half away;
And, coward like, just when he was not well,
With his own bodkin (pitiful to tell!)
He'd bor'd a Hole through him, that all his Men
And Prentices could not stitch up again.

3. On a Taylor Who Died of a Stitch. 104.

Here Stitch the Taylor in his grave doth lie,
Who by a Stitch did live, and by it die.

4. On a Tailor. 27, 101. 97

Fate cuts the thread of life, as all men know,
And Fate cut his, though he so well could sew.
It matters not how fine the web is spun,
'Tis all unravelled when our course is run.

5. On a Country Person - Taylor and barber by occupation. 25, 58, 38.

In a timber surtout here are wrapped the remains
Of a mower of beard and a user of skeins,
'Twas the shears of grim death cut his stay tape of life,
And press'd him away from twist, razors and wife;
Is, that he's with the remnant of those that are sav'd.

6. Lambeth, Eng. 67, 96. William Wilson - a tailor.

Here lies W.W.
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you.

7. On a Tailor. 38.

Here rests a form, once like a man's
  In colour, shape and feature;
Whose measures, promises and plans,
  Were guided by good nature.
Although no seaman, still on beard!
  No traveller, yet nimble;
His table was with cabbage stor'd,
  And beef, earn'd by his thimble.
Though fashion press'd his daily cares,
  From Saturday to Monday,
In a new suit he said his prayers,
  At church, sometimes, on Sunday.
But Death, that nothing human spares,
  In petticoats or breeches,
At last stole on him unawares,
  And snipt his vital stitches.

8. Weston, Eng. 2, 58, 38.

Here lies entomb'd within this vault so dark,
A tailor, cloth drawer, soldier and parish clerk;
Death snatch'd him hence, and also from him took
His needle, thimble, sword and prayerbook.
He could not work, nor fight, - what then?
He left the world, and faintly cried, "Amen!"

TAX COLLECTORS, TOLL KEEPERS, PAYMASTERS

1. Sir Horatio Pallavincini. 96, 25, 38. He was collector of pope's taxes in England during reign of Queen Mary. On her death he kept money for his own use & bought the house and estate of Babraham, near Cambridge.

Here lies Horatio Pallavazene,
Who robb'd the pope, to lend the Queene,
He was a thief; a thief! Thou lyest;
For whie? He robb'd but anti-Christ.
Him death with besome swept from Babraham.
Into the bosome of oulde Abraham;
But then came Hercules with his club
And struck him down to Belzebub.

2. Samuel Bridger, Gloucester Cathedral. 96, 8, Goldsmid.

Receiver of this college Rents, he paid
His Debt to Nature, and beneath he's laid
To rest until his summons to remove
At the last audit, to the Choir above.

3. William Greaves. 1605. King's Norton Church, Wores. 96.

HASCENTION DAY ON NINTH OF MAY
THIRD YEAR OF KINGE JAMES RAIGNE
TO END MY TIME & STEALE MY COYNE
I WILLIAM GREAVES WAS SLAIN.
1605.

4. Hutton, Eng. 8, 77, 96. Robert Sleath. Died 1805. Tollkeeper.

He kept the turnpike gate at Worchester, and demanded from His Majesty on his visit to Bishop Hand, and from this circumstance was known as "the man who stopped the king."

On Wednesday last old Robert Sleath
Passed through the turnpike gate of death.
To him would Death no toll abate,
Who stopped the King at Worcester gate.

5. Arlesford, Eng. 8, 25, 77. Benjamin Browne, 1750. Excise Officer.

Late an officer in the Excise, born near Penrith in Cumberland, died May 15, 1750. aged 36 years.

No supervisor's check he fears,
Now no Commissioners obey,
He's free from cares, entreaties, tears
And all the Heavenly orb surveys.

6. St. James' Churchyard, Clerkenwell, Eng. 8.

Thos. Wayte, of Keythorp, Esq.
Receiver for his Majesty in the counties of
Warwick and Leicester. 1642.

Hither no tears but garland bring,
To crown this good Receiver's dust;
Who gave account to God and King,
And lives rewarded with the just.
So to this faith and office both gave rest
The King his quittance, God quietus est.

7. Old William, Keeper of Gate of Kew Green. 104. Written by John O' Combe, Parish Clerk.

Old Will, who kept the gate at Kew,
And kindly let all people through,
Was one day treated most uncivil,
Either by Death or by the Devil;
For one, without or noise or strife,
Shut upon Will the Gate of life.

8. St. Pancras, Churchyard, Middlesex. 18.

In memory of
The Honble Thomas Arundell, Count of
The most sacred Roman Empire, & uncle
to the present Lord Arundell of Wardour Castle:
An affectionate, indulgent husband, a
Faithful friend, exact paymaster, and always
ready to serve the poor.
He died 6th April 1752, aged 56.
Requiescat in Pace. Amen.

THIEVES

1. Frome Churchyard. 49.

Reader, beware immoderate love of pelf;
Here lies the worst of thieves, who robbed himself.

2. Old Kirkpatrick Churchyard. 25.

Here lies James Williamson, who died Spet. 6th 1812.
For piety he did excel;
And of all the elders
Of his sect, he bore the bell;
Of every web he wove, he stole an ell.

3. On a Horsethief. 27, 100.

He found a rope and picked it up,
And with it walked away.
It happened that to the other end
A horse was hitched, they say.
They took the rope and tied it up
Unto a hickory limb.
It happened that the other end
Was somehow hitched to him.

4. Italy. 9, Lombroso.

Here lies the body of poor Tulac,
Who tired of stealing in this world,
Goes to steal in another
5. "His happy relatives have erected this monument."

5. Location? 100.

Here lies the body of Johhny Haskell,
A lying, thieving, cheating rascal;
He always lied, and now he lies,
He has no soul and cannot rise.

6. Location? 100.

Flloyd has died and few have sobbed,
Since had he lived all had been robbed,
He's paid Dame Nature's debt 'tis said,
The only one he ever paid.
Some doubt that he resigned his breath,
Some vow he's cheated even death.
If he is buried, then ye dead, Beware!
Look to your swaddlings, of your shrouds take care,
Lest Floyd to your coffin should make his way,
And steal your linen from your mouldering clay.

TOWN CRIER.

1. Robert Coxe - Town Crier of Northhampton, 1773. (Eng.) 38. 36.

Here, silenc'd now by death,
One rests, - who ne'er knew loss of breath;
But when alive, would loudly give it
With freer will than we'd receive it;
Who news of horrid murder bore,
With sound of bell, to ev'ry door;
And oft, in honour of the dead,
Such fervent praises sang or said,
Some were (he'd say with little thinking)
Return'd to Life* - when they were stinking;
Who 'oud proclaimed, to Foe and Friend,
The losses which Misfortunes send;
Who told of Robberies and theft,
And who's of Goods by Fraud bereft. -
Such were the services of late
One noisy man perform'd the state.

*Rabbits, turkeys, Geese fresh salmon and Cod and live lobsters and oysters were advertised by the Town-crier.

TRAVELERS

1. Trivulcius, 58. Old Greek Epitaph.

Trivulcius, a greek of restless and adventurous disposition.

Here rests he who never rested.

2. Epitaph on a Traveller appearing in the Universal Magazine. 38. N.B. Battye's father was deputy constable of Manchester, and his brother a performer at the Carlisle Theatre.

"The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is often interred with their bones"

Here resteth the body of
THOMAS BATTYE
Late of Manchester,
Who died on a journey through Scotland
May 3rd, 1793, aged 30.
This stone was placed here
By an acquaintance,
Who, after examinig the debits and the credits,
Of his cash account
Found a small balance in his favor.
His sickness was short,
And, being a stranger, he was not troubled in his last
Moments with the sight of weeping friends,
But died of an inhospitable inn,
With the consent of all around him.
He left no mourner here,
Save a favorite mare; which,
(If the account of an ostler may be credited)
Neither ate nor drank during his indisposition.
Reader
Little will be said to perpetuate his memory;
The fact is - he died poor;
The whole he left behind, would not buy paper
Sufficient to paint half his virtues;
His chief mourner was sold by the public roup,
To pay the expenses of an overgrown landlord,
And a half starved apothecary.
His bags at once contained
His wardrobe, patterns, and library;
Consisting of
Two neckcloths and a clean shirt;
With samples of
Fringes, laces, lines and tassels, whips, webs,
and whalebone.
Also the following curious collection of books:
A volume of manuscript poetry,
(The offspring of his own muse)
Matrimonial magazines,
Ovid's Art of Love, - The whole duty of Man, and
Plato on The Immortality of the Soul.
In a snug pocket,
Lay an Aberdeen note for five pounds,
And an unfinished loveletter.
The latter evinced an eager desire of a
Speedy marriage;
For though his family face was an
Index of an hardened and unforgiving temper,

It was at last approved
By the object of his affection.
And if Death had spared him, though
Nature had been unkind,
He might have liv'd to have improved an
Ill-favoured stock.
The affability of his manners,
And the susceptibility of his heart, gave
Appearance the lie:
His sympathetic feelings for distress
Were eminently displayed through life;
His attachment to the fair sex notorious;
To whom he was so tenderly attentive,
That the story of a rude embrace would have caused.
The "tear of sensibility" to
Trickle from his eye
(He had only one eye)
He was ever happy in doing good,
And his liberality bountifully extended to
The unfortunate part of the sex,
Whom he always relieved to the utmost of
His power.
He was, justly speaking,
A friend to all;
And an enemy to none but himself
Brother traveller
Stop,
And reflect a moment
On the uncertainty of this life!
Five days are not yet passed, since he
Drank with glee,
The well known bumper toast;
He little thought it was
His farewell tribute to every earthly pleasure!
But his last journey being o'er,
There is now
No riding double stages to make up lost time:
Nor boxing Harry
To make up his cash account.
Who knows but Harry may now be boxing him?
The final balance
Of the good and evil of his life
Is now stricken;
And here he rests in hope,
That it may be found to his credit on
Judgment Day.
In the grand ledger of
Everlasting Happiness.

3. Islington Churchyard. 38.

In memory of
Mr. Samuel Jones
of Hereford,
Traveller,
Died, 27th August, 1795; aged 58.
Sweet solitude, when life's gay hours are past,
Where ere we rove, we fix in thee at last;
Toss'd thro' tempestuous seas, the voyage o'er,
Pale we look back, and bless the happy shore.

UNDERTAKERS

1. St. Mary's Church. Limerich. 8, 77, 79. Samuel Barinton p undertaker & clockmaker.

Here lieth little Samuel Barinton, that great undertaker,
Of amous city's clock and chime maker;
He made his own time go Early and Later,
But now he is returned to God his Creator.
The 19th of November then he seest,
And for his memory this here is pleast
By his son Ben, 1693.

2. Wincelsea, Eng. 25. On an undertaker.

To the memory of
William Hart - undertaker
Died 24th December, 1873
Aged 64 years
"A graver subject could not be."

3. On an Undertaker - Robert Masters. 27, 104, 58.

Here lyeth Robin Masters - Faith! 'twas hard
To take away our honest Robin's breath;
Yes, surely, Robin has full well prepar'd,
Robin was always looking out for death.

4. On an Undertaker. 104.

Subdu'd by Death, here Death's great Herald lies,
And adds a trophy to his victories;
Yet sure he was prepar'd, who while he'd Breath,
Made it his business still to look for Death.

5. On Mr. Remnant, undertaker. 104.36

Is Remnant gone! Each weeping eye
Confirms the mournful tale;
He, who oft heard the deep-fetch'd sigh,
Now bids our grief prevail.

But cease, ye mourning friends, to weep:
Be on his stone engrav'd.
"God has ordain'd, of those whose sleep,
A Remnant shall be sav'd".

6 On an undertaker. 36.
An Undertaker, lies quite silent here,
He must have been prepar'd we need not fear;
For, all his Life ev'n from his earliest Breath,
His constant study, was to seek for Death!

UPHOLSTERER

1. 38, 104.36.

Too cruel Death has snatch'd poor Ben away,
And chang'd his feathers for a Bed of clay.

WAGONER

1. On a Wagoner - Rutlandshire, Eng. - 49.

Here lies the body of Nathaniel Clarke,
Who never did harm in the light nor in the dark;
But in his blessed horses taken great delight,
And often travelled with them by day and by night.

WEAVERS

1. Great Yarmouth, Eng. 2. (also fisherman, clerk, soldier)

Here lies doomed,
In the vault so dark,
A soldier, weaver, angler, and clerk;
Death snatched him hence, and from him took
His gun, his shuttle, fish-rod, and hook,
He could not weave, nor fish, nor fight, so then
He left the world, and faintly cried: - Amen.

2. Henry Fox. Sleaford Lines, Eng. 96, 33, 66, 58. A weaver.

Of tender threads this mortal web is made
The woof & warp & colours early fade;
When power divine awakes the sleeping dust,
He gives immortal garments to the just.

3. Daniel Saul. Stepney, London. 96, 71, 104, 58.77; a silk weaver.

Here lies the body of Daniel Saul
Spittlefields Weaver, and that's all.
(similar one on John Hall in St. Dunstan's churchyard.

4. John Hall. 58.

Here lies the bones o' Tammy Messer,
O tarrry woo' he was a dresser,
He had some faults and many merits,
And died of drinking ardent spirits.

5. Gridiwokag, Me. 89. On a spinner and weaver.

Here Betsy Brown her body lies,
Her soul is flying in the skies -
While here on earth she ofttimes spun
Six hundred skeins from sun to sun,
And wove one day, her daughter brags
Two hundred pounds of carpet rags.

WIGMAKER

1. St. Michael's Churchyard, Dumfries. 38.

To the memory of
Thomas Movat,
Wigmaker in Dumfries.
Who died on the 18th day of Nov. 1735,
Aged 54 years.
Two lovers true for ten years space absented
By stormy seas and wars, yet liv'd contented;
We met for eighteen years and married were,
God smil'd on us, our wind blew always fair;
We're anchored here waiting our master's call,
Expecting with him joys perpetual.

WOOD RANGER AND SAWYER.

1. William Ralph 1818. Rosanna, Wicklow. 96. Woodrange to Mr. H. Tighe who wrote his epitaph. Mr. Tighe wrote "Psyche".

To the memory of William Ralph of Kilcarry
who died on the 21st Feb 1818
Aged 71 years.
Guard of the wood in settled low content.
Lived William Ralph, a ramble paid his rent:
A boy, in sportive toil he climbed the trees;
A man, he loved them rustling in the breeze.
As he grew old, his old companions spread.
A broader, browner shadow o'er his head;
While those he planted shot on high & made
For many a rook an hospitalble shade.
With this one change, life gently crept away,
A placid stream, it flowed from day to day.
His friends and children loved him as the tear
Well spoke, profusely shed upon the bier.
If he had faults, thou also hast thy share;
Strike thy one breast, & feel what lurketh there.
He who sees all, shall judge both him & thee,
Repent, for as it falls, so lies the tree.

2. Ockham, Surrey. 27, 58. Wood cutter. 1736.

The Lord saw good; I was lopping off wood,
And down fell from the tree;
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,
And so Death lopped off me.

3. Blind Woodsawyer. 67.

While none ever saw him see,
Thousands have seen him daw.

4. Walnut Grove Cemetery, near Delphos, Ohio. 103.

Isaac Thurston. died 1914 aged 74. Epitaph on a log shaped monument.

He sawed logs for forty years
But he won't saw this one.

1. Bolton, Eng. 8, 104, 38. 97 Henry Henkins - 169 years.

According to Everyday Book, Henry Jenkins was born in 1500 in Bolton, near Catterick and Richmond, in Yorkshire. He lived to be 169 years in age. He died in the neighboring village of Ellerton -under-Swale, waas buried in Bolton churchyard. Epitaph composed by Dr. Thomas Chapman, Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, from 1746 to 1760.

Quotes Mr. William Grainge of Harrowgate, a painstaking local Historian, who published in "Yorkshire Longevity.": "In the year 1743, a monument was erected by subscription in Bolton Churchyard to the memory of Jenkins; it consists of a square base of free stone, four feet four inches on each side by four feet six inches in height, surmounted by a pyramid eleven feet high. On the east side is inscribed:

This monuemnt was
erected by contribution
in ye year 1743 to ye memory
of Henry Jenkins.

On the next side:-

Henry Jenkins
Aged 169

in the church on a mural tablet of black marble is inscribed the following epitaph:

Blush not, Marble!
To rescue from oblivion
The memory of
Henry Jenkins
a person obscure in birth
But of a life truly memorable:
for
He was enriched
with the goods of nature
If not of Fortune:
and happy
In the duration
If not variety
Of his enjoyments:
And, tho' the partial world
Despised and Disregared
His low and humble state
The equal eye of Providence
Beheld and blessed it,
With a patriarch's health and length of days:
To teach mistaken man
These blessings
Were intail'd on temperance
A life of Labour and a mind at ease
He lived to the amazing age of 169
Was here interred. December 6th, 1670
And had this justice done to his memory 1743.

2. Great Willaston, Cheshire, Eng. 8, 96, 58, 38. See other one in this chapter. On Thomas Parr. (Another epitaph in Westminster Abbey(*4) 153 years, 9 months.

The old, old, very old man, Thomas Parr, was born at The Glyn within this Chapelry of Great Willaston and the Parish of Alberbury, in the county of Salop. In the year of our Lord 1483. He lived in the reigns of Ten Kings and Queens of England (viz) K. Edw. 4, K. Edw. 5,

K. Rich. 3, K. Hen. 7, K. Hen. 8, K. Edw. 6, Q. Mary, Q. Eliz., K. James I, and K. Charles I; died the 13th and was buried in Westminster Abbey on the 15th of November, 1635. Aged 152 years, and nine months.

3. St. Katherine, Gloucester, Eng. 8.4 (See suffling version) 1625.
Richard Tully, 103 years. " Briscoe's version, on back of page

Here lies old Mr. Richard Tully,
Who lived on C and 3 years fully,
The Sword of this city he did bear.
Nine of his wives do by him lie,
So shall the tenth when she doth die.

(Howe's version - Exeter Cathe-
(dral.
(Here lies the body of Captain
(Tully,
(Aged an hundred and nine years
fully;
(And three score years before,
as Mayor
(last three lines the same.)

4. Thomas Parr. Westminster Abbey. 1635. 96, 38.4.97

Thomas Parr
Of the county of Salop
Born in anno 1483
He lived in the reigns of ten Princes: viz
Edward IV, King Edward V, King Richard III
King Henry VII, King Henry VIII, King Edward VI
Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, King James, King Charles
He died in London.
Aged 152 years
And was buried here Nov. 15th 1635.
(N.B. One thing remarkable of this old man is, that at the age of 130 a prosecution was entered against him in the spiritual court for Bastardy and with such effect that he did penance in the church for that offence)

5. Dalkieth, Eng. 77, 96, 79, 38. Ob 1738, aet 125

LADY MARGARET SCOTT

Stop, passenger, until my life you've read;
The living may get knowledge by the dead.
Five times five years I liv'd a virgin's life;
Ten times five years I was a virtuous wife;
Ten times five years I liv'd a widow chaste;
Now weary'd of this mortal life, I rest.
Between my cradle and my grave, have seen
Eight mighty kings of Scotland & a Queen;
Four times fives year the Common-wealth I saw,
Ten times the subjects rose against the law.
Twice did I see old Prelacy pull'd down,
And twice the cloak was humbled by the gown.
And end of Stewart's race I saw: nay, more! Stuart's
I saw my native country sold for English ore:
Such desolation in my life have been,
I have an end of all perfect seen.

N.B. As she was born in 1613 and died in 1738 she could only have lived in reigns of James VI, Chas. I, Charles II, James II, Wm. III, Geo. I, Geo. II, Queen Anne (Seven Kings, one Queen) Oliver Cromwell's Protectorateshup was probably considered as equivalent to a reigh.)

3 Briscoe's Version.

Here lieth old Mr Richard Tully,
Who lived C and 3 years fully;
He did the sword of the city weare,
Before the Mayor thirty-one yeare;
Four wives he had, and here they lie,
All waiting Heaven's eternity.
He died March 1619.

6. 58.

At Frodsham Church, Cheshire was buried on Mar. 13, 1592
Thomas Hough, aged 141 and the very next day
Randall Hall, aged 103

7. St. Paul's Mousehole, Cornwall. 8, 96, 66, 58, 38. (Her actual age was 92 years. She was one of last to speak Cornish. Original in Cornish language and English. Died in 1777 or 8.*

Old Doll Pentreath, one hundred age and two,
Both born, and in Paul Parish buried too;
Not in the church 'mongst People great and high,
But in the churchyard doth old Dollie lie!

8. Brightwell-Baldwin, Oxon. 4 8, 96. 97 ob. 1687. born Feb. 1582.

Here lies Stephen Rumbold
He lived to the age of an hundred and one
Sanguine and strong
A hundred to one you don't live so long.

Eaton's / Briscoe's version: He lived one hundred and five
Sanguine and strong
A hundred to five
You live not so long. dy'd March 4, 1687.
born Feb. 1582.

9. Ledbury, Herefordshire. 77, 96, 8/ ob. 1674. On Three Brothers.

Stay reader.
Here lyes the body of James Baily, late of Ledbury,
Courvisor, who departed this life 13 Dec. 1674,
Aged 100 years and 8 months. He was the youngest
Brother of Humphrey Baily of Ocul Pychard,
And of Samuel Baily, late of Hereford. These three
brothers lived the age of 300 years.
What one wanted the others
made up. Mors rapit omnia.

10. Kirk St. Anna, Isle of Man. 77, 2. (Santon Parish Church) Epitaph written by Sir Wadsworth Busk, Atty-General of the Island.

DANIEL TEAR
Here, friend, is little Daniel's tomb,
To Joseph's age he did arrive;
Sloth killing thousands in their bloom
While labour kept poor Dan alive.
Tho' strange, yet true, full seventy years
Was his wife happy in her Tears
Daniel Tear, died Dec. 9, 1787, aged 110 years

11. Old Soldier's Hospital, Chelsea, Eng. 96, 72, 38, 97 (see illustration in clippings.) Collected 11 records of soldiers over 100, yrs. from 1732-1827. N.B. Served in army 80 years. Served under Wm. III in Ireland. Served under Duke of Marlborough in Flanders. Upward of 100 yrs. married 2nd wife and outlived her. At 111 married 3rd but did not outlive her.

Here lies WILLIAM HISELAND.
A veteran if ever soldier was,
Who merited well a pension,
If long service be merit;

Having served upwards of the days of man;
Ancient but not superannuated:
Engaged in a series of wars,
Civil as well as foreign
Yet not maimed or worn out by either.
His compexion was fresh and florid,
His health hale and hearty,
His memory exact and ready,
In Stature
He exceeded the military size;
In strength
He surpassed the prime of youth!
And
What rendered his age still more patriarchial.
When above a hundred years old
He took unto him a wife.
Read follow soldiers and reflect -
That there is a spiritual warfare
As well as a warfare temporal
Born on 1st of August 1620
Died the 16th of February 1732
Aged 112.

Tissington. born Aug 6., 1620
Died Feb 7, 1732

12. Longnor Churchyard, Stafford, Eng. 9.97 See Andrews version in chapter on "Soldiers."

William Billings, a soldier in the British Army 75 years
Died 1793, aged 114 years.
Billeted by death, I quartered here remain,
And when the trumpet sounds, I'll rise and march again.

13. East Dalhousie, Nova Scotia.

Here lies
Ezekial Aikle
Age 102
The good
Die young.

14. Camberwell Church. 58.

Buried 5th May, 1658, Rose, wife of Wm. Hathaway, aged 103, who bore a son at the age of 63. Her husband, who was about the same age, survived her three years, and was buried 3rd October, 1661, aged 105.

15. Camberwell Church. 58.

On Elizabeth Jones who died 22nd November, 1775, aged 125.

16. Joseph Newton - 1767. St. Peter's, Sheffield - age 85. 96.

Who wished to live peaceably with all men
Born 12th July 1682; died Jan. 10th 1767.
He lived in the reighns of
Twelve crowned heads of England. (12 crowned heads - 6 kings & 6 Queens (wives)

17. Upper Denton, Cumberland. 96. Margaret Teasdale - honoured by Sir Walter Scott as "Meg Merrilies" in "Guy Mannering".

What I was once, fame may relate,
What I am now, is each one's fate;
What I shall be none shall explain
Till he that called, shall call again.

18. Edwalton, Notts. 96. Rebecca Freeland. 1741.

She drank good ale, good punch and wine,
And lived to the age of ninty-nine.

19. Barlborough, Derbyshire. 96. William Cooke. 1640.

100 years lived I, William Cooke;
God lent the time & I it took;
The 30th of January, 1640 my life ended;
Have given to Barlborough pore
20 pounds for evermore.

20. Fulham, Middlesex. 96.97 Nathaniel Reuch, 1783.

Tissington - name - Rench
age - 101 years

Under this stone
are deposited the remains of
NATHANIEL REUCH,
Late of this parish, gardener,
Who departed this transitory life
Jan. 18, 1783.
Aged 110 years

21. Chepstow, Monmouthshire. (Mathern churchyard) 96.4. Joseph Lee. 1825.

Aged 103 years.
Joseph Lee is dead and gone
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear an old drab coat,
All buttoned down before.

22. Hendon, Middlesex. 96. Elizabeth Farren. 1832.

Aged 102 years.
She was a woman of very shrewd understanding
& a remarkable instance of healthy longevity.
In her hundred and first year she threaded her needle
without spectacles.
And regularly walked a mile & a half to church
Until a very short time before her death
on 29 February 1832.

23. Roxburgh, near Kelso, N.B. 96. Andrew Gemmels. 1793.

The body of the
Gentleman Beggar,
ANDREW GEMMELS, Edie Ochiltree, was interred here,
Who died at Roxburgh Newton in 1793
Aged 106 years.
Erected by William Thomas Farmer Over
Roxburgh 1849.

24. Breckles, Norfolk. 96. John Stubbing.

The remains of John Stubbing lay in the middle of
This steeple, aged one hundred & seven years & eight months.
Lived in this parish 67 years & died with the character
of an honest industrious man.

25. St. Mary's, Whitby, Eng. 96. Esther Ling. 1770. She was 109 yrs. of age.

Aged 109 years,
The longest liver's to Death's
Power must yield
Nor aught below can from
That tyrant shield.

26. Buckross Abbey, Ireland. Owen Shine. 1847. 96

OWEN SHINE
who died aged 114 years
Erected
By Daniel Shine
in memory
of his father
OWEN SHINE
Who departed
This life April
The 6th 1847
Aged 114 years
Pray for him.

27. Tickhill, Yorks. 96.97 Eliza Shaw. 1820.

This stone is sacred
To the memory of
ELIZA SHAW
who died Nov. 10th 1820
Aged 118 years
She lived in six reigns & enjoyed excellent health until a few hours previous to her death.

28. Leigh, Essex. 96. Mary Ellis. 1609.

Here lies the body of Mary Ellis, daughter of Thomas Ellis & Lydia, his wife, of this Parish. She was a virgin of virtuous character & most promising hopes. She died on the 3rd of June 1609, aged one hundred and nineteen.

29. Shifnal, Shropshire. 96, 66. Mary Yates - 1714.

Aug. 7th, 1714, Mary, the wife of Joseph Yates, of Lizard Common, within this parish, was buried, aged 127 years. She walked to London, just after the Fire in 1666; was hearty & strong at 120, & married a third husband at 92.

30. All Saints, Northampton. 96. John Bailes. 1706. 126 years.

Here under lyeth
John Bailes. Born in this
Town he was above 126 years old
& had his hearing, sight & memory
To ye last. He lived in 3 centurys,
& was buried ye 14th of Nov. 1706.

31. Soham, Cambs. 96. 97. Dr. Wards. 1645 "physician" 125 years.

Here lyes Dr. Ward whom you knew well before,
He was kind to his neighbours, good to the poor
To God, to Prince, Wife, Kindred, Friend, the Poor,
Religious, Loyal, True, Kind, Steadfast, Dear,
In Zeal, Faith, Love, Blood, Amity and Store
He hath soe lived, & soe deceas'd lyes here.

32. Isle of Man. 2.

In memory of Patrick M'Carrey of Douglas, who departed this life the 9th December, 1851, aged 102 years;
Also in memory of Jane M'Carrey, alias Leech, wife of above named Patrick M'Carrey, who departed this life the 19th December, 1851, aged 100 years. They lived together upwards of 70 years.

33. Frodsham Church, Cheshire, Eng. 58.

Thomas Hough aged 141, buried on March 13, 1592. On the very next day Randle Hall, aged 103.

34. Shiffnal Church, Shropshire. 58.

1) William Wakely was baptized at Idsal, otherwise Shiffnal, May the 1st, 1590, and was buried at Adbaston, November 28, 1714. His age was 124 years and upward; he lived in the reigns of eight kings and queens, D.P.
2) August 7th 1776. Mary, wife of Joseph Yates, of Lizard Common, within this parish, was buried, aged 127 years. She walked to London just after the fire in 1666, was hearty and strong 120 years, and married a third husband at ninety-two.

35. Honington Church, Wiltshire. 58.

There is a black marble monument to the memory of G. Stanley, Gent., who died 1719, aged 151.

36. Bridlington Churchyard, Yorkshire. 58.

1542. Thomas Newman, aged 153.

37. England. 89.

Rich born, rich bred, yet Fate adverse,
His wealth and fortune did reverse.
He lived and died immensely poor
July the tenth, aged ninety-four.

38. Anstey, Westmoreland. 66, 38.

Mary Best lies buried here,
Her age it was just ninety year;
Twenty eight she liv'd a single life,
And only four years was a wife;
She liv'd a widow fifty-eight,
And died January 11, eighty-eight.

39. Bromley, Kent. 38.97 ~~See his version of Wm. Billings' epitaph in Chap. on Soldiers~~.

Near this place
Lies the body of
ELIZABETH MONK
who departed this life the 27th day of August
1753, aged 101.
She was the widow of James Monk, late
of this parish, Blacksmith.
Her second husband,
To whom she had been a wife near fifty years,
By whom she had no children,
And of the issue of her first marriage
none lived to the second.
But virtue
would not suffer her to be childless;
An infant, to whom and to whose father and mother
she had been nurse
(Such is the uncertainty of temporal prosperity)
Became dependent on strangers for the necessaries of life
To him she afforded the protection of a mother.
This parental charity was returned with filial affection,
And she was supported in the feeblemess of age
By him whom she had cherished in the helpness of infancy.
Let it be remembered
That there is no situation in which industry
will not obtain power to be liberal,
Nor any character in which Liberality
will not confer honour.
She had long been prepared by a simple and
uneffected piety for that awful moment,
which, however delayed, is universally sure.
How few are allowed an equal time of probation!
How many by their lives appear to presume upon more!
To preserve the memory of this person,
But yet more to perpetuate the lesson of her life,
This stone is erected by voluntary contribution.

40. Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, New York. 83.

JOHN BUCKHOUT
Died 1785
Age 103
Leaving behind
240
Children
and
Grandchildren.

41. Landaff, N.H. 83. "Woman who lived in 3 centuries"

Widow
SUSANNA BROWNSON
was born August 3, 1699
And died June 12, 1802
Aged 103 years.

42. North Lake Cemetery, Aurora, Ill. 83. "man who lived in 3 centuries"

Alexander Harding
1794 - 1908

43. Andover, Mass. 57, 9.

John Abbott, 1793, aet. 90
Grass, smoke, a flower, a vapor, shade, a span,
Serve to illustrate the frail life of man;
And they, who longest live, survive to see
The certainty of death, of life the vanity.

44. Duxbury, Mass. 57. On an old lady died at 87 years, 11 months.

The chisel can't help her any.

45. On the tombstone of an old man 27

Lively I walked life's journey through
Till I arrived at eighty-two;
Then calm descended here to rest
In hopes to be forever blest.

46. Charlestown, Mass. 78.

In memory of Mr. Ebenezer Hawes
Who departed this life
April 19th, 1812
In the 91st year of his age.
Of no distemper, of no blast, he dy'd
But fell like autumn fruit, that mellow'd long;
E'en wonder'd at, why he no sooner dropt.
Fate seem'd to wind him up for four score years,
Yet restless ran he on, ten winters more,
Till like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

47. In memory of Sarah Palmer. 79.
Who departed this life March 16, 1782 in the 91st year of her age; leaving children, grandchildren, great grandchildren, and treble grandchildren, 166.
By his kind help who sits on Heaven's throne,
I reach'd the reverend age of ninety-one.
At eighty-seven I had a broken shin -
At eighty-nine I halved my dose of gin;
And, being come to ripe maturity,
Plac'd all my thoughts upon futurity,
Thinking, I heard a blessed say -
Cheery, old soul! pack up, and come away.

48. Matamoros, Mexico. 83. "dates"

Gravestone to a man who was born and died on the same day of the same month - 100 years apart
"SERVANDO CANALES
Born - Oct. 23, 1830
Died - Oct. 23, 1930

49. Forest Hill Cemetery, East Derry, N.H. 103.

Lizzie Angell, died 1932, aged 83

"I don't know how to die".

(over)

50. Albion, N.Y. (Mt Albion Cemetery) 103
Timothy Bailey, d 1841, aged 80

Our aged father is now conveyed
To his long home in silence laid
Hast burst his cage and winged his way
To realms of bliss in endless day.

51. Shutesbury, Mass.. (Old Burying Ground) 103
Erected by the Town of Shutesbury
In memory of
Ephraim Pratt
Born in East Sudbury
Nov., 1, 1686
Removed to Shutesbury soon
after its first settlement
where he resided until he
Died May 22, 1804
In his 117 year.
He was remarkably cheerful
in his disposition and temperate
in his habits
He swung a scythe 101 consecutive
years and mounted a horse
without assistance at the
age of 110.

(N.B – Reliable records indicate that he died at a mere 99 and not 117.)

55. Milford, Conn. 103
In memory of
Sarah Prudden
who with a happier
world in view
departed this mortal state
July 27th 1788 in the
80th year of her age.

Old age to seventy years is set
How short the term, how frail the state
And if to Eighty we arrive
We rather sigh & groan than live.

52 - Union church cemetery, Unionville, Mo 103
Charles Gollihar, died Nov 1888, aged 123

53 Chambersburg Pa. Cedar Grove Cemetery 103
John Hill, d. 1832, aged 128.

Born Herefordshire, England, Reign of Queen Ann.
Enlisted under George I
Served Twenty-eight years in England, Ireland, Spain and America
At the close of French and Indian War, Settled in Franklin County
Buried in unmarked Grave - Lutheran Graveyard, St. Thomas, Pa.
Probably oldest man ever Lived in Pennsylvania.

54. Plainfield, Vermont, Village Cemetery
Triphena Shepard, d 1840, aged 99

I would not live always

56. Harvard, Mass Burial Grounds
John Daby, d 1769, aged 80

'Tis but a few whose Days amount
To three score and ten;
And all beyond that short account,
Is Sorrow, Toil and Pain.
Our Vitals with laborious strife,
Bear up the crazy Load,
And drag those poor Remains of Life,
Along the tiresome Road.

57 Wrentham, Mass
Ebenezer Hawes, d. 1812, aged 91

Of no distemper, of no blast he dy'd,
But fell like autumn fruit, that mellow'd long;
E'en wondered at, why he no sooner dropt.
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years,
Yet restless ran he on, ten winters more,
Till like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

PRODIGIOUS MEN

1. Hegdon, Eng. 8, 77, 96, 2. Hedon, Holderness, East Yorkshire. (Hyden Churchyard, Yorkshire) Andrews = Strutton

Here lyeth the body of
William Stratton of Padrington
Buried the 18th of May, 1734
Aged 97 years
Who had by his first wife, twenty-eight children;
And by the second, seventeen;
Was own father to forty-five;
Grandfather to eighty-six
Great-grandfather to ninety-seven
And great-great grandfather to thwenty-three
In all, two hundred and fifty-one.

2. Laurence Lideard Churchyard, Eng. 8, 77, 2.

The man that rests in this grave has had 8 wives, by whom he had 45 children, and 20 grandchildren. He was born rich, lived and died poor, aged 94 years.
July 30, 1774.
Born at Bewdley in Worcestershire in 1650.

3. Eyrie, Aberdeenshire, Scotland

Erected to the memory of Alexander Gray, sometime farmer in Mill of Burns, who died in the 96th year of his age, having had 32 legitimate children by two wives.

4. St. Katherine's, Gloucester, Eng. On a much married man. 1725. 8. Centenarian Richard Tully

Here lies old Mr. Richard Tully
Who lived an C and 3 years fully,
And three score years before the Mayor
The sword of this city he did bear.
None of his wives do by him lie
So shall the tenth when she doth die.

5. Welton, Yorkshire. 8, 2. Jeremiah Simpson. 1719

Here lieth the old
Jeremy who hath
eight times married
been but now in his
old age he lies
in his cage under
the grass so green
which Jeremiah Simp-
son departed this
Life in the 84 years
of his age in the
year of our Lord.
1719.

6/ Howe's version of 5.

Here lies he, owld Jeremy,
Had seven wives, and eight (sic) times married been;
Now here in his age, he lies in his cage
Under the grass so green.

7. Bedford, Eng. 104. Shadrach Johnson, owner of Wheat sheaf, had 24 children by his first wife and 8 by his second.

Shadrach lies here, who made both sexes happy,
The women with love - toys, the men with Nappy.

8. Conway, Eng. 8, 96.97 Nicholas Hookes.

Here lieth the body of Nicholas Hookes, of Conway, Gent,
Who was the forty-first child of his father William Hooke, Esqre.
By Alice his wife, & the father of 27 children, ~~who~~ He died
the 20th day of March, 1637,

9. Church of St. Martin, Leicester. 49.

Here lieth the body of
JOHN HEYWICKE
of this parish, who departed this life
the second of April, 1589
being about the age of seventy-six years.
He did marry Mary, the daughter of John Bond,
of warden, in the county of Warwick, Esq.
He lived with the said Mary in one house fully fifty-two years,
And in all that time never buried man, woman nor child,
Though there were sometimes twenty in household.
He had issue by the said Mary five sons and seven daughterw
The said John was Mayor of the town, 1559 and again anno 1572.
The said Mary lived to ninety-seven years and departed the 8th December 1611. She did see, before her departure, of her children, and children's children, and their children, to the number of 142.

10. William Stuart. 1685. Patrington Yorks. 96.

Here lies the body of
William Stuart of Patrington
Buried 18th May 1865 Aged 77 years
He had children by his first wife, 28; by his second ø 17, own father to 45, grandfather to 86, great grandfather to 97,
Great great grandfather to 23.

11. Michael Honeywood. Lincoln Cathedral. 96.

Here lyeth the body of
Michael Honeywood D.D.
Who was grandchild and one of the
three hundred and sixty-seven persons
That Mary, the wife of Robert Honeywood, Esqr
Did see before she died.
Lawfully descended from her, viz:
Sixteen of her own body, 114 grandchildren
228 of the third generation, and 9 of the fourth.
Mrs. Honeywood
Died in the year 1605
And in the 78th year of her age.

12. John Semys. St. John the Baptist's Church, Gloucester. (Goldsmid)

Here under buried John Semys lyeth,
Which had two wives; the first Elizabeth,
And by her VI soones, and daughters five;
Then aftur by Agnes, his secund wife,
Eight soones, seven daughters, goddes plente;
The full numbre in all of six and twente,
He passed to God in the moneth of August,
The thousand five hundred and fortie just.

13. Thomas Story, Arthuret churchyard, Cumberland. (Goldsmid)

Under this stone lies Thomas Story,
Whose soul is gone to heavenly Glory;
Admirable for Wisdom, and so well approv'd,
In England and Scotland by rich and poor lov'd,
Had sixteen sons and seven daughters fair,
Which Agnes his loving wife to him bare.

14. Lydeard Close, England: 89.97. William Rich. Father of 40 children

Beneath this stone in sound repose
Lies William Rich of Lydeard close
Eight wives he had, yet none survive
And likewise children eight times five,
From whom an issue vast did pour
Of great grandchildren five times four.
Rich born, rich bred, but fate adverse,
His wealth and fortune did reverse.
He lived and died extremely poor,
July the tenth, aged ninety-four.

15. Northampton, Mass. 13.

Died April 7, 1789
Mr. Joseph Clark.
He was the youngest of six sons and 5 daughters, and survived them; from the 5 sons, have descended 1158 lineal heirs, 925 were living at his death. 'With long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation.'

16. Old or Quarry Cemetery, Cromwell, Conn. 103

Here lies interred the body of Mr John Sage who departed this life, January ye 22nd A.D. 1750-1, in the 83 year of his age. He left a virtuous and sorrowful widow with whom he had lived 57 years and had 15 children; 12 of them married and increased ye family by repeated marriages to the number of 29, of whom there are now 15 alive; he had 120 grandchildren, 105 of them now living; 40 great grandchildren, 37 of them are living, which makes the numerous offspring 189.

Here lies interred the body of Mrs Hannah Sage, once the virtuous consort of Mr John Sage, who both are covered with this stone, and there has been added to the numerous offspring mentioned above forty-four by birth and marriages, which makes the whole 233. She fell asleep September the 28th 1753 in the 80th year of her age.

FIRST PEOPLE

1. Boston, Mass. 57.

Epitaphium
Johannes Cottonne
Cuius ultima lous est,
Quod fuerit inter nov. Anglos Primus.

Translation: John Cotton, whose highest praise is that he was the first man in New England.

2. Butler County, Ohio. 100.

Here lies the woman, first save one,
That settled on the Maine about Fort Hamilton,
Her table was spread, and that of the best,
And Anthony Wayne was often her quest.

3. First Jap in U.S.A.

This is the tombstone of William Takahashi, believed to be the first Japanese immigrant to come to the U.S. Kneeling beside it is Roland Bowers, Univ. of Nevada freshman who discovered the grave in a Reno cemetery.
Wm. Takahashi arrived in this country in 1867, and worked as a cook. He died in 1907 at age of 61. Contributed by J. Milton Mapes, Reno, Nev.

On Tombstone
Wm. E. Takahashi
Died
Oct. 8, 1908
Afed 61 years
He was the first Japanese
to land in U.S.A. - 1867.

4. Near Marianna, Arkansas. Lee County. 83, 103.

Home site and grave
of John Patterson.
Homesite and grave of John Patterson
son of William Patterson. Born 1790 Died 1886.
Arkansas' first native born child of
Anglo-Saxon parentage. The following riddle
was often asked by John Patterson and are inscribed on his tombstone.
"I was born in a Kingdom (Spain)
Reared in an empire (France)
Attained manhood in a territory, (Louisiana Purchase)
Am now a citizen of a state (Arkansas)
And have never been a hundred miles
From where I was born.
Note: This pioneer died at age of 90 yrs. & was buried with his 6 wives & 26 children behind his cabin home.

5. On Breitschwerdt Farm, Baltimore, Md. 83.

To the memory of
Adam
The First Man.

5a. Fountain Inn, South Carolina. - erected by Robert Quillen, a journalist, in his garden:
In memory of Eve
The first Woman.
N.B. When asked why he erected this centopath, Quillen answered "She was a relative of ~~mine~~ mine on my mother's side"

(over)

6. Brookfield, Conn. (Central cemetery) 103
Tomkins Brush, d 1809, aged 87, gave the land for the cemetery.

My friends, ime here the first that come,
And in this place for you there's room.

7 Hartford, Conn (Ancient Burying ground) 103

Here lyeth the body of Mr David Gardiner
of Gardenir's Island, deceased, July 10th 1689
in the fifty fourth year of his age.
Well - Sick - dead in one hour's space.
Engrave the remembrance of Death on thine heart
When as thou dost see how swiftly hours depart.
Born at Saybrook, April 29, 1636
The first white child born in Connecticut.

8. Blue Earth, Minnesota. 103 Moses Sailor, first settler in Faribault County, d. 1896. On his grave is a cement log cabin 5 feet long, three feet wide, five feet high. with a chimney, window & door & him name on latter.

9. ~~Colby~~

Pioneers.

Wallis. (103) Waldoboro, Maine (old German Cemetery).
Reverend John Starman, died 1854, aged 72.
This town was settled in 1748 by Germans who emigrated to this place with the promise and expectation of finding a prosperous city, instead of which they found nothing but wilderness.
(N.B. a monument to Rev. Frederick Ritz, died 1811, aged 59: is similarly inscribed)

" Tamworth, N.H. (Town Cemetery). Rev. Samuel Hidden, d. 1837, aged 77
He came into the Wildnerness
And left it a fruitful field.

" Marlboro, N.H. (East Cemetery). Daniel Emerson, d 1829, aged 82
The land I cleared is now my grave
Think well my friends how you behave.

" Groveland, Mass. (Old Cemetery) Mrs Martha Hale. d. 1723, aged 47
If you will look
It may aper
She was ye forst
That is buried here.

" Colby, Kansas (Beulah Cemetery) a colored, bas-relief reproduction of a sod house over the grave of this pioneer couple
The Sod Home of James and Melissa Wallace Built in 1887
Jameswallace came to Thomas Co. March 1885.
Melissa Alger April 1885; were Married Oct 20, 1886
"The Soddy will always be a Symbol
of the western Kansas Pioneer Spirit"

Wallis. Introduction to chapter on Pioneers
During the past century, the forces of nature have obliterated most of the grave sites along the wagon trails that led westward to California & Oregon. At the sides of these trails are thousands of unknown and unmarked graves. Between 1840 and 1870 more than 34000 pioneers are said to have died of heat, exposure, and various sicknesses, particularly Asiatic Cholera. The graves were usually unadorned, although occasionally a wooden headboard, a roughly carved boulder, or a wagon wheel indicated a burial site. Many of the wooden crosses were used as fired wood by subsequent travellers.

Wallis. Emmett, Idaho, on a granite boulder
Freeze Out Hill
Look to the East. The first hogsback is the Original Freeze Out road. This monument was erected July 1928 by the Payette River Pioneer Society in memory of the Pioneers of 1862 to 1868 who traveled said original road and stood the hardships in the early development of the Valley.

" Guernsey, Wyoming Guns, swords, oxen shoes, wagon irons, & other relics found along Oregon trail have been set into the sides of this monument.
TO ALL PIONEERS
WHO PASSED THIS WAY
TO WIN AND HOLD THE WEST,

Wallis Gering, Nebraska – When a railroad survey was being made there was found a half sunk wagon wheel; inscribed; "Rebecca Winters, aged 50 years" The proposed railroad bed was altered so that grave might not be disturbed. Descendants who heard of the discovery raised a monument with this inscription:

Our Beloved Mother
Rebecca Burdick
Wife of Hiram Winters, She
died a faithful Latter Day Saint,"
Aug. 15, 1852, Aged 50 years
While making the memorable journey
across the plains with her people to
find a new home in the far distant
Salt Lake Valley she gave her life
for her faith. Her reward will be
according to her works.

Wallis Alhambra Cemetery, Martinez, California.

Capt. Joseph R Walker
Born in Roan Co. Tenn
Dec 13, 1798
Emigrated to Mo. 1819
To New Mexico 1820
Rocky Mountains 1832
California. 1833
Camped at Yosemite Nov. 13, 1833
Died. Oct 27, 1876.
Ae. 77 yrs, 10 m's, & 14 ds.

Wallis. Cypress Lawn Cemetery, Colma, California. Hugh Whittell d 1887

Several years before his death erected an 8ft pyramid monument in Old Masonic Cemetery, San Francisco, and later moved to this cemetery. The inscription:

All you who chance this grave to see,
If you can read English, may learn by me.
I traveled, read and studied mankind to know;
And what most interested them here below.
The present, or the future state, and love of power,
Envy, fear, love or hate, occupied each wakeful hour.
All would teach, but few would understand,
The greater part, know little of either God or man.
Love one another, a very good maxim, all agreed,
Learn, labor, and wait, if you would succeed.
In the five divisions of the world I have been,
The cities of Peking and Constantinople I have seen,
On the first railway I rode, before others were made,
Saw the first telegraph operate so useful to trade;
In the first steam ship, the Atlantic, I crossed,
Suffered six shipwrecks where lives were lost,
In the first steamer to California I did sail,
And went to China by the first Pacific Mail.
After many endeavours my affairs to fix,
A short time I will occupy less than two by six.

Wallis Emerson N.J. (Cedar Park cemetery) on a refugee.

Charlotte Stern
Born Nov 19, 1869 in Germany
Died Feb 23, 1939 on board ship
bringing her to the Land of Liberty
and buried in these United States.
March 5, 1939

MOVIE STARS

1. This epitaph to a famous movie actress was composed by Paul Bern who was her husband and after her death married Jean Harlow:

"Barbara LaMarr
1896 - 1926
With God in joy
And beauty of Youth."

2. Robert Taylor, the movie actor found this tombstone in a graveyard, in Kent, Eng. He brought it back to show to his friend and contemporary actor, William Powell:

"In memory of William Powell
The harmonious blacksmith
Died Feb. 7, 17?

3. On the coffin of Rudolph Valentino, the famous lover of the movies.

"Rudolpho Guglielmi Valentino"
1895 - 1926

4. The prop man at a Hollywood studio ribbed Cary Grant by putting his real name on one of the tombstones in a graveyard scene in one of his pictures:

"Archibald Leach 1750 - 1607."

HUMOROUS EPITAPHS

1. Suggested epitaphs for casualties in household traffic accidents - N.Y. Times 1/26/47

1. Here lie Ma and Maud and Grover,
   They carried loads they couldn't see over.
2. Here lie also Ferdinand and Mark
   They drank out of bottles in the bathroom in the dark.
3. Here, moreover, is Cousin Peter,
   Who stored benzine by the cellar heater.
4. Here are, finally, Jane, Joe, Ed, Uncle Bill and Papa
   They smoked in bed.

2. Bernard M. Baruch - elder statesman of this country - has selected his own epitaph: "He helped to bring lasting peace to the world."

3. Rudyard Kipling's epitaph in one of his works.
   A fool lies here
   Who tried to hustle the East

4. 22.

Will Rogers: Here lies Will Rogers - Politicians turned honest -
And he starved to death.
John Barrymore: The answer to the question - To be, or not to be?

Clark Gable: Back to the silents. (William G. Gable - born Cadiz Che

Eddie Cantor: Here in nature's arms I nestle
Free at last from George Jessel
Sam Hellman: Here lies one that was good and kind and true,
Faithful, just and honest through and through,
With all the virtues great character may endow,
But what the hell does it get me now.
Marie Dressler: (born Leila Korber, Coburg, Canada)
Just a lonely trouper starting on a new circuit.
Polly Moran: I'm on my way to the biggest Preview I ever attend

Walter Winchell: (self written) Here lies Walter Winchell
In the dirt he loved so well.
Frederic March (Fred McIntyre Bickel, Racine, Wis.)
This is just my lot.
O.O. McIntyre: Another columnist in hiding, as usual

H.T. Webster (cartoonist) Passed out of the picture
Just like my dividends
Earl Derr Biggers (author) The last installment

George Ade: He was approaching second childhood before he discovered that his name was a synonym for succor (Columnist - Los Angeles Times)
Harry Carr: Say what you like: I can't talk back.

Lee Shippey, writer of Twenty Mule Team Family - Los Angeles Times
This marble column over me
is my last column and my treasure -
The one "my public" certainly
will read with pleasure.

Charles Hanson Towne (author) - Under this column
Tall and solemn
Lies the dust of a columnist
Note, my hearties,
No more parties -
His name has been scratched from every list.

Ted Cook: Gabriel, sound your A.

W.R. Burnett: author of "Little Caesar" - Now I am in a hole

Clara Bow: St. Peter - when are you going to interview the extras?

Rex Bell: After Hollywood, nothing is a surprise.

John Gilbert: I should have bought a camera.

Buster Keaton: I wonder if they'll laugh at this.

May Wilson Preston (illustrator) Here lies the body of May Wilson Preston
She moved from New York to relieve the congestion.

George Arliss: All my old junk gone to the storehouse
Here I am, God, starting for your house,
In order to prevent possibility of ruction
Am bringing you back your original production.

Stan Laurel: My last appearance on this, or any other, lot.

Oliver Hardy: I shouldn't of et that

Rex Beach: Here lies Rex Beach
Teed up 1877
Bunkered 1977
He worked a little and played enough
Shot at the fairway, but fetched the rough.

Fulton Oursler: No more diets - except for worms. (writer)

William MacLeod Raine: This is on me.

George Gershwin: Here lies the body of George Gershwim, American composer. Composer? American?

Zona Gale: Here lies Zona Gale
In the sun, moon, the sky
And nimbly perching on the bough -
I'm everywhere at once, but I
Am much too modest to tell how.

Charles "Chic" Sale: This lot for sale.

Lowell Thomas: Here lies the bird
Who was heard
By millions of people
Who were waiting,
To hear Amos 'n Andy.

Percy L. Crosby: (cartoonist) Beneath lies Percy Crosby
Placed here by his friends
To save him from his enemies

Wynne Gibson: Down, but not out.

William S. Hart: from sioux Indian Language
Mite oihanple cankuksan, ye yinnaihanke
"Trail - long - winding - to land of dreams."
George O'Brien: Here lies the body of George O'Brien;
He couldn't play bridge, but died a-tryin'
William Irwin: At last he is catching up with his sleep.
(composed by wife)
Wallace Irwin: (self composed) Here lies Wallace Irwin of genius so bright
He flashed like a sun where there might have been night;
Poet, philosopher, novelist, sage;
O! what adornments he lent to his age!
Gift such as his cannot wither or die,
Though he has joined the immortals on high
For his works glowlike pearls on a seven foot shelf.

6. 22.

Rob Wagner - Editor and Publisher of "The Script" Beverly Hills, Calif.
Here lies Rob Wagner
Known as Ye Ed
He kidded the cemeteries
Now he is dead.'
Jimmy Durante: Don't pick the wild flowers.

Harry Herschfield: Here lies the body of Harry Herschfield
If not, notify Ginsberg & Company, undertakers at once.
Paul Whiteman: Gone to look for the last chord.

Mrs. Paul Whiteman: A weight off my mind

Zane Grey: Gone fishing

Harry Leon Wilson: Just like me - forgot to leave a call.

Boyden Sparks (author) Waiting for long distance

Frederic van de water (author)
A prophet lies here. Let no sympathy stir,
For the man 'neath this tomb's granite lid.
He always predicted the worst would occur
And, sure enough, one day it did!
Groucho Marx: Here lies Groucho Marx
I hope they bury me near "a straight man".
Charles Mack (Moran & Mack): Why bring that up?

Felix Count Luckner: Never say die, By Joe!

Sam Mintz (writer) Here lies Sam Mintz
The writing hack
Just like his checks
He would come back.
Douglas Fairbanks: Home, James.

Thomas J. Geragthy: (newspaperman) O-Kay Heaven.

Rupert Hughes: Out of the red at last.

Edgar Rice Burroughs: Watch my follow through

Frank Borzage: I'm on location.

An atheist - usggested by O.O. McIntyre: All dressed up and nowhere to go

Elissa Landi: I wonder if there'll be a retake

Ellis Parker Butler: Here I lie as all may see
I said to God "I am broccoli"
Said God, "Oh, yeah? what did you ever do?
I say you're spiach and to Hell with you."

Claude Binyon (writer): Too much striving for success
Makes most lives a hopeless mess
Here sleeping Binyon to affirm
That the late bird also gets the worm.

Frank J. Wilstach: Here lies the body of Frank J. Wilstach
He should have sent the doc's last pills back

Terry Ramsays (writer) The edition is off and the type distributed

Chas. Farrell: curtain

Eorey Ford: Darn it, I forgot to bring my haunting license

Robert Montgomery: In the rough

Dorothy Parker: Rxcuse my dust

Burns Mantle: I'm waiting my chance to slip out early

Norma Shearer: Can this be the real stange interlude

Edw. Everett Horton: A nice part - only "four sides" but good company
and in for a long run

Frank Condon: At rest at last, his job is done
He finally made a hole in one

H.H. Van Loon: To be continued somewhere

Rouben Mamoulian: I'll be seeing you

Johnny Gruelle: Here lies the mortal of Johnny Gruelle
He did nothing bad and he did nothing well
There's no in between place for Johnny to dwell
So he'll drift on forever 'twixt Heaven and Hell

7. 22.

Dale Carnegie: I should of had them brakes fixed

Deems Taylor: Here lies Deems Taylor
Under protest

Warner Baxter: Did you hear about my operation

William Collier, Sr.: (actor) Clubbed to death

Edward G. Robinson (Emanuel Goldenberg) - X - marks the spot

Nunally Johnson - Movie writer: I thought there was a funny taste
about that last one

Colleen Moore (movie actor): Here lies Colleen for a good long rest
All dressed up in her Sunday best
She went one day for a driver's test
The car went south - Colleen went west

Rube Goldberg - (Artist, raconteur): Dear God: Enclosed please find
Rube Goldberg. Now that you've got him, what are
you going to do with him?

John Boles: No fooling

Dean Cornwell (illustrator): Chiseled for the last time

Charles Bickford: Strike the set

Laura La Plante: The play must go on

William A. Seiter (movie director) Waiting for the "go" signal

Irvin S. Cobb: Here lies Irvin S. Cobb
Not that it makes any dfference

Albert Payson Terhune (writer)
Beneath this slab, in east to west direction
I wait from good Saint Pete my last rejection
Here where parades (in step to pass my bell) come
Lured by the slogan "Casket parties welcome!"

Jim Tully (writer) Hobo, writer, fool, now dead
Forevermore to joy or pain
His life was like a book, well read
With each page dotted by the rain
And if, dear worms, he's a trifle late -
He took his time on a local freight

Martin Johnson (big game hunter) Gone to look for bigger game

Wallace Beery: I hope I go over big

Lewis Stone: A gentleman farmer goes back to the soil

H. Bedford Jones: Truth is stranger than fiction;
But fiction pays better

Richard Arlen (Sylvanus Mattimore) (moving picture actor)
Out of one depression into another

George S. Chappell: author Dr. Traprack
Here lies the earthly remains of George Shepard Chappell
He has joined the spirits
Of which he was always so fond

Seth "Parker" - radio actor: Planted, but not yet sprouted

Edgar A. Guest (Poet): Dealt and passed

8. 22.

Zoe Adkins: She loved Shakesperian sonnets
Paris bonnets
Country walks
All-night talks
Old trees and places
Children's faces
Shaw and Keats
Opera seats
Lonely prairies
Tea at Sherry's.

Edward G. Robinson (Emanuel Goldenberg) X - marks the sopt

Joan Crawford: Not a cough in a carload

Tony Wons: All is well --- 'R' you listenin'

Frank Capra: Fade out - fade in

Walt Mason (poet): Here rests a man who spent his time
Producing wagonloads of rhymme;
And now, we trust, his spirit goes
Through endless corridors of prose

Roy James (cartoonist, St. Louis Star):
Gone to look for more charcoal

Adela Rogers St. Johns: I have always believed in happy endings

Pat O'Brien: Overture

Jack Holt: The last chukker

Norman Taurog (director): Let's call the whole thing off and start all over again with a new Adam and Eve

Louise Dresser: Who's afraid?

Ralph Forbes: Outward Bound

Ruth Chatterton: Entr'acte

Anna Q. Nilsson: Awaiting my cue

Wallace Ford: At last I got top billing

Marion Davies: Special delivery

Hobart Bosworth: And so to bed

Joan Bennett: It was fun while it lasted

Scoop Conlon (press agent) My last headline

Donald Ogden Stewart: Don't look now, but isn't that the body of Donald Ogden Stewart

Irene Rich: Just tell them that you saw me

Walt Disney: Mickey Mouse - now playing at the Celestial Theatre - Heaven

Dolores Del Rio: The fire has gone out

Helen Twelvetrees: Here I am, six feet deep
Please go away and let me sleep

Constance Bennett: Do not disturb

Maurice Chevalier: J'aime rais pourtant bien Savoir si je pense toujours a elle.

Jean Harlow: Of this quiet and peace, I'm very fond;
No more remarks - "She's a Platinum blonde."

Joel McCrea: I hope my name will be on St. Peter's call board.

Ricardo Cortez: A good lie

Virginia Sales: The Great Director said "Cut"

Peggy Shannon: Closed at present. But watch for the Big Opening

Marion Nixon: I hope I can make the grade

Ann Harding: Here's Ann Harding
Done up brown
Supervisors
Cut her down

Roscoe Ates: I - I can't seem to g-g-get the l-l-laughs out of t-t-this

Edna May Oliver: It might have been worse

Richard Dix: Gone to join the Drys

Harold Lloyd: Not to be opened till Xmas

Homer Croy: Waiting for the worms

9 Epitaph for a Lady of My Acquaintance by Samuel Yellen
This clay, even as it moulders
Draws back from the grave's cold lust,
To keep from rubbing shoulders
With the common dust

10 The Bedside Joke Book Howard Stackman

Mae West - Come down and see me sometime

Whittaker Chambers - I'd like to get this off my chest

Noel Coward - Pardon me for not rising

W.C. Fields - I thought that last one tasted funny

Sophie Tucker - How did I ever get into this?

Your dentist - Filling my last cavity

Ernest Hemingway - This plot has got me down

Zeppo (of the Four Marx Bros.) - Top billing, at last!

Tommy Mnaville: This one's on me!

J. Edgar Hoover: Finally got to the bottom of things

Fred Allen: They finally tapped me

Marie Wilson: It's too deep for me

Sam Goldwyn: This is all over my head

Benny Goodman: Dig me!

Boris Karloff: Hand me down my haunting license

Sammy Snead: I finally holed out!

On a well known Hollywood starlet (by Robert Benchley) At last, I sleep alone.

10. From Bennett Cerf - "Try and Stop Me."

Nunnally Johnson: I thought there was a funny taste about that last one

Lewis Stone: A gentleman farmer goes back to the soil

Paul Whiteman: Gone to look for the last chord

Wallace Ford: At last I got top billing

Constance Bennett: Do not disturb

Eddie Cantor: Here in nature's arm I nestle
Free at last from Georgie Jessel

Edward Everett Horton: A nice part - only four sides - but good company and in for a long run

Corey Ford: Darn it, I forgot my hunting license

Dorothy Parker: Excuse my dust

Hedy Lamarr: This is too deep for me

Owen Davis: Here lies an author - as usual!

Wynne Gibson: Down but not out

H.G. Wells: I told you so, damn it

Deems Taylor: Here lies Deems Taylor - under protest

Warner Baxter: Did you hear about my operation?

Horace Brown (dentist) Stranger, approach these bones with gravity
Doc. Brown is filling his last cavity

11. From Ade Kann - Reader's Digest March 1945

Dorothy Parker: Involved in a plot

Carl Brisson: This is the first time I've ever taken anything lying down (Louis Sobel, N.Y. Journal*American)

George Kaufman: Over my dead body (Carroll's Corner - Coronet)

Robert Benchley: This is all over my head

Milton Berle: This one is on me

Ilka Chase: I've finally got to the bottom of things

12. From Homer Croy's "Last Word" Reader's Digest

Don Herold: This is too deep for me

Clive Brook: Excuse me for not rising

Lionel Barrymore: Well, I've played everything but a harp

Owen Davis: Here lies an author: as usual!

W. W.C. Fields: On the whole I'd rather be in Philadelphia

Fontaine Fox: I had a hunch something like this would happen

William Haines: Here's something I want to get off my chest

13. John L. Lewis (labor leader) suggested by Walter Winchell
"The one labor leader who not only got in the public's eye but also in the public's nose"

14. Joseph Goebbels (leader of Third Reich)- in Camp Roberts Dispatch
"Here lies Joseph Goebbels - as usual"

15. For a waiter by Edith Gwynn in Hollywood Reporter
"God finally caught his eye"

16. Adolf Hitler - suggested by Harry Hershfield, cartoonist and humorist
"Here lies the body of Adolf Hitler
This is absolutely my last territorial demand"

17. Epitaph in "Brave Laughter" a book by Arthur Guiterman
Friends whom I loved to name,
Know, would you mourn for me;
I, that was not, became,
I, that am not, shall be.

18. James Alberry (self-written)
He slept beneath the moon,
He basked beneath the sun
He lived a life of going-to-do
And died with nothing done

19. Rudyard Kipling - an epitaph from one of his works

"And the end of the fight is a tombstone white with the name of the late deceased,
And the epitaph drear: 'A Fool lies here who tried to hustle the East' "

20. Group two consists of epitaphs composed by celebrities for possible use on their tombstones. This is a rather gruesome subject that has been successfully converted to laughter. Here are a few examples:

"I thought there was a funny taste about that last one"

For an actor: "At last I have top billing."

"Excuse me for not rising"

"This is too deep for me"

"I forgot my haunting license"

"ON the whole I would rather be in philadelphia"

"Here lies an author - as usual!"

"Here lies Blank, under protest"

"Here's something I want to get off my chest"

"Did you hear about my operation"

For a dentist: "Stranger, approach these bones with gravity; Doc Brown is filing his last cavity."

Eddie Cantor: I nestle, Free at last, from Georgie Jessel."

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